OCTOBER 1972
PREMIER ISSUE

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

EDUCATION

Mary McCarthy on Solzhenitsyn's 'August 1914'

How to find the live ones on children's TV

ON SALE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 16, 1972

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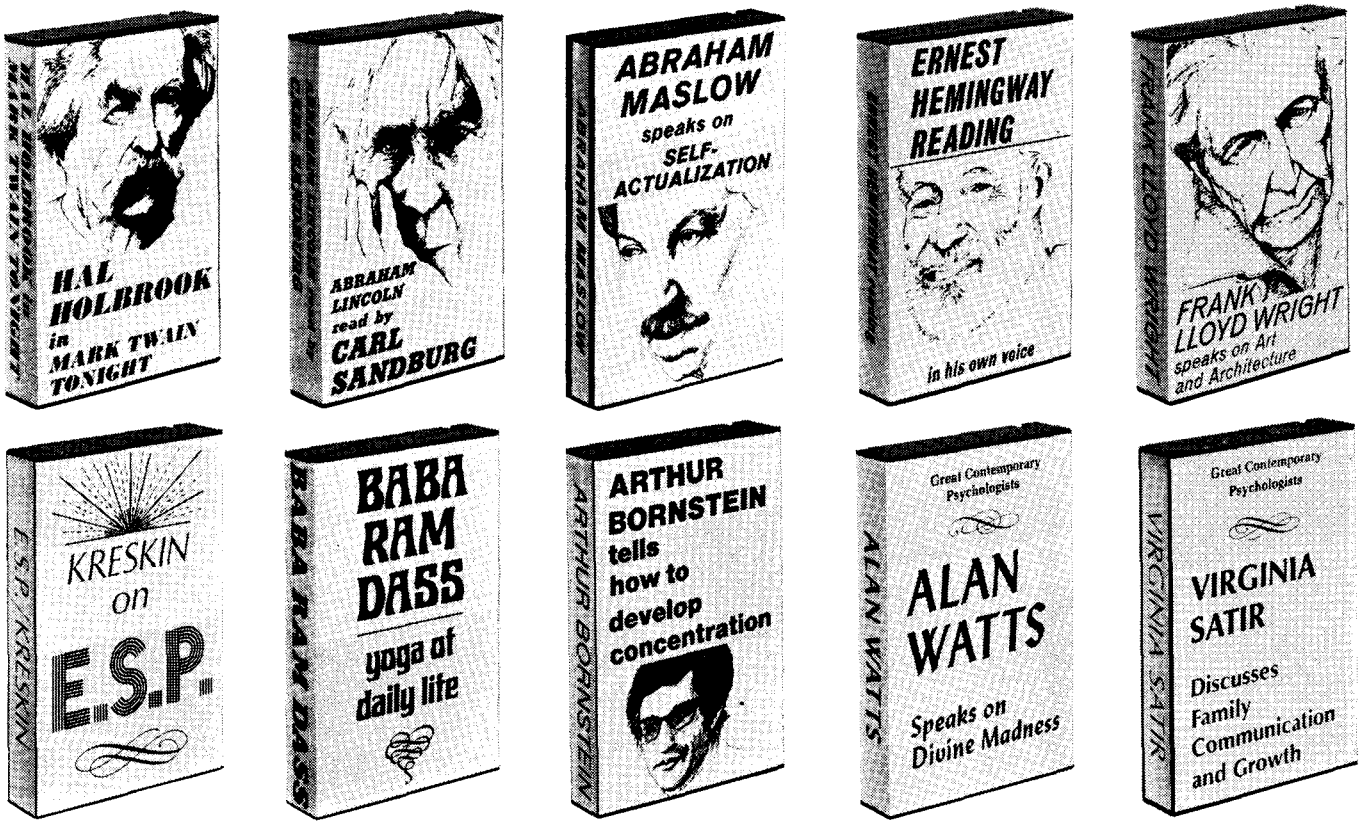
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Saturday Review of Education

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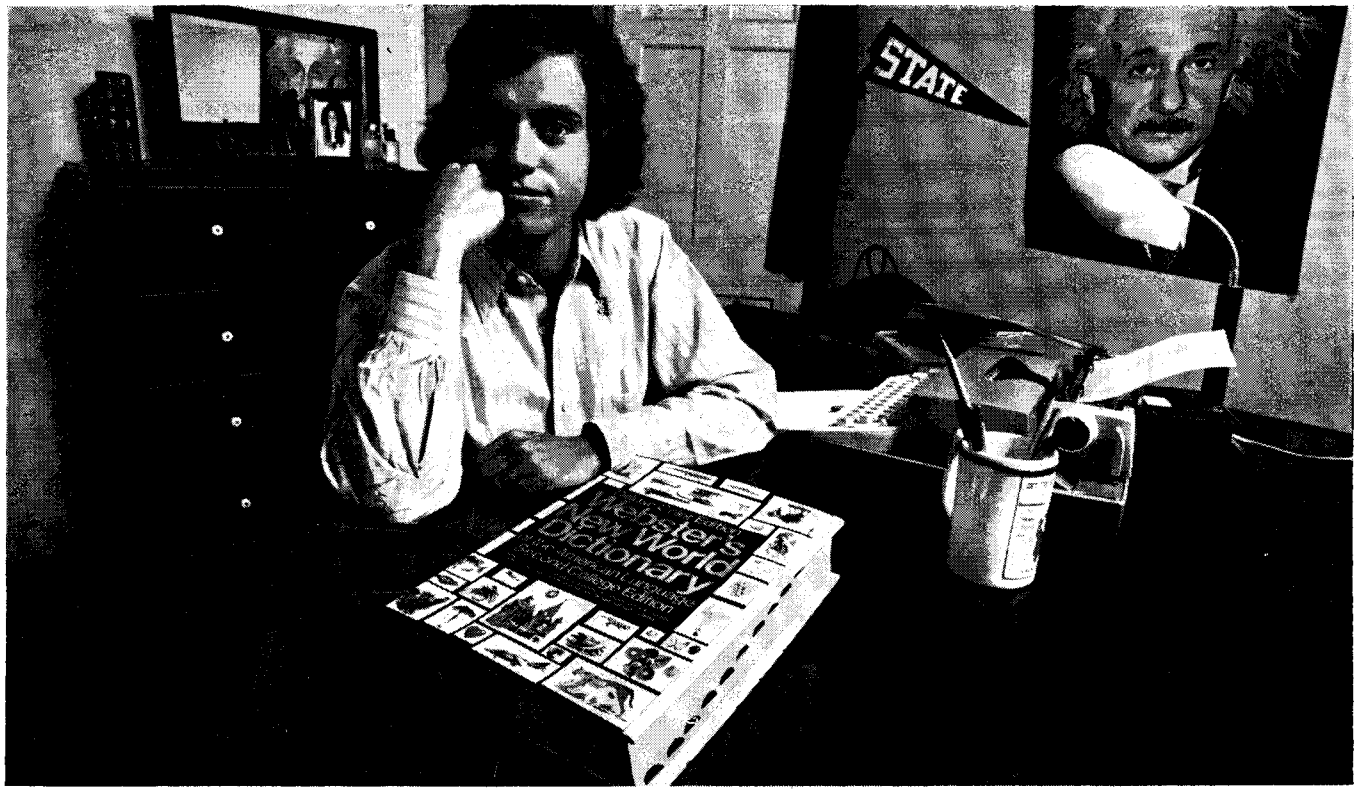

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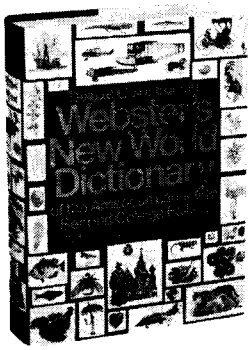

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consumerism	Middle America
counter culture	moonquake
counterproductive	off-off-Broadway
Darvon	psych (out)
decongestant	sexism

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*John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

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This month, Doubleday will publish two more volumes in The Kings and Queens of England Series under the general editorship of Antonia Fraser. These biographies of Charles II by Christopher Falkus and Edward VII by Keith Middlemas, perceptively interpret the temperament and character of their times *and* their monarchs. (Who are not, by the way, so very different, although they lived nearly 250 years apart.)

We usually think of King Charles as attractive, lazy and sensual, and of his Restoration Court as the scene of high living and rather lower moral standards. According to Christopher Falkus, sterner "moral" judgments simply don't allow for the healing balm of this affable monarch, who managed to maintain a balance between ceaselessly contending factions during a difficult period of transition in English history. Historian A. L. Rowse says of CHARLES II: "It is not only charmingly and sensitively written but most persuasively, with more perception of character and *real* understanding than almost anything I have read about Charles II."

Symbol of an era in which Britain freed herself from the restraints which had surrounded life under Victoria, Edward VII was also renowned as a sportsman, *bon viveur* and lover of beautiful women. Prevented by his mother from taking any active part in the government of the country as Prince of Wales, he became the leader of a fashionable set whose behavior scandalized contemporary opinion. But Keith Middlemas gives us a man who was far more than a portly *roué*. Edward did much to adapt the monarchy to a new role in the government, helped to lead Great Britain out of her splendid—but precarious—isolation, and earned his reputation as one of the most popular monarchs in English history.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES II ($10.00), by Christopher Falkus, and THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDWARD VII ($10.00), by Keith Middlemas, are both edited and have introductions by Antonia Fraser. Both include 16 pages of color plates and 100 illustrations and are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

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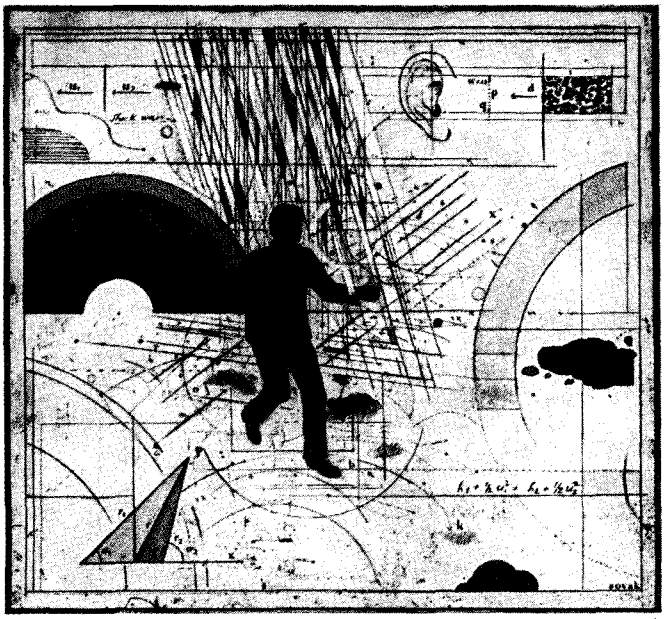

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SR
UP FRONT

SEPTEMBER 16, 1972

The Coronation of Richard Nixon

BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

MIAMI BEACH, Fla., SATURDAY, August 19—I have been here at the Americana less than twenty-three hours, and already I am skittish, edgy. Right now, downstairs, the California delegation is arriving; the lobby is packed with screaming, maniacal YVPers, Young Voters for the President, and they are practicing cheers as they await the arrival of Ronald Reagan. Most of them are dressed in red, white, and blue and are festooned with various mass-produced Nixonalia: buttons, hats, scarves, even an occasional complete Nixonette outfit, which a catalogue I saw today says can be purchased from the Committee for the Re-election of the President. The YVPers are shrieking and waving signs. To get through them you must push and shove; saying "excuse me" does no good whatsoever. There is speculation among hotel employees that these young people will get "out of hand." We shall see.

There is even heavier speculation among newsmen that the next four or five days will be difficult, even impossible. Stories will be that hard to come by. Several of the reporters I spoke to last night were muttering that "we may as well cash in now." We shall see about that, too.

As they say over at the Poodle Lounge, the media/hooker hangout at the Fontainebleau, "the going will get tough," but I am ready for it. The following is an abbreviated list of the paraphernalia with which I have prepared myself:

- a tape recorder, a magnificent Panasonic machine that will sit in my pocket and that features "auto-stop," a built-in mike, and an extension mike with remote control;
- a small pad of paper, on which I have already taken copious notes;
- many, many poop sheets that I picked up yesterday at press headquarters, all of which were published by the Republican Publicity Center, and most of which endlessly list coming events of dubious import;
- a plastic carrying case that I picked up at the gift shop of the Hotel Fontainebleau, in which I carry my growing pile of poop sheets and newspapers, along with my recording equipment (this gives me the genuine tourist look);
- a supply of whiskey and gin and tonic and limes and aspirin and several drinking glasses emblazoned with "The Americana";
- a white suit and a print shirt;
- a packet of traveler's checks, totaling a sum that will probably fall far short of my expenses.

After making an informal survey of print newsmen I have concluded that my list of equipment is an average one for convention coverage. Only Hunter S. Thompson, national affairs editor of *Rolling Stone* and political wisdom dispenser of some notoriety, seems to have eclipsed this basic load. He travels with his own Xerox Telecopier and a waterproof Sony AM-FM radio.

Mirrors, goddammit, mirrors, mirrors, MIRRORS! My room here at the

Lucian K. Truscott IV, who is on the staff of the Village Voice, *is recuperating in New York from the Republican convention.*

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Americana is plastered with them: in the bathroom, in the dressing room, over the desk and bed, even a full-length mirror staring you in the face at the end of the hallway. And they're BIG, every one of the bastards so wide they're almost wall-to-wall. Down in the lobby the mirrors are just as thick, and at the Fontainebleau—the hotel that serves as the semiformal center of this convention, just as it did for the Democratic Convention—my God, you literally can't turn around without staring at yourself, head to toe, in any number of hideous reflected configurations, each providing yet another unwanted glance at the self until, inevitably, you're not just looking *at* yourself, but you're *in* there.

The mirror problem is just one aspect of this convention that will go largely unreported. Sure, the mirrors will be there, behind people being interviewed downstairs in the lobby, but no TV camera will ever give you the feeling you get after being surrounded by the damn things for hours on end. Just as no TV or radio commentator will ever quite capture the visceral chills and gut-level rushes that are as much a part of a national convention as are the speeches and votes and those behind-the-scenes dramas which media spend so much time serving up in on-the-spot interviews and candid reports.

This brings up a point worth considering. The demonstrators at this convention, who are gathering now some ten miles south of me in Flamingo Park, are unintentionally setting an example for the country: It would be a fine idea if, when the two major parties gather at their respective conventions, they were scrutinized, *on the spot*, by Americans interested in seeing to it that the processes that are meant to preserve democracy are not used to subvert it. For only by being here, not as a lobbyist for a special-interest group but simply as a private individual, can you smell the perfume, admire the grace and elegance, touch the undercurrents of evil. You need only take the long walk from my hotel to Flamingo Park to begin to smell the low, sweet stench of the orgasm that is known as a political convention.

At their parties, even in the elevator going to the tenth floor, these ladies in their long, flowered skirts and phruufffed-up hair, these gentlemen in white shoes and white belts and 1968 flared-bottom trousers, look vaguely guilty, because this is a political party making love to itself. When Wednesday comes I really wonder who will feel more wasted . . . me or them? We shall see about that, too, huh?

And, in the meantime, I can only give you a glance over the shoulder of the players holding a royal flush.

You need only take the long walk from my hotel to Flamingo Park to begin to smell the low sweet stench of the orgasm that is known as a political convention.

Take, for example, Mr. Charles K. McWhorter. During the next four years you will probably hear little, if anything, about Mr. McWhorter, whose name, however, has appeared as the source of a quote in an article by one of the top reporters on the campaign trail. But even that tiny quote gives you an indication of where Mr. McWhorter stands in the spectrum of Republican politics. The reporter asked him what was his sense of the party's feeling about a candidate in 1976. Mr. McWhorter relished the tantalizing uncertainty of his reply. "Until the party has a few years of the new Nixon administration under its belt," he said, "we won't know anything."

So who is this guy you've never heard of, commenting on the entire Republican party? Well, he is identified in the article as "an old friend of the President's," but that's just for starters.

I became acquainted with Charlie, as he is known, Friday night in Flamingo Park. A Yippie/Zippie/People's Pot Party/Convention Coalition meeting was going full blast, with discussions raging over the bull horn on such topics of local concern as whether to fly the flag upside down or to burn it, when a short, slightly balding, and very distinguished-looking gentleman appeared off to one side. He was wearing white shoes, red trousers, a blue blazer with white piping, and a "President Nixon: Now More Than Ever" button. Ron Rosenbaum, from the *Village Voice*, and I approached him to ask a few questions. No, he wasn't a delegate. He was an "interested observer." What did he think of the scene in Flamingo Park and the people that I had heard at least two demonstration leaders characterize as "the dregs of the movement"?

"This is a good bunch of kids, a good group," said Mr. McWhorter.

And what was he doing here?

"I came down on the bus to see what these young people are up to. I believe in getting out and talking to people."

We invited Mr. McWhorter to come to the Poodle Lounge with us for a couple of drinks and ended up spending the next two hours talking with him. I didn't know then that he was an "old friend of the President's," but gradually it came out, couched in reassurances of his essentially liberal political persuasion. ("Al Lowenstein is one of my favorite people," he emphasized at one point. A bit later he revealed that he was equally fond of the people who had organized the Vietnam Moratorium in 1969.) Then, between affectionate references to the mean, chaotic scene in Flamingo Park, Mr. McWhorter let us in on the genesis of an "interested observer" at the Republican National Convention.

He had been one of a handful of Young Republicans who, in 1952, convinced then-Senator Nixon and eleven other so-called liberal Republican members of Congress to sign a letter urging General Eisenhower to run for President. Later this "interested observer" was instrumental in convincing Nixon to travel to France to ask Mr. Eisenhower personally to run. Three years later, in 1955, Mr. McWhorter joined Vice-President Nixon's staff and remained there through the next four years of the Eisenhower administration and, presumably, through Nixon's defeat in 1960.

Mr. McWhorter dropped from sight between 1960 and 1964, but he seems to have surfaced after the resounding defeat of Barry Goldwater and the right wing of the Republican party. He then moved in to convince Nixon that he should run four years hence.

Now its's 1972 and Mr. McWhorter is residing at the Hotel Doral, the presidential headquarters here in Miami. The Doral has been closed to the public; there are FBI and Secret Service agents, as well as armed private-security guards, at all the entrances; a chain-link fence separates the hotel from the beach; you can enter the hotel only if you have a "limited access" pass, and, once inside, you are allowed only in a special press area. If you want to go elsewhere in the hotel, it must be by "invitation only"; even then, you go with a "security escort." The Doral, in short, is a fortress for the elite.

A secret Republican memo obtained and published by *Reliable Source*, the slightly underground convention newspaper published each day by Dick Tuck, revealed the following item of information about Doral security:

While at the hotel you are requested to put all sensitive paper in the 'confidential burn' bags found in every office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines*, in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science)*.

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

Multi-Media has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

Education has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

Communications has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science)*. In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

To make one important magazine four important magazines.

We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

We've added 45 people to our editorial staff: editors, writers, researchers, and graphics experts.

We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important publications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

Five separate editorial staffs have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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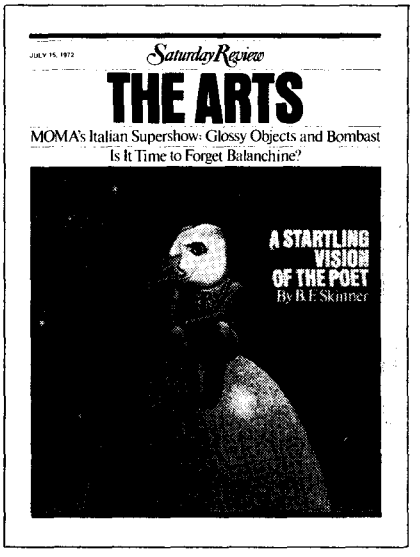
THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.


Saturday Review
THE ARTS
MOMA's Italian Supershow: Glossy Objects and Bombast
Is It Time to Forget Balanchine?
A STARTLING VISION OF THE POET
By B.F. Skinner

SR-The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review-The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

We invite you to become a Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Arts at the half-price charter introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

EDUCATION

This magazine explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions it might take.

It has several editorial departments, including Previews and Reviews, Life and Learning, Early Childhood, The Schools, Colleges and Universities, and People and Ideas.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges and other formal institutions, because we are constantly learning outside the classroom.

All through your life, environmental influences are having a profound influence on your ability to cope.

In addition, basic education is undergoing significant change at all levels in our society.

The information explosion is partly responsible.

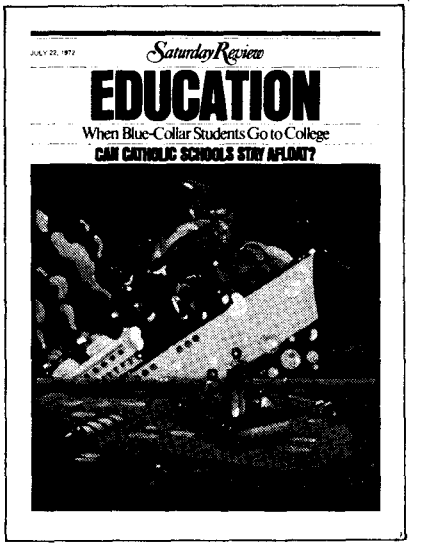
New technology plays its part.

And educators are learning more about how people learn, and what they retain.

But the major change occurring in education today may be due to the fact that teaching methods which worked in America during the industrial revolution and the immigrant waves will not be relevant in the 21st Century.

We are faced with education in the urban ghetto.

Retraining of workers who have been automated out of jobs.



Overcrowded, underfinanced school systems.

Continuing education beyond college, for people who need it, and for people who enjoy it.

SR-Education is intensely readable, relevant and exciting.

Here are some of the things you will read about in Education.

—Are "educational toys" really educational? Are they really necessary?

—Children's TV. A guide to the coming season that parents, and educators can really trust.

—The "blue-collar" colleges: as open admissions becomes policy in many colleges, what experience from the past will be significant?

—Do those "crash courses" for the College Boards really help?

—A head-start on Head Start: education begins in the home.

—Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-Education at the half-price introductory Charter Rate of $6 for 1 year.

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SCIENCE

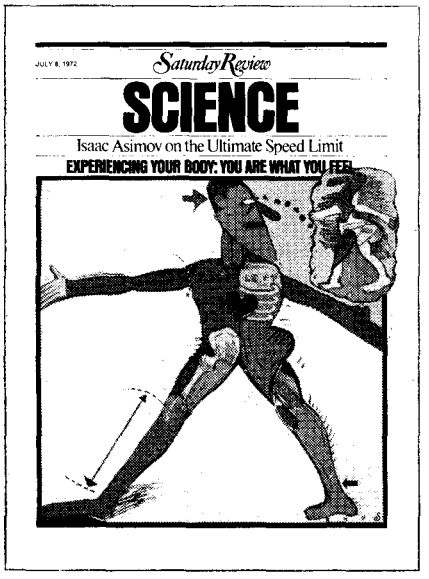
Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic.


JULY 8, 1972
SaturdayReview
SCIENCE
Isaac Asimov on the Ultimate Speed Limit
EXPERIENCING YOUR BODY: YOU ARE WHAT YOU FEEL

In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

What we've done is to make the materials more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science covers science as it needs to be covered.

It keeps you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach is to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

Some articles:

—The computer and civil liberties: the danger of a nation on file in a machine's memory.

—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.

—The definition of death. When does life really end?

In addition, Science carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at the half-price rate of $6.00 for one year.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today.

Layman or not.

THE SOCIETY

The new politics. Changing lifestyles. Business booms and busts. Freer relations between the sexes. Power, and how to get it. War, and how to stop it. Money, and how to make it. Things, and how not to let them get the better of you. Nature, and how not to muck it up.

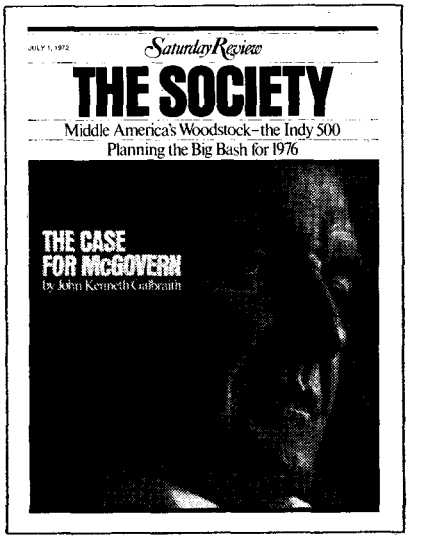
Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces. But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a new magazine that fills the need.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.



In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

—Like "A Radical Guide to Wedlock"—in which the authors spell out the way (they think) a modern marriage contract ought to read.

—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

—Like the profile of the man who is called "The Ralph Nader of the Insurance Business."

—Like the psychoanalytic probe into the fad of skyjacking.

—Like a symposium of the nation's leading economists on the subject of tax reform.

—Like an analysis of the new "social responsibility" mutual funds.

Saturday Review-The Society is looking into the issues of society. Our corporation. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. The economy. Leisure. Business. Communications. Politics. Advertising. Technology. Welfare. Jobs.

In short, the pulse of life.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Society at the half-price introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

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How to Travel ...and Get Paid for doing it!

How would you like to spend your future in the exciting, romantic, rewarding business of Travel as a Travel Agent or Tour Guide? Picture yourself planning trips . . . discovering thrilling new places . . . traveling to far-off lands to see for yourself if the glowing pictures in the travel folders are true. Imagine seeing, exploring and telling others about "The Wonderful World of Travel"—and getting handsomely paid for doing it, too!

How Travel Agents Get Free Travel

People who work full or part time in the Travel Industry enjoy privileges not available to the general public. Travel Agents, for example, represent airlines, steamships, trains, buses and resorts. They are encouraged to try out travel services they can recommend to their customers. They usually travel free, or at greatly reduced rates with transportation, accommodations and food often included. Tour Guides, on the other hand, escort groups of happy people all over the world. Not only do they enjoy being part of a fun group seeking travel and adventure in fun places, but they can earn top money and travel free with all expenses paid to boot. Isn't this the most ideal future you can imagine?

How Can You Qualify?

Now you can turn these dreams of travel and adventure into exciting reality. North American School of Travel's 52-lesson home-study course (approved for Veterans under the new G. I. Bill and accredited by the National Home Study Council) has trained hundreds of beginners at home in spare time for rewarding careers as Travel Agents, Tour Guides or for hundreds of other big money careers in Travel.

- For example, Mrs. Geraldine Yoders, of Florida, who opened her own Travel Agency just one short month after enrolling (and before even completing the course!) reports, "I opened my own Travel Agency the first of August . . . without the help of your course it would have been virtually impossible." And, Phillip Pinter, of California (who has a full time job outside of the Travel Industry) writes, "I escorted a group of 24 people on a 16-day tour of the Caribbean. The entire tour was very successful because of the detailed instructions obtained from your Travel Course."

These are reports from just two of hundreds of beginners just like you—with no previous experience in Travel—who have found success, excitement and money in "The Wonderful World of Travel."

TRAVEL IS BOOMING!

Travel is actually doubling in dollar volume every five years! Each new day this never-ending growth brings hundreds of rewarding full and spare time job opportunities for men and women of all ages and from all walks of life. Exciting career openings (in every state and overseas, too!) are increasing at a staggering rate—many times faster than people can be trained to fill them. The door is open to you now!

MAIL COUPON for FREE "TRAVEL CAREER KIT"

We have prepared a "Travel Career Kit" for those who are interested in learning more about how they can become a part of this exciting, booming industry. This kit includes a 20-Page Booklet, "Opportunities in Travel," a Sample Lesson taken from our home-study course, plus full details on salaries, free travel, part time opportunities, etc. To get a copy FREE and without obligation, just mail the coupon. There is no cost or obligation to you, now or ever.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.

North American School of Travel, Dept. 21409
4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza
Newport, California 92660

I am interested in learning more about how I can travel free . . . and get paid for doing it! Rush "TRAVEL CAREER KIT" including Booklet, Sample Lesson, plus full details on salaries, free travel, part time opportunities, etc. I understand there is no obligation on my part, now or ever.
Rush everything FREE and POSTPAID.

☐ **If under 17, check here for additional guidance information.**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

These are not general trash bags but are for sensitive memos, papers, etc. only. At approximately 9 p.m. each day, a security officer will pick up these bags. A paper shredder is available in the Security Office.

Has Mr. McWhorter made use of the paper shredder? Is it in his room? I never found out, but Mr. McWhorter did tell me that Mr. Nixon is a very nice man, a concerned American, that he is open to criticism and eagerly accepts the advice of his critics.

"What would Mr. Nixon think about talking to Ron and me?" I asked.

"I should think he'd enjoy it very much. You are intelligent young men, concerned, knowledgeable about politics, and the President *loves* to talk politics."

Mr. McWhorter continued to drop morsels of inside information about the President. And I wondered what an important man like Mr. McWhorter was doing on a bus, when the closest you can get to Flamingo Park by bus entails an eight-block walk. And why did Mr. McWhorter say that he was "still not financially secure"? A close friend of the President, a Wall Street lawyer, financially insecure? Did he know the meaning of the phrase? And how come this "interested observer" seemed to know every well-dressed Republican we passed in the lobby of the Fontainebleau?

I had a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach when we finally said good night to Mr. McWhorter. I had known a man not unlike him when I was at West Point, a genial sort who made it his business to befriend certain upward-bound cadets, those who are referred to as "general material," and escort them to lunch at the Pentagon with generals and other important Defense Department figures. All of which would have been perfectly nice, except that the man happened to be the director of the Washington office of a company that is one of the largest defense contractors in the world. ("Lucian," he said to me one night as we stood on a parapet overlooking the Hudson, "I have seen corruption at the highest levels of government that you wouldn't believe.")

His boss was among the largest single declared contributors to Mr. Nixon's 1968 campaign, and it is no coincidence that my former acquaintance is now providing counsel to the Secretary of the Army, working side by side with the generals and defense officials he once introduced to his friends, the cadets who will some day be in the same positions as the generals are now.

Mr. McWhorter reminded me a lot of this man. Both have a way with people, as the saying goes. Both are obscure yet important cogs in the great machine that grinds out power in this country. One provides the vital social and personal link between business, government, and the military that has destroyed the separation of these three powers in this country to the extent that, almost on momentum alone, we have fought a war we now wish we had never begun.

And McWhorter?

What of this somewhat mysterious man? Is there a McWhorter Connection? Or is he really just an innocent bystander? He has not been a public figure in the past; thus I have no previous impressions upon which to base a guess.

As I said before, to really get the feel of this whole experience you would have to have been there, sitting next to me, drinking in the man's nuances and inflections, watching his way with the crowds of obviously important people who greeted him as if he were carrying a Miami palm and heralding the Second Coming. He was that heavy, and the scene was that weird.

Earlier today there was a press conference, held within the chilly confines of the press area in the Doral by Clark MacGregor, head of the Committee for the Re-election of the President. Nearly half of the questions asked of Mr. MacGregor by an obviously bored and hostile press concerned what has come to be known as "The Watergate Caper."

Mr. MacGregor got increasingly hot under the collar as he repeatedly emphasized that, when all investigations are closed, "No one in a position of authority and responsibility within the Committee for the Re-election of the President" will be shown to have had anything to do with the break-in bugging of the Democratic headquarters.

I raised my hand and asked Mr. MacGregor if Mr. G. Gordon Liddy—a former White House staff member who was counsel to the finance committee of MacGregor's organization and who was fired from that job for refusing to answer FBI questions concerning the break-in—fit into the category of those in positions of authority and responsibility.

"No comment" was his answer.

Norman Mailer, who sat in front of me, was taking notes studiously.

"Have you ever covered one of these things before?" he asked me. "I mean, a convention, with lots of big press conferences?"

"No."

"This is my seventh, and to tell you the truth, I'm deathly afraid of repeat-

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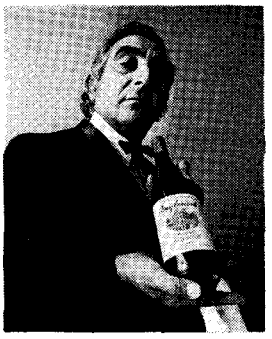
A LITTLE BOTTLE OF WINE SHOULDN'T MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A FOOL.



Wine with a meal should be one of life's biggest pleasures.

But the act of ordering and tasting it can be one of life's biggest pains.

That's because how much you know about wine has somehow become an index to how much you've been around. And when the waiter hands you the wine list, it's as if he's handing you your final exam. And the worst part is, it's an oral exam.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help. We think if you knew exactly what all the ritual was about, you'd feel a lot more comfortable about ordering fine wine with your meals. Which is certainly in our best interests.

BE PREPARED.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

Or worse yet, just pointing to a wine on the list and saying, "Er, ah, we'll have a bottle of that one."

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

INGLENOOK'S GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

WHITE DINNER WINES	
Chablis	sha-blee'
Pinot Chardonnay	pea-no shar-doh-nay'
Pinot Blanc	pea-no blanh
Chenin Blanc	she-nahn blanh
Sauterne	so-tairn'
Sauvignon Blanc	so-vee-nyonh blanh
Semillon	say'-mee-yonh
Riesling	reez'-ling
Sylvaner	sil'-vah-ner
Traminer	trah-mee'-ner
RED DINNER WINES	
Charbono	shar-bo-no
Gamay	gah-may
Pinot Noir	pea-no no-ahr
Red Pinot	red pea-no
Cabernet Sauvignon	kab-er-nay' so-vee-nyonh
Zinfandel	zin-fan-dell
Gamay Beaujolais	gah-may boh-sho-lay

KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove the cork and smell it. This is to see if everything is alright. If the bottle has been stored in an upright position, the cork could dry up and air could get through and spoil the wine.

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table, but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

"IT'S A GOOD POISON, BUT IT'S NOT A GREAT POISON."

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.

AN EASY WAY OUT.

If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

And of those, which wines are vintage wines.

That should narrow it down to Inglenook.

Which will probably be the most expensive wine on the list, and the best.

The waiter is sure to give you some points for your selection of wine.

Because no fool ever ordered Inglenook with his dinner.

ESTATE BOTTLED
Inglenook
Napa Valley
CHARBONO
1967

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of the other ads, send your name and address to The Cellarmaster, Box I, Inglenook Vineyards, Rutherford, Cal. 94573.

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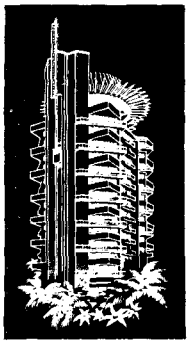
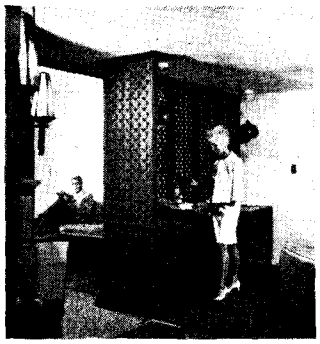

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ing myself," said Mailer, looking grim.

SUNDAY—Mrs. Nixon, Julie, and Tricia arrived at the Fontainebleau today. Outside, there were signs.

"THIS IS NIXON COUNTRY," read one. "THIS COUNTRY IS NIXON'S," read another.

"HI PAT!" was a sign seen everywhere. "TRISH IS A DISH!" was very much in evidence, as was "WE LUV YOU, JULIE!"

The steps to the hotel and most of the lobby were packed with Young Voters for the President. Over and over again they screamed at the top of their lungs, "Nixon now! Nixon now! Nixon now!" and "Four more years! Four more years!"

These weren't the kids that I see on Greenwich Village streets, on their way to classes at NYU. They looked too . . . clean cut and fresh, that's it. The girls had the well-scrubbed look that comes with just the right amount of make-up, almost a virginal aura. And the guys all looked like student-council presidents at their local high schools, the kind who get their names in the local paper before they're fifteen.

At a reception for Mrs. Nixon later that afternoon, I could hardly contain my curiosity, so I took an informal Young Voters for the President Sexual Habits Survey. One individual I spoke to—a twenty-two-year-old male college student from Alabama—summed up the results of my survey better than I ever could.

"I think most of the people here are looking for a good time," he said. "Most of the girls here are the kind who will only sleep with their boyfriends, but there is a small percentage who are up for a one-night stand, and that's what most of the boys here are looking for."

How did he explain this difference between these Young Republicans of opposite sexes?

"The girls are much more conservative. They come from conservative families, and most of them just *aren't like that*. But some of them, hee hee hee . . . ." he trailed off with a big grin.

Another commented: "Well, I'll tell ya. I'm a Republican, and I'm gonna vote for Nixon, but I'd a helluva lot rather go out with a Democrat for McGovern."

Students for a Democratic Society, the Zippies, and the People's Pot Party held a demonstration outside the Fontainebleau late this afternoon. A cordon of state highway patrolmen, wearing helmets and carrying four-foot-long night sticks, blocked the driveways to the hotel, allowing in only those attending the $500-a-plate Gala Dinner Dance.

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Strom Thurmond was beaten by demonstrators as he made his way through the mob in front of the hotel, and several Republican women were roughed up. John Wayne was not recognized as he pushed through. There were no arrests.

Another press conference was held this afternoon at the Doral, this time by the Celebrities for the President. Those in attendance included Wayne, James Stewart, Glenn Ford, one of the guys from *My Three Sons*, a former Miss America (who got tears in her eyes when she described how much she loved her country), and some lesser-known entertainment figures—among others, a young woman calling herself the head of a committee known as Rock and Roll Groups for the President.

In answer to a question from the press, Mr. Wayne said: "I believe in dissent, and any time any dissenters wanna talk to me, [pause] waaalll, Aaahhh'll listen to 'em."

Hunter Thompson and I approached Mr. Wayne after the press conference and told him that fifty Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who had marched eight days from Fort Pierce, Florida, to Miami as a "last patrol" against the war, were only a block away on Collins Avenue and that they had told us they would like to speak to Mr. Wayne. "The Duke" brushed past us as if we were a small clump of weeds on the prairie.

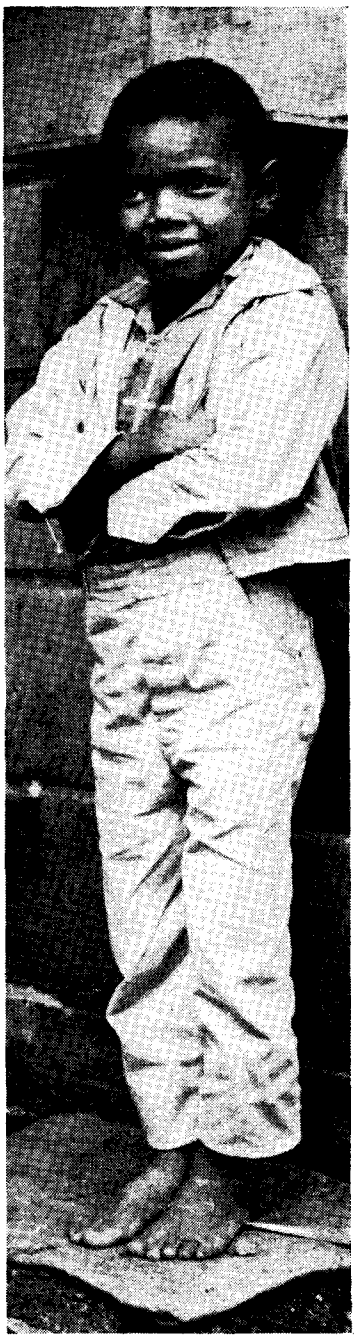
MONDAY—This was to have been the day we rented a joint *Rolling Stone/Saturday Review* convention speedboat for expedient travel to and from the convention via Indian Creek. I visited the *Rolling Stone* National Affairs suite at the Hotel Fontainebleau, and, after some discussion as to the size of boat and amount of horsepower needed ("We must have as much as we can get," Thompson insisted), I settled down to the business of calling the various boat-rental outfits listed in the Yellow Pages. The first two I called didn't rent speedboats anymore, but both referred me to an outfit about ten miles up the beach, so I called them.

"*Saturday Review*? *Rolling Stone*? What do you fellows want this here boat for?" the man I spoke to asked. "You wanna go to the Convention in it, humph? Wait a minute. [Mumbling, mumbling, mumbling, muffled yelling.] You still there? Oh, yes. Well, we been told not to deal with you. I'm sorry."

"Told not to deal with *Saturday Review* and an editor of the largest biweekly newspaper in the United States? What's that?"

"All I know is that we can't rent a boat to you all." Plonk. He hung up.

Jesús Angulo Needs Your Love



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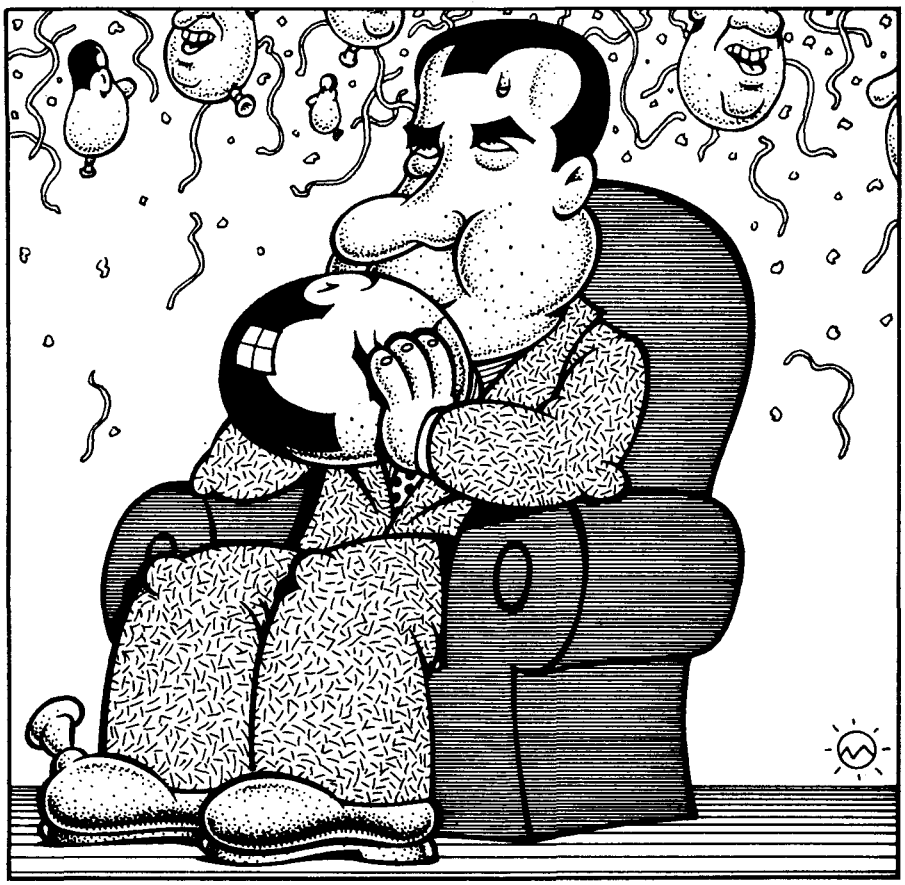

"Thompson, you hear that? This outfit has been told not to rent a boat to anyone saying they're from *Saturday Review* or *Rolling Stone*. What do you think of that?"

"Oh. Jesus. The bastards are closing in now. I knew the security was good, but this is too much. Phone taps, bugs . . . the place is probably lousy with them. Forget the boat. Hand me that beer."

This morning *Time* magazine revealed that "members of the Security Intelligence Squad of the Committee for the Re-election of the President were clearing out their records and tapes" from rooms in the Howard Johnson's Motor Hotel across the street from the Watergate only minutes after the five men laden with bugging equipment were arrested in the Democratic party headquarters. *Time* gave no indication who the men at the Howard Johnson's Motor Hotel were, but the magazine did link the "Security Intelligence Squad" and the apparent bug-monitoring unit to G. Gordon Liddy, previously mentioned in this article, and to E. Howard Hunt, a former consultant to Charles Colson, the White House aide whom the *Wall Street Journal* described as "Nixon's hatchet man." James W. McCord, Jr., a former FBI and CIA agent and one of those arrested at the Watergate, has been described as "security chief" of the Committee for the Re-election of the President. Whether or not he headed up the "Security Intelligence Squad" is as yet unknown.

No press conference was called here to deny the *Time* report. In fact, as cabin cruisers and yachts pulled in and out of the slips across from the Doral and the Eden Roc and the Fontainebleau, picking up and discharging elegantly clad delegates and party hangers-on, the impression given was one of calm disinterest.

"I don't read *Time* magazine," said one delegate when I questioned him about the report providing yet another link between the Republican party and the break-in and bugging of the Democratic party headquarters. "And even if I did, I wouldn't believe it. I don't believe much of anything the press says any more."

I'm at the end of my third full day here now, having done my first time on the floor of the Republican Convention—without incident. After watching a filmed *Tribute to the First Lady*, narrated by Jimmy Stewart, I stopped briefly next to Tricia and Julie and Edward and David. Tricia wore a high-necked dress with embroidered flowers on it. I can't remember what Julie wore. David Eisenhower, with whom I once went to school, looked tired and confused and very much like his grandfather's grandson—real general (or admiral) material, as they say.

I was strangely fascinated, drawn to this high quartet as they stood there, looking for all the world as if they were in the receiving line of a high school prom. Only the boutonnieres and wristlet flowers were missing.

What are they really like? Can they be what they seem—phantoms of the Republican ideal conjured up to appear on prime-time TV screens across the nation? Or do they wake up, as we do, grumpy and always a little wasted? Does David b.s. with the men in his job in the Navy, or does he have his thumb in his ear, as we used to say? Does Tricia really recoil from a curse word as if it were a rattler practicing strikes only inches from her face, as I once heard she did? Is Julie really "tough and intelligent," as all the stories about her and David say? Are they really the most well-behaved family ever to grace the White House, as several women's-page heavies are fond of saying, or are they as weak and human and fallible as you and I?

I never reached any conclusion. They just stood there, and I just stood there. They smiled every once in a while, and I took notes every once in a while. I'd still like to know their secrets.

Then I headed for the Railroad Lounge, where reporters gathered to slurp beer and watch the convention on color TV, but it was closed for the night.

TUESDAY—The *Washington Post* reported this morning that the General Accounting Office, in an audit of the finances of the Committee for the Re-election of the President, has uncovered violations in the handling of almost $500,000 in campaign contributions, of which $100,000 is a "campaign security fund." A check for $25,000, which was deposited in the bank account of one of the men arrested in the Watergate bugging caper, came from this "security fund," the *Post* said. More than $5,000 in $100 bills traceable to the same "security fund" was taken from the five men arrested in the Democratic party headquarters. In a related development the *Post* quoted the lawyer for G. Gordon Liddy as saying that assistant U.S. attorney Donald E. Campbell had told him that he thought "there was sufficient evidence before the Grand Jury [investigating the Watergate case] to result in a felony indictment of my client."

More yachts in and out of the slips across from the Doral. More parties. More long, flowered skirts. More red, white, and blue outfits. Even the perfume is beginning to smell red, white,

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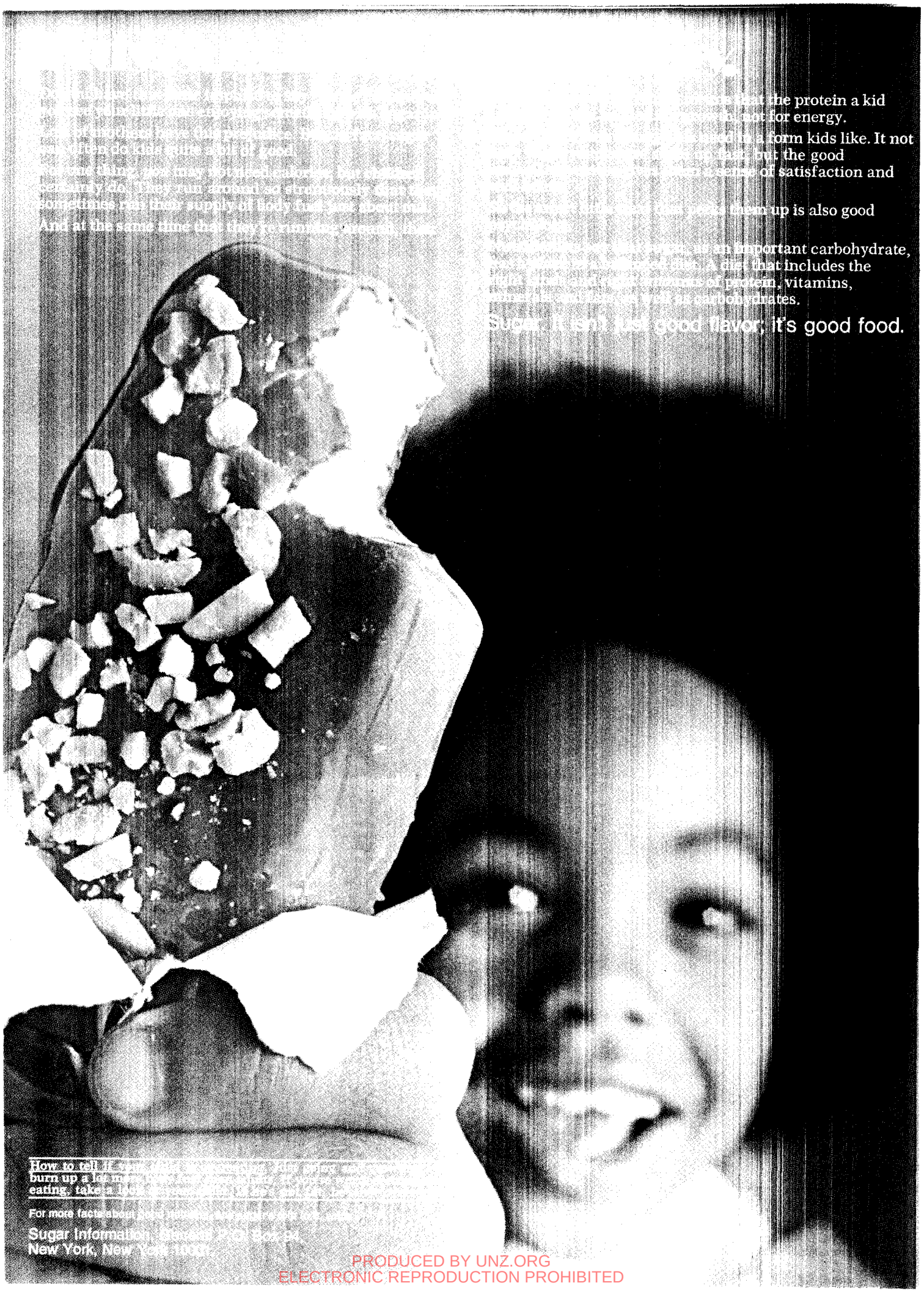

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and blue. And the men. They all seem to have red noses, white sidewall haircuts, blue veins at their temples.

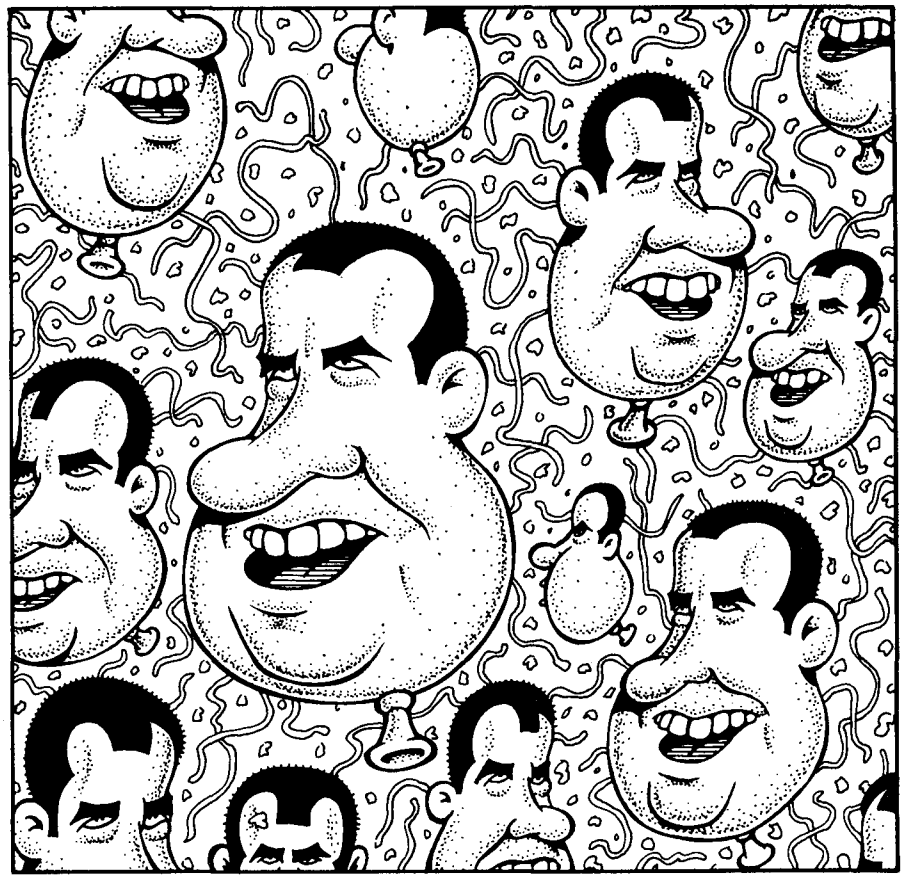
One of the yachts, from Texas, features a crew in starched whites complete with epaulets and caps with gold braid. This afternoon, looking around for some action, I tried to board her, but was politely refused. The captain, or whatever he was, clicked his heels as he bade farewell.

I'm at the end of my fourth day now, worse for the wear. Yesterday, realizing that I just seem to wander from place to place, taking a note here, recording something there, I established a schedule. It works out to something like this:

Breakfast at noon. Dip in pool. To Fontainebleau, sniff around for any press conferences, buy papers, study wisdom of heavies, admire gossip of not-so-heavies, hit the Poodle. Down to park, check in with Vets, Zips, Yips. Back to Poodle. Over to Doral. Down to Press Headquarters. Back to Poodle. Down to street outside convention. Inside. Railroad Lounge. Floor. Railroad Lounge. Floor. Railroad Lounge. Floor. Over to park, see what I missed. Back to Poodle, hang out till closing. Back to Americana.

Tonight, when I hit the floor, I zeroed in again on Tricia and Julie and Pat and David and Edward, only David wasn't there. The young set still looked as if they were on their way to a high school prom. Mr. Nixon had just been renominated, and balloons were flying about like strange, brightly colored bats on a summer's eve. I stood there for better than ten minutes as chaos surged just outside the three-foot Secret Service Fear Zone. Right up there, just above me, stood Tricia and Julie and Pat and Edward, as well as Kim Agnew and a few people I didn't recognize. Kim, who achieved some renown a few years back when her father wouldn't allow her to march in the Moratorium, was wearing the same dress as on Monday night and had a shag haircut just like Jane Fonda's. She looked bored.

But the others! It can only be said that they gazed, not just looked, but *gazed* across the great seething human void of the convention hall. Tricia and Julie spent a good deal of time batting away balloons that kept floating their way, and Edward's face had a hard, fixed grin that looked oddly like pictures of Pat when she was younger. They gazed, and smiled slightly, all of them, at this hoopla that had been produced on cue for their father and husband and father-in-law. The reporter next to me screamed in my ear that they looked as though they were "reigning" over the scene. But I didn't think so. At first I thought they might have been dosed up on some heavy tranquilizer like Thorazine in order not to get *too* excited, but even that fantasy didn't match the calm of the looks on their faces.



No, this foursome was not drugged. After all, Mrs. Nixon bounced up and down, up and down, to the beat of "Nixon Now" and "Four More Years," as the words crashed about her head in a drumbeat din. It was not the bounce of a down-freak. No, I had the impression that the calm they exuded in the midst of chaos had more to do with what they knew, with what was inside—way, way, way down deep inside each of them—than with anything else. Here were four people who presumably are as close as anyone can get to Richard Nixon, here were the four who have seen his victories and his defeats, who know his weaknesses, who have stood by him when he might have been coming apart at the seams, and who have relished his wholeness, his blooming, his peace in power. Here were four people who knew his power as well as they know their own rooms. It must have been this kind of knowledge that, as they looked out over a hall of Republicans run amok with glory, moved them more than the jubilation and the chaos itself, that moved them, yea, to exude diffidence rather than dignity, and calm rather than solidarity with those they must call their own.

WEDNESDAY—A guy who had lived in Miami for a number of years told me before I came down here that the natives refer to people like me as "snowballs"—those who have come down from the north and haven't got the staying power. He's right; I'm beginning to melt around the edges. The uneasiness I felt when I first got here has subsided, but more than enough exposure to the crazies who inhabit a good portion of Flamingo Park, who talk big about "trashing" and "mobile tactics," has worn on me to the extent that I now feel more at home around beaming, shiny young Republicans.

I find the movement's current fascination with phraseology like "mobile tactics"—and the ideology that goes with it—rather ironic and a little sad. In the first place, what they really mean, in the strict military sense (since that is what they appear to be imitating), is mobile or hit-and-run *maneuvers*, not tactics. A tactic, as any good student of military history or theory will tell you, is a narrow, limited part of a strategy, or over-all plan and mode of operations. It is an idea first, last, and always; and yet these young

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radicals speak of their "mobile tactics" in terms of revolutionary action. Which is as ironic as, say, the fact that the educational display of the Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front was set up under a tent the City of Miami Beach borrowed from the National Guard.

The same guy who told me about "snowballs" gave me a pretty good list of places where I would most likely find Frank Sinatra. This included the names of a number of night spots located on the 79th Street Causeway, otherwise known in these parts as "Hood Island."

I have devoted a fair amount of time to searching out the whereabouts of Mr. Sinatra, since his well-publicized friendship with the Vice-President almost ensured that he would be in attendance down here this week, but most of what I can report now is only rumor.

It was rumored a couple of days ago that Mr. Sinatra was seen in the Boom Boom Room of the Hotel Fontainebleau. It was rumored not long after that Mr. Sinatra did *not* attend the $500-a-plate Gala. It was further rumored that Mr. Sinatra has attended one or two of the parties held on outlying estates around the Miami area but that he "stayed in the background." And it was rumored by my friend from Miami, who is not without his own little taps into the "underworld" here, that Mr. Sinatra is the proud owner (or tenant, as the case may be) of a penthouse at the Fontainebleau, in which, it is rumored, he has held many parties, which has made him a man of great "respect" and renown in these parts.

Suffice it to say that, for most of us wearing "Limited Access" passes around our necks, Mr. Sinatra has been a rumor, and a *big* one, all week.

He surfaced tonight, Mr. Sinatra did, seated behind the very chairs that last night were occupied by the First Family. If the truth be told, and it must, Mr. Sinatra sat right behind Kim Agnew; I'm not sure whether that has any heavy political import, but there it is. I located Frank Sinatra, and he was *not* on the podium holding aloft the hand of the newly renominated "Ted" Agnew, as he seems destined to be known this election year. He was down there with the people . . . well, er, ah, some of the people, anyway. Like Nelson Rockefeller, and Charlton Heston, and Mary Ann Mobley, the former Miss America, and John Wayne, who looked quite robust and hearty indeed, after four days of parties at the convention here in Miami Beach.

So much for Frankie.

I took the bus to the convention tonight, and it got there by a rather erratic route that finally dropped us off across Indian Creek from the Convention Center. From there we crossed a bridge and passed through no less than half a dozen phalanxes of helmeted police and were taunted vehemently by protesters who had been contained earlier by chain-link fence and end-on-end buses.

Once inside I retired immediately to the Railroad Lounge in order to survey the carnage from a proper perspective: on TV. Bus tires were slashed, delegates were cursed at and roughed up as they effected broken-field running through groups of protesters. In general, however, it was a tranquil, if tear-gas-heavy scene—a tribute, and a genuine one, to the efforts of Rocky Pomerance, the Miami Beach police chief who literally put his career on the line to ensure that Miami did not "turn into another Chicago." It didn't.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . . . Richard M. Nixon accepted, to no one's surprise, his third nomination as the Republican candidate for President of the United States. It was not a remarkable speech. It was not even vintage Nixon. I stood less than fifteen feet away, just to the left of the base of the podium, right up against the stucco and aluminum foil, and I stared right at him the whole time. He blinked a lot, but you saw that on TV. The wrinkles around his chins were more evident from the floor, I should think, as was the jerkiness of his movements. From where I stood, the puppet analogy was applicable, but that presumes a puppeteer, and that, in turn, presumes some sort of outside control—possibly economic—over the President, and we don't believe *that*, now, do we?

As the speech drew to a close I raced over to the First Family seats, long since vacated by the First Family, and attempted to interview Kim Agnew, hoping to ask her opinion on the legalization of grass. The interview went something like this:

I (screaming over the din of cheers following the President's speech and flirting with danger at the edge of the Secret Service Fear Zone): "You're Kim Agnew, aren't you?"

Kim nods head.

I: "What do you think about all this?"

Bad stare from S.S. Kim shrugs shoulders indifferently.

I: "Are you happy, stoned, or what?"

Kim raises forefinger to lips and makes an inaudible *sssshhhh*. Smiles.

And that's Kim Agnew, in the same dress she had been wearing all week,

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looking very good, if I do say so myself.

From the floor the chaos following the President's speech wasn't much. The whole business was too well mapped out. The night before, at the very instant that balloting for his renomination had been completed, Mr. Nixon had appeared on closed-circuit, large-screen TV in the hall and live on the networks from the Youth Rally at Marine Stadium. That confirmed the speculation that the whole convention was a show orchestrated second-by-second for the benefit of prime-time viewers at home.

This aspect of the convention seems to have had a telling effect on the celebrants. It was almost as if they were in the studio of *Beat the Clock* and someone were holding up signs that read "Scream," "Standing Ovation," or "Loud Mumbles," which last would have fit the reaction to the single vote cast for Sen. Paul McCloskey. No booing. Just loud mumbles.

Thus the emotion, even at its most chaotic, was circumcised by control. Even I, who by tonight was so full of patriotic perfume that I could puke, would have let them have their glory, would have let them spread out their royal flush and rejoice. But no, don't let us usurp *The Late Show* on the East Coast or *Marcus Welby, M.D.* on the West. There are things more important than life, remember. Like *The Re-election of the President.*

Somehow, in retrospect, that speech and the ensuing sizzle seem a fitting end to what has come to be known as The Coronation of Richard Nixon.

THURSDAY—Tomorrow I will head back to New York, where I'll cash this in and collect enough extra expenses, I hope, to cover the total money I have gone through among the moneyed. Hell, just my conversation with a Poodle Lounge hooker the other night cost me better than twenty dollars, for which I was treated to the following revelations:

The Democratic Convention was a "drag."

This convention has been better; tricks turn faster, prices are higher, but customers are "klutzier."

"What I really want to do," she confided, "is get my head together. I'm into witchcraft now. I take courses weekly from a guy down in Coral Gables. It's really far out. What sign are you, anyway?"

Convention business, she said, was supposed to be "good for the town," but it hasn't turned out that way. Right in the midst of my twenty dollars of drinks and b.s., a heavy-set guy

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bedecked with Nixon buttons butted in. She finished her straight vodka and told him to "get lost."

"See ya around," she said. And was gone.

FRIDAY—Hunter Thompson had the whole thing figured out yesterday afternoon.

"The Republicans have been bitching about the coverage they're getting?" he asked rhetorically over Bloody Marys and Heinekens for breakfast on the beachside terrace of the Fontainebleau. "They should have come up with a strong room-service plank, that's what. There isn't a reporter here who wouldn't have kissed their asses for good service. [Curse, curse, curse.] This beer isn't cold, dammit! Bring me another! How much is that catamaran on the beach to rent, anyway? Maybe that's the answer. Float through the rest of this bastard on two pontoons and two six-packs of Heinekens. Yessir. That's the ticket." □

The Number-One Unimpeachable Source

BY BARNARD COLLIER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—There are people in Washington called unimpeachable sources. They can be used to convince an editor—and, finally, you—that some rumor is true. Not long ago dozens of unimpeachable sources around town were spreading the rumor that Teddy Kennedy, thrown over by his wife had taken a fancy to Amanda Burden, a pretty socialite with roving eyes. A *Washington Post* gossip *columnist* named Maxine Cheshire, who is pre-breakfast "must" reading in Washington because what she doesn't know she is curious enough to find out, put the kibosh on the Kennedy-Burden story with a column that Teddy called her to thank her for. His call to Maxine was duly made public in the *Washington Post*. That's what private life is like in certain circles in the nation's capital. Goldfish would be ashamed.

The reason I mention this is that the other day I went to visit the Number-One Unimpeachable Source in Washington (Cocktail-Party Division) to see what he was like. He was like one of those villains in *The Perils of Pauline*, with a moustache (which he twirled) and a mouthful of big, long teeth (which glittered when he grinned a villainous grin). His name was, as you might expect, True Davis.

Barnard Collier, a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C., is a frequent contributor to Up Front.

True Davis is the president of the National Bank of Washington. He was John Kennedy's ambassador to Switzerland. He raises horses in Kentucky. To certain Washington people he is the quintessential, the ultimate, the perfect, unmarried, rich, and gaudy man about town. The gossipers love him, and Washington needs gossip as junkies need their fix. True Davis is their favorite pusher.

We had a wonderful talk one morning in his office in the bank. I walked into his office, which is rather small, and he was there at the door to shake my hand. His teeth glittered. His feathery, gray sideburns wiffled in the breeze. His tanned dome, with a little mole on it, shone. His little eyes were the eyes of a spider waiting next to the web.

"I'm absolutely embarrassed," he sighed, "about the Tom Eagleton thing."

True Davis was the unimpeachable source who gave the tip about the nonexistent drunken-driving tickets to Jack Anderson.

True sat me down on a couch, and he sat in a chair under an oil painting of old-time silver dollar certificates stuffed into wooden barrels. True has a way of turning up his mouth at the side when he smiles so that it looks as if he's saying, "Heh, heh, heh!" Then—I swear—he reaches up with his thumb and forefinger and *twirls his moustache*.

True told me how much he loves the press. To almost every party he throws, he invites at least one reporter.

"I treat them just like friends," he said. "They're there at the table with us, eating. They don't *have* to write about me. There's no written agreement."

True said that he has only three or four friends and that none of them are in Washington. "My newspaper friends are really my friendly acquaintances," he explained.

I asked him if his being the Number-One Unimpeachable Source made him any money. He started to say yes, but then he said no. "I never make any money off my connection with newspaper people" is what he said.

However, he confided that, when somebody like Jack Anderson is off on a crusade against the United Mine Workers Union, which owns 74 per cent of the shares in the National Bank of Washington, Jack always calls True up to tell him what's in the story. "Not to change it or anything," he said. (Heh, heh, heh!) "Just out of friendship and courtesy."

Jack, True said, is a very good boy.

The way the Eagleton tip came about, according to the Number-One Unimpeachable Source (let the reader recall his division), was thus: Four years ago True Davis and Jack Anderson were having lunch in a restaurant. It was just after Tom Eagleton had beaten True, who had spent money lavishly to get his name known, in the Democratic primary race for U.S. senator from Missouri. Tom Eagleton is the son of a St. Louis Democratic ward heeler who made good. True Davis is the son of a well-off livestock man.

Four years ago True told Anderson about the Eagleton citations for drunken driving, which True "knew" about but never referred to in his losing campaign. It was just a routine piece of luncheon-table information from a bitter loser. Anderson kept it to himself.

Then the Eagleton shock-therapy story broke, and, True said, "Jack called me up and asked if I remembered telling him about the drunk-driving business. I told him exactly how I had seen Thermofax copies of the records. He asked me, 'Do you still have them?' and I said, 'No, I threw all that stuff out after I lost the election.' "

And Jack Anderson went with the story.

"I feel so very badly about that," True said. "Tom is a great guy. We'd even gotten friendly in the past year or two. Had lunch together. He put a bill through for me so that Washington banks could alter their interest rates."

The Number-One Unimpeachable Source (Cocktail-Party Division) bared his long teeth and added: "But I guess after the mental-problem story the drunk-driving charges were, so to speak, *the icing on the cake*."

In *The Perils of Pauline* the villain never displays any remorse. When Pauline gets off the railroad track, he is infuriated. On the other hand, the hero is always a sensitive fellow, sweet-eyed, smooth-faced, and as handsome as a prince. In the following little story Tom Eagleton is the hero.

True Davis's twenty-year-old son, who worked as a summer intern in Senator Eagleton's office, was on leave from work when the drunken-driving business broke. After True's role in the affair came out, Senator Eagleton sent the boy a handwritten note. The note said, in part, according to my Number-One Unimpeachable Source, ". . . no matter what happened, I want you back with me next summer, as we had previously discussed."

"That Tom," said True Davis, "acts like a real gentleman." □

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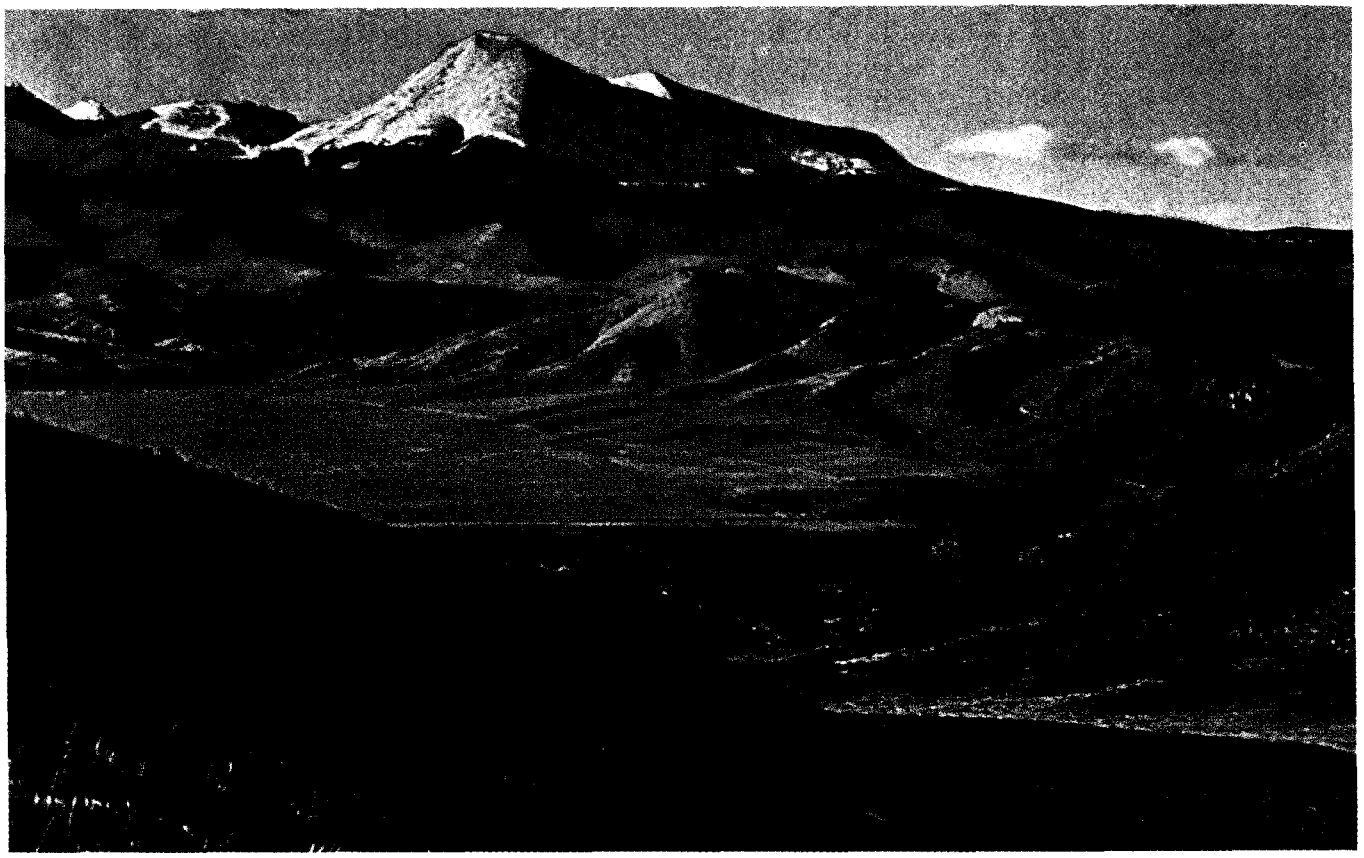

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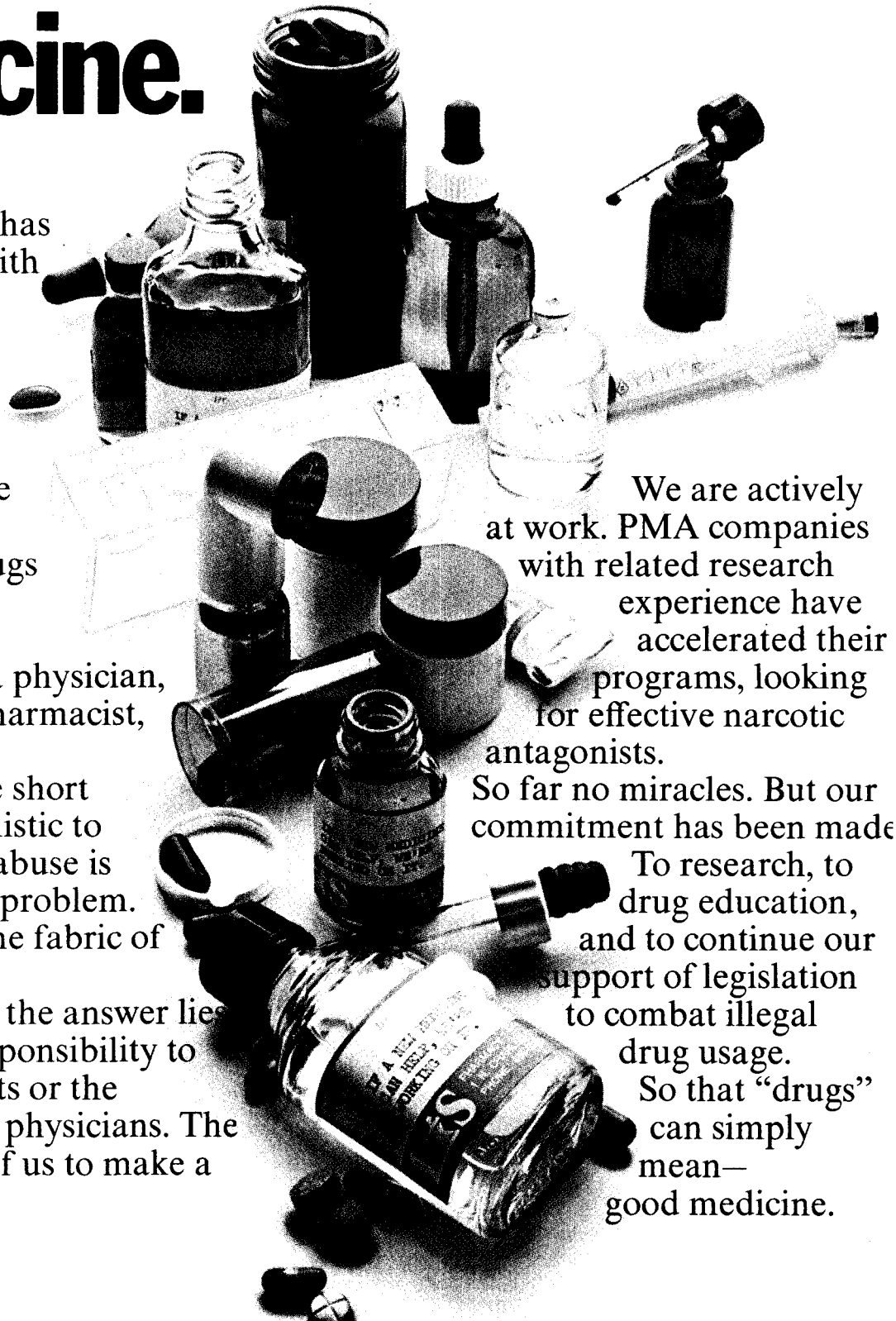

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Letters

Counterculture Visions

In his article "How We Learn Today" [*SR*, Aug. 19] Michael Rossman categorizes the commune as an "intense laboratory of education and re-education." Those of us who live outside the bounds of such introverted and protected living arrangements are also constantly involved in the learning process. Many of us have as great a sensitivity to basic human needs as do those who shut themselves off from the rest of the world. A responsible, aware individual who lives in the mainstream of society makes a greater contribution than do those who retreat to communes.

Michael Rossman, like Charles Reich, errs in thinking that philosophies can be changed, modes of life basically altered, and deeply entrenched corporate structures brought to a standstill by amorphous groups "doing their own thing." At best, they are a seminal influence and may "leave their footprints in the sands of time," but those footprints will be modified through the interplay of other forces.

Margaret Elliot
San Jose, Calif.

I doubt that the free and loosely organized groups, such as free schools, war resister leagues, or meditation groups, offer much more for the development of free and creative minds than the sporadic, undisciplined assemblages of college "bull sessions." I was active in both the college and the community YMCA, and I am not convinced that youths today are much different from those of any previous generation. Only time can prove that today's youth will produce a more humanistic society.

Charles R. Monroe
President Emeritus
Kennedy-King College
Chicago, Ill.

Honest George and Fearless Spiro

The editorial by Ronald P. Kriss "A Difficult but Necessary Decision" [*SR*, Aug. 19] seems to miss the essential point about Senator McGovern's decision to oust Senator Eagleton as his vice-presidential running mate. We heard Senator McGovern say that he would have chosen Eagleton regardless of his history of mental illness. According to McGovern, this would have had no bearing on his decision. We know now that McGovern was being less than candid. He never supported Eagleton 1,000 per cent at any time. This was for public consumption, and no editorial apologia will change this fact. Senator McGovern has shown that he will trample underfoot any man who gets in his way.

Edward L. Schapsmeier
Illinois State University
Normal, Ill.

One need not worry about the present Democratic vice-presidential nominee, as there is little chance of Mr. Shriver's being elected. Then in 1976 we can promote the current VP to President as we will then have a man who has never knuckled down to the media but really put them "in their place."

Frank J. Tonis
Rye Beach, N. H.

The childish remark that Spiro Agnew is "totally unsuited for the presidency" must mean that he does not suit your taste, which comes as no great revelation to me. You cannot mean that he lacks the qualifications for the position. I should think he would compare most favorably with the qualifications of George McGovern.

I feel that the media should grow up. You are biased, and you show it. Continuing to kick Mr. Agnew's shins because he said the obvious is silly to me.

Elizabeth Rist
Bakersfield, Calif.

The Fat Prince

For years scholars have struggled with the line from Hamlet, "He's fat and scant of breath," that Chris Chase quotes in her article "Fat Boys Are Better Than No Boys" [*SR*, Aug. 19]. None could believe that Hamlet was fat, and he was never portrayed that way. The problem was solved by a Shakespearean scholar who was traveling through the mountains of the South of England. He stopped for a drink of water in an area where the people still speak a remote form of Elizabethan English. A farm woman said: "You are fat," meaning: "You are perspiring." "Of course!" said the scholar (who was very thin). "That's what Shakespeare meant, and that's why the Queen said, 'Take my napkin, rub thy brows.' Hamlet was *sweating*!"

Patricia R. Welsh
Del Mar, Calif.

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Which of these cities provides the most police protection?

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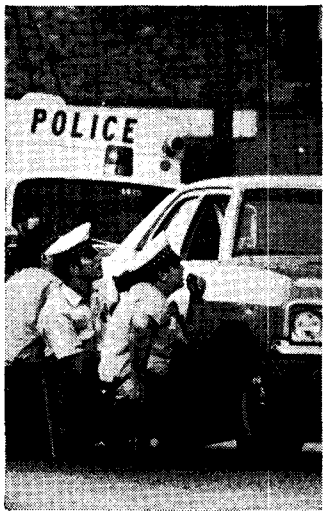
New York

Philadelphia



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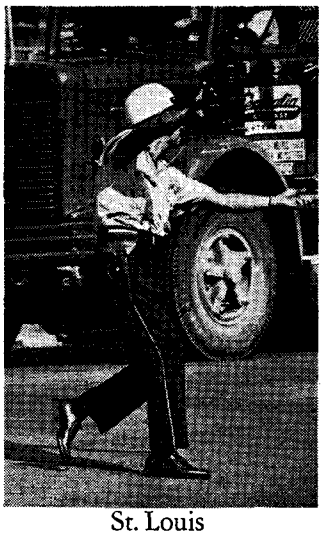

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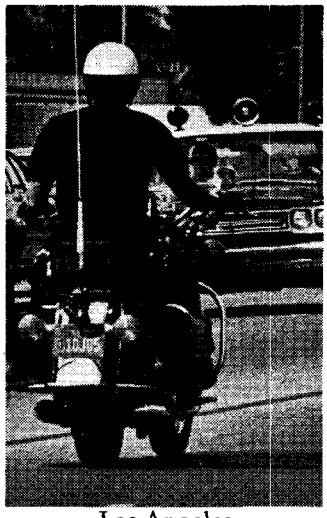

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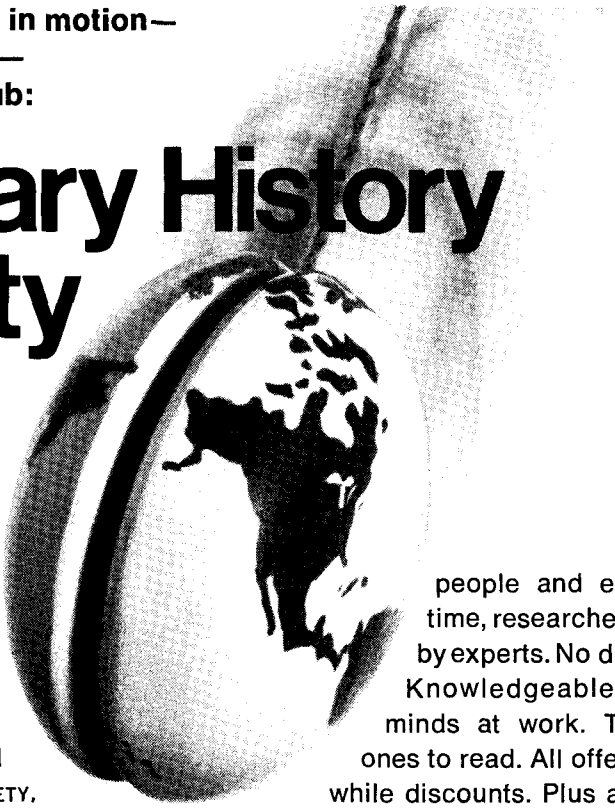

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Editorial

Life and Learning

Nearly a third of the nation goes to school this fall. Sixty-three million Americans are enrolled or employed in the educational system, from kindergartens through universities, as students, teachers, administrators. Total expenditures in 1972–73 will exceed $90 billion.

To the majority of Americans, it seems, education means formal schooling; learning is understood to take place, at some pain, only in a classroom; educational change implies primarily change in techniques and methodology. According to a recent national poll, the layman's principal educational concerns are student discipline, the property tax, and racial integration, in that order.

Who can disagree? The politics, finances, social purposes, personnel, content, and reform of educational institutions are crucial issues—and often enough burning, wrenching, rawly emotional ones. Who can disagree, either, that much education, and some learning, does indeed take place within the walls of institutions, that "good teaching" certainly exists, that skills and attitudes are effectively transmitted, however subliminally at times? We of *Saturday Review/Education* will look again and again within those walls, to report, interpret, and analyze what takes place there and what is to come, for good or for ill, at whatever level.

Still, some education, and much learning, takes place beyond the walls, outside the system. All of us learn continuously, from before the moment of our birth until the final moment of our existence. *Cognosco, ergo sum.* We learn from peers as well as teachers, from film and TV as well as school books, from the unstructured surroundings of life as well as the structured settings of organizations.

SR/Education intends to display and illumine—seriously, without pretentiousness, not without touches of exuberance and humor—the processes of learning itself as much as the policies and practices of education. We tend to think of "education" as stereotyped, and indeed it is time-bound, convention-laden, marked by familiar milestones that may no longer be adequate measures of anything: "promotions," "diplomas," "commencements," "degrees." On the other hand, learning extends across the broad range of human experience and throughout our lives. It encompasses the modification of behavior; the acquisition of knowledge and the mastery of skills; the development of critical power, judgment, wisdom; the comprehension, acceptance, and celebration of our humanity. *SR/Education,* then, will deal with the entire world of learning, whenever and wherever it takes place. In this sense our charter is boundless. Education and learning, today and tomorrow, pertain, not simply to the sixty-three million Americans formally involved, but to 209 million Americans who qualify simply by being alive.

With this October issue, we launch *Saturday Review/Education* as a new monthly magazine. In so doing, we build upon the justly admired past achievements of *SR* in educational journalism. When he launched the first "education supplement" in 1960, editor Paul Woodring sought to bring the problems of education into focus "by providing a forum for the most literate, the best informed and the most penetrating thinkers and writers" on the subject. His successor, James Cass, now our colleague, consultant, and New York editor, called attention in 1966 to the "new forces, social and political . . . and the many new centers of initiative, influence, and power that are emerging in the field." He promised that *SR* would "go where the action is"; it has done so and will continue to do so. Both writers affirmed, as education's rationale, the well-being and freedom of the individual. Early this year, *SR*'s editor-in-chief, Nicolas Charney, reaffirmed that commitment. Emphasizing the need to create "an educational system that is responsive to individual needs," he wrote: "The right to learn is, or should be, manifest. We hope that the process of learning itself can be made a more significant part of the excitement of living."

We are not a magazine for "teachers" or "students" or "parents" as such, but a magazine for all citizens of this free society, all persons who share our deep concern for, intense fascination with, and abiding curiosity about how learning can become more effective, humane, and joyful. We believe in human growth and potential, and that learning is everyone's birthright. We are committed to bringing you the best we know, to finding out ever more, and to presenting it all in a variety of forms—articles, conversations, reports, essays—illustrated by vibrant, contemporary graphics. We plan to bring you both excellence in design and excellence in writing, and if our authors are better known as scientists, historians, biographers, or even novelists than as "educators," so be it. We will shun the doubletalk of politicians, the gobbledygook of bureaucrats, the gee-whiz hot-sell hustle-talk of gimmick merchants, the obfuscatory pseudoscientific jargon of educationeseologists—though never the honest statements of able scholars and perceptive reporters.

Good sense, then, we trust will be our substance. Plain words, truly and gracefully put together, will be our style. Occasionally, they will provide a soft susurrus of reassurance; rather more often, we expect, they will shock —not for the sake of sensation but for the sake of truth. And we will seek whenever possible to be both personal and imaginative. "Education is what happens to any one person at an important moment," one of our staff members has commented to me. "We want above all to capture those moments for our readers."

We hope that the articles in this, our premier issue, will not only stand on their own but also convey a sense of the future, the evolution of education and of a magazine called by that name. To new readers of this new monthly: Welcome. To those who continue to receive *SR* every week and thereby are receiving what amounts to four new monthlies: We are glad so many old friends, whether critics, admirers, or as so often happens, both, are with us on this journey.

One final point: *SR/Education* does not go its way alone, for *SR* is a family of magazines. We will draw much from our counterparts, on our own and on our readers' behalf.

In our turn, we shall try to convey to our coworkers our own understanding of how education relates to all their fields. We can do no less, for as we see it, education is all—all embracing, all dependent. A former Harvard colleague, Theodore R. Sizer, once a dean of education, now headmaster of a school, puts it this way: "True education—as wise men from Aristotle on have suggested—emerges from an understanding of the social order and of the nature of man, and from no other source."

David W. Cudhea

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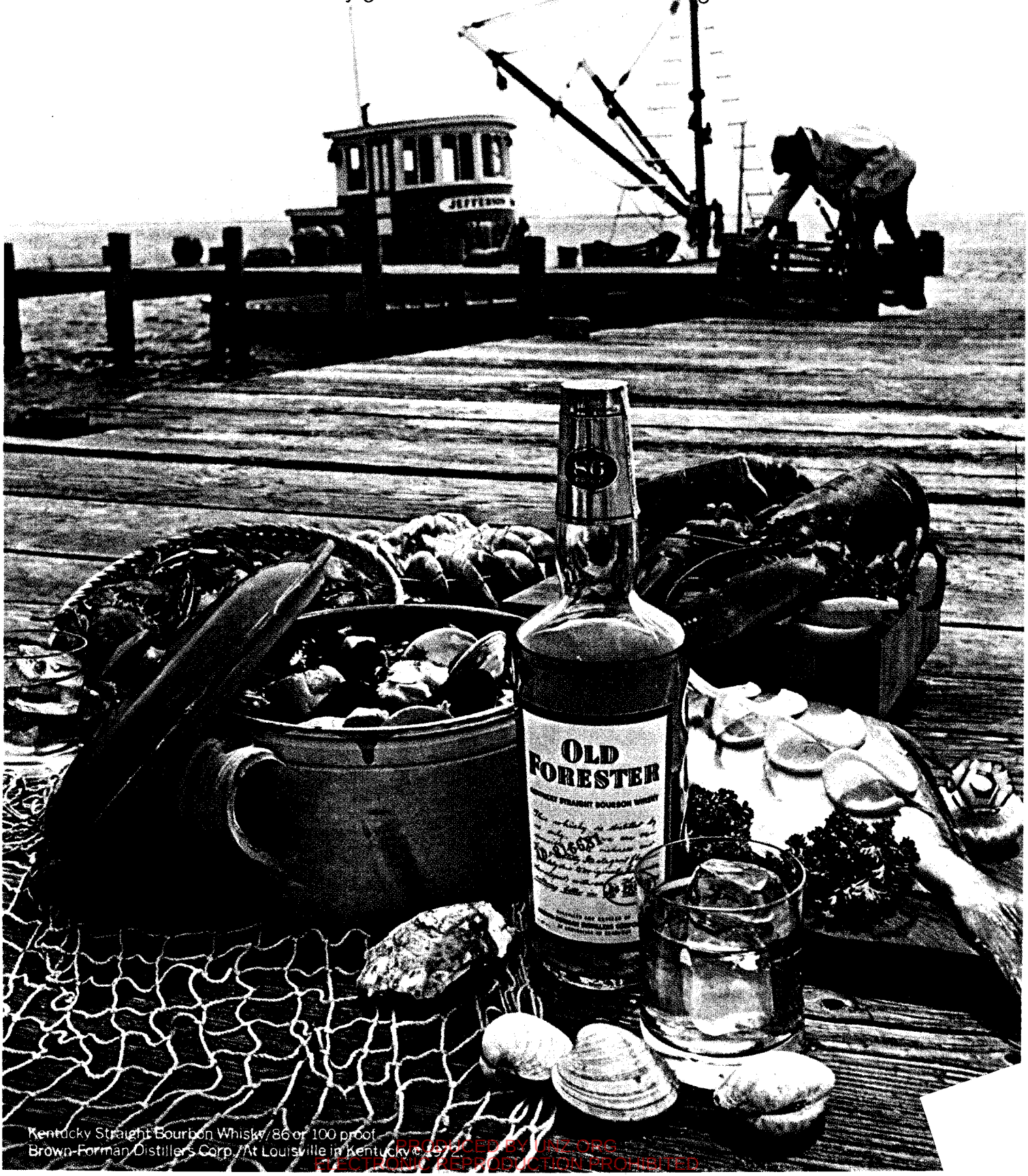

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Saturday Review of
EDUCATION

The Schools and Equal Opportunity

BY MARY JO BANE AND CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

Quality education will reduce socioeconomic inequality, the reformers claim. This is a delusion. Schools have few long-term effects on the later "success" of those who attend them. An advance report by the authors of the forthcoming study *Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America.*

Americans have a recurrent fantasy that schools can solve their problems. Thus it was perhaps inevitable that, after we rediscovered poverty and inequality in the early 1960s, we turned to the schools for solutions. Yet the schools did not provide solutions, the high hopes of the early-and-middle 1960s faded, and the war on poverty ended in ignominious surrender to the *status quo*. In part, of course, this was because the war in Southeast Asia turned out to be incompatible with the war on poverty. In part, however, it was because we all had rather muddleheaded ideas about the various causes and cures of poverty and inequality.

Today there are signs that some people are beginning to look for new solutions to these perennial problems. There is a vast amount of sociological and economic data that can, we think, help in this effort, both by explaining the failures of the 1960s and by suggesting more realistic alternatives. For the past four years we have been working with this data. Our research has led us to three general conclusions.

First, poverty is a condition of relative rather than absolute deprivation. People feel poor and are poor if they have a lot less money than their neighbors. This is true regardless of their absolute income. It follows that we cannot eliminate poverty unless we prevent people from falling too far below the national average. The problem is economic inequality rather than low incomes.

Second, the reforms of the 1960s were misdirected because they focused only on equalizing opportunity to "succeed" (or "fail") rather than on reducing the economic and social distance between those who succeeded and those who failed. The evidence we have reviewed suggests that equalizing opportunity will not do very much to equalize results, and hence that it will not do much to reduce poverty.

Third, even if we are interested solely in equalizing opportunities for economic success, making schools more equal will not help very much. Differences between schools have very little effect on what happens to students after they graduate.

Mary Jo Bane is a research associate at the Center for Educational Policy Research, Harvard University, and a contributing editor of SR/EDUCATION. Christopher Jencks is an associate professor of education at Harvard. He is the coauthor, with David Riesman, of The Academic Revolution. *A note on the research findings on which this article is based, to be published in October by Basic Books, appears on page 41.*

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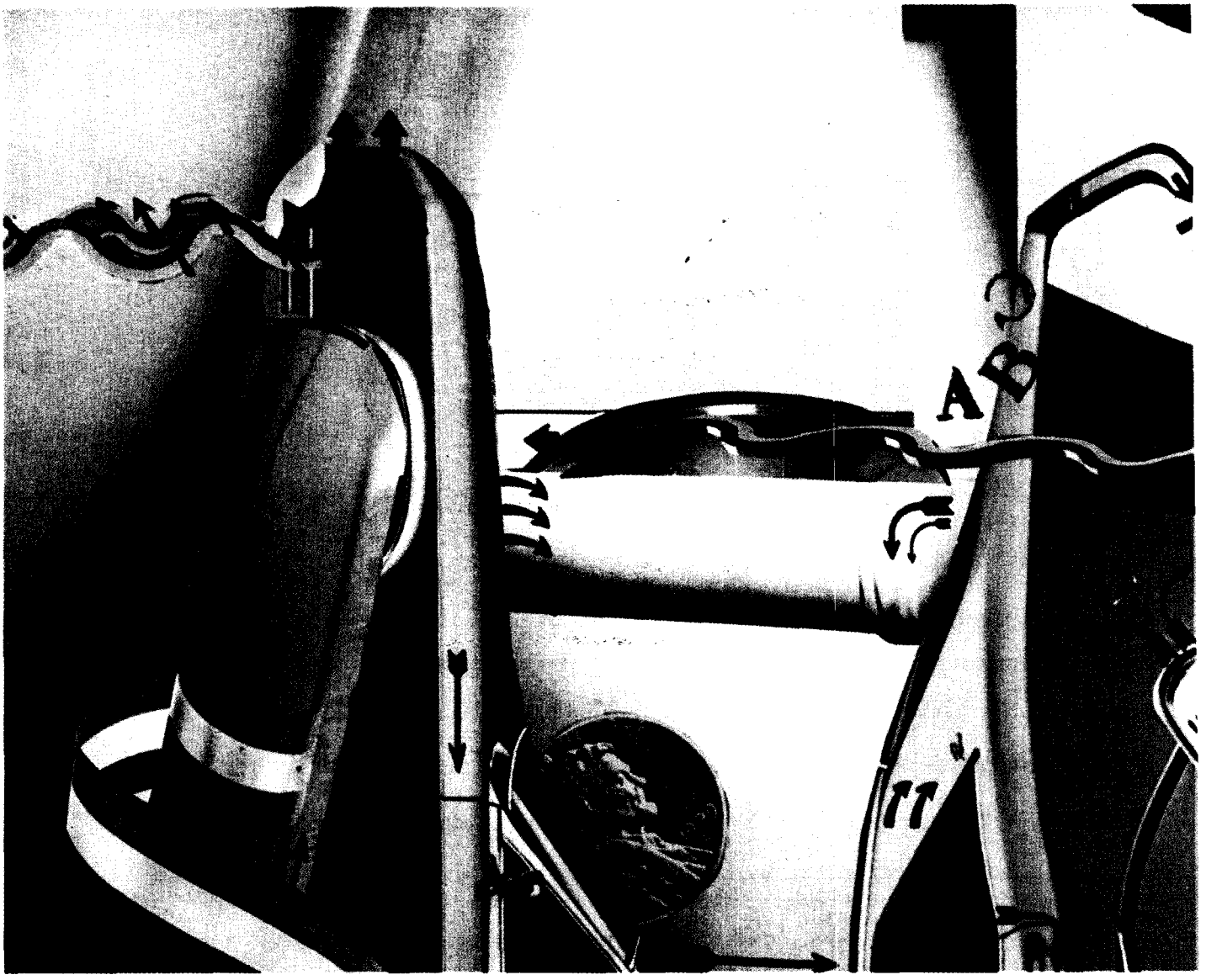

The main policy implication of these findings is that although school reform is important for improving the lives of children, schools cannot contribute significantly to adult equality. If we want economic equality in our society, we will have to get it by changing our economic institutions, not by changing the schools.

Poverty and Inequality

The rhetoric of the war on poverty described the persistence of poverty in the midst of affluence as a "paradox," largely attributable to "neglect." Official publications all assumed that poverty was an absolute rather than a relative condition. Having assumed this, they all showed progress toward the elimination of poverty, since fewer and fewer people had incomes below the official "poverty line."

Yet, despite all the official announcements of progress, many Americans still seemed poor, by both their own standards and their neighbors'. The reason was that most Americans define poverty in relative rather than absolute terms. Public-opinion surveys show, for example, that when people are asked how much money an American family needs to "get by," they typically name a figure about half what the average American family actually receives. This has been true for the last three decades, despite the fact that real incomes (incomes adjusted for inflation) have doubled in the interval.

During the Depression the average American family was living on about $30 a week. A third of all families were living on less than half this amount, which made it natural for Franklin Roosevelt to speak of "one-third of a nation" as ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed. By 1964 mean family income was about $160 a week, and the Gallup poll found that the average American thought a family of four needed at least $80 a week to "get by." Even allowing for inflation, this was twice what people had thought necessary during the Depression. Playing it safe, the Johnson administration defined the poverty line at $60 a week for a family of four, but most people felt this was inadequate. By 1970 inflation had raised mean family income to about $200 a week, and the National Welfare Rights Organization was trying to rally liberal support for a guaranteed income of $100 a week.

These changes in the definition of poverty were not just a matter of "rising expectations" or of people's needing to "keep up with the Joneses." The goods and services that made it possible to live on $15 a week during the Depression were no longer available to a family with the same real income ($40 a week) in 1964. Eating habits had changed, and many cheap foods had disappeared from the stores. Housing arrangements had changed, too. During the Depression many people could not afford indoor plumbing and "got by" with a privy.

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The reforms of the Sixties failed because they focused only on equalizing opportunity rather than on reducing economic differences.

By the 1960s privies were illegal in most places. Those who still could not afford an indoor toilet ended up in buildings that had broken toilets. For these they paid more than their parents had paid for privies.

Examples of this kind suggest that the "cost of living" is not the cost of buying some fixed set of goods and services. It is the cost of participating in a social system. It therefore depends in large part on how much other people habitually spend to participate in the system. Those who fall far below the norm, whatever it may be, are excluded. Accordingly, raising the incomes of the poor will not eliminate poverty if the cost of participating in "mainstream" American life rises even faster. People with incomes less than half the national average will not be able to afford what "everyone" regards as "necessities." The only way to eliminate poverty is, therefore, to make sure everyone has an income at least half the average.

Arguments of this kind suggest not only that it makes more sense to think of "poverty" as a relative rather than an absolute condition but that eliminating poverty, at least as it is usually defined in America, depends on eliminating, or at least greatly reducing, inequality.

Schooling and Opportunity

Almost none of the reform legislation of the 1960s involved direct efforts to equalize adult status, power, or income. Most Americans accepted the idea that these rewards should go to those who were most competent and diligent. Their objection to America's traditional economic system was not that it produced inequality but that the rules determining who succeeded and who failed were often unfair. The reformers wanted to create a world in which success would no longer be associated with skin color, economic background, or other "irrelevant" factors, but only with actual merit. What they wanted, in short, was what they called "equal opportunity."

Their strategy for achieving equal opportunity placed great emphasis on education. Many people imagined that if schools could equalize people's cognitive skills this would equalize their bargaining power as adults. Presumably, if every one had equal bargaining power, few people would end up very poor.

This strategy for reducing poverty rested on a series of assumptions that went roughly as follows:

1) Eliminating poverty is largely a mat-

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ter of helping children born into poverty to rise out of it. Once families escape from poverty, they do not fall back into it. Middle-class children rarely end up poor.

2) The primary reason poor children cannot escape from poverty is that they do not acquire basic cognitive skills. They cannot read, write, calculate, or articulate. Lacking these skills, they cannot get or keep a well-paid job.

3) The best mechanism for breaking this "vicious circle" is educational reform. Since children born into poor homes do not acquire the skills they need from their parents, they must be taught these skills in school. This can be done by making sure that they attend the same schools as middle-class children, by giving them extra compensatory programs in school, by giving their parents a voice in running their schools, or by some combination of all three approaches.

Our research over the last four years suggests that each of these assumptions is erroneous:

1) Poverty is not primarily hereditary. While children born into poverty have a higher than average chance of ending up poor, there is still an enormous amount of economic mobility from one generation to the next. A father whose occupational status is high passes on less than half his advantage to his sons, and a father whose status is low passes along less than half his disadvantage. A family whose income is above the norm has an even harder time passing along its privileges; its sons are typically only about a third as advantaged as the parents. Conversely, a family whose income is below average will typically have sons about a third as disadvantaged as the parents. The effects of parents' status on their daughters' economic positions appear to be even weaker. This means that many "advantaged" parents have some "disadvantaged" children and vice versa.

2) The primary reason some people end up richer than others is not that they have more adequate cognitive skills. While children who read well, get the right answers to arithmetic problems, and articulate their thoughts clearly are somewhat more likely than others to get ahead, there are many other equally important factors involved. The effects of I.Q. on economic success are about the same as the effects of family background. This means, for example, that if two men's I.Q. scores differ by 17 points—the typical difference between I.Q. scores of individuals chosen at random—their incomes will typically differ by less than $2,000. That amount is not completely trivial, of course. But the income difference between random individuals is three times as large and the difference between the best-paid fifth and the worst-paid fifth of all male workers

"Inequality is not mostly inherited: It is re-created anew in each generation."

averages $14,000. There is almost as much economic inequality among those who score high on standardized tests as in the general population.

3) There is no evidence that school reform can substantially reduce the extent of cognitive inequality, as measured by tests of verbal fluency, reading comprehension, or mathematical skill. Eliminating qualitative differences between elementary schools would reduce the range of scores on standardized tests in sixth grade by less than 3 per cent. Eliminating qualitative differences between high schools would hardly reduce the range of twelfth-grade scores at all and would reduce by only 1 per cent the disparities in the amount of education people eventually get.

Our best guess, after reviewing all the evidence we could find, is that racial desegregation raises black elementary school students' test scores by a couple of points. But most of the test-score gap between blacks and whites persists, even when they are in the same schools. So also: Tracking has very little effect on test scores. And neither the overall level of resources available to a school nor any specific, easily identifiable school policy has a significant effect on students' cognitive skills or educational attainments. Thus, even if we went beyond "equal opportunity" and allocated resources disproportionately to schools whose students now do worst on tests and are least likely to acquire credentials, this would not improve these students' prospects very much.

The evidence does not tell us why school quality has so little effect on test scores. Three possible explanations come to mind. First, children seem to be more influenced by what happens at home than by what happens in school. They may also be more influenced by what happens on the streets and by what they see on television. Second, administrators have very little control over those aspects of school life that do affect children. Reallocating resources, reassigning pupils, and rewriting the curriculum seldom change the way teachers and students actually treat each other minute by minute. Third, even when the schools exert an unusual influence on children, the resulting changes are not likely to persist into adulthood. It takes a huge change in elementary school test scores, for example, to alter adult income by a significant amount.

Equal Opportunity and Unequal Results

The evidence we have reviewed, taken all together, suggests that equalizing opportunity cannot take us very far toward eliminating inequality. The simplest way of demonstrating this is to compare the economic prospects of brothers raised in the same home. Even the most egalitarian society could not hope to make opportunities for all children appreciably more equal than the opportunities now available to brothers from the same family. Looking at society at large, if we compare random pairs of individuals, the difference between their occupational statuses averages about 28 points on the Duncan "status scale" (the scale runs from 0 to 96 points). The difference between brothers' occupational statuses averages fully 23 points on this same scale. If we compare men's incomes, the difference between random pairs averaged about $6,200 in 1968. The difference between brothers' incomes, according to our best estimate, probably averaged about $5,700. These estimates mean that people who start off equal end up almost as unequal as everyone else. Inequality is not mostly inherited: It is re-created anew in each generation.

We can take this line of argument a step further by comparing people who not only start off in similar families but who also have the same I.Q. scores and get the same amount of schooling. Such people's occupational statuses differ by an average of 21 points, compared to 28 points for random individuals. If we

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compare their incomes, making the additional assumption that the men have the same occupational status, we find that they differ by an average of about $5,300, compared to $6,200 for men chosen at random.

These comparisons suggest that adult success must depend on a lot of things besides family background, schooling, and the cognitive skills measured by standardized tests. We have no idea what these factors are. To some extent, no doubt, specialized varieties of competence, such as the ability to hit a ball thrown at high speed or the ability to persuade a customer that he wants a larger car than he thought he wanted, play a major role. Income also depends on luck: the range of jobs available when you are job hunting, the amount of overtime work in your plant, good or bad weather for your strawberry crop, and a hundred other unpredictable accidents.

Equalizing opportunity will not, then, do much to reduce economic inequality in America. If poverty is relative rather than absolute, equalizing opportunity will not do much to reduce poverty, either.

Implications for Educational Policy

These findings imply that school reform is never likely to have any significant effect on the degree of inequality among adults. This suggests that the prevalent "factory" model, in which schools are seen as places that "produce" alumni, probably ought to be abandoned. It is true that schools have "inputs" and "outputs," and that one of their nominal purposes is to take human "raw material" (*i.e.*, children) and convert it into something more "useful" (*i.e.*, employable adults). Our research suggests, however, that the character of a school's output depends largely on a single input, the characteristics of the entering children. Everything else—the school budget, its policies, the characteristics of the teachers—is either secondary or completely irrelevant, at least so long as the range of variation among schools is as narrow as it seems to be in America.

These findings have convinced us that the long-term effects of schooling are relatively uniform. The day-to-day internal life of the schools, in contrast, is highly variable. It follows that *the primary basis for evaluating a school should be whether the students and teachers find it a satisfying place to be.* This does not mean we think schools should be like mediocre summer camps, in which children are kept out of trouble but not taught anything. We doubt that a school can be enjoyable for either adults or children unless the children keep learning new things. We value ideas and the life of the mind, and we think that a school that does not value these things is a poor place for children. But a school that values ideas because they enrich the lives of children is quite different from a school that values high reading scores because reading scores are important for adult success.

Our concern with making schools satisfying places for teachers and children has led us to a concern for diversity and choice. People have widely different notions of what a "satisfying" place is, and we believe they ought to be able to put these values into practice. As we have noted, our research suggests that none of the programs or structural arrangements in common use today has consistently different long-term effects from any other. Since the character of a child's schooling has few long-term effects, and since these effects are quite unpredictable, society has little reason to constrain the choices available to parents and children. If a "good school" is one the students and staff find satisfying, no one school will be best for everyone. Since there is no evidence that professional educators know appreciably more than parents about what is good for children, it seems reasonable to let parents decide what kind of education their children should have while they are young and to let the children decide as they get older.

Short-term considerations also seem decisive in determining whether to spend more money on schooling or to spend it on busing children to schools outside their neighborhoods. If extra resources make school life pleasanter and more interesting, they are worthwhile. But we should not try to justify school expenditures on the grounds that they boost adult earnings. Likewise, busing ought to be justified in political and moral terms rather than in terms of presumed long-term effects on the children who are bused. If we want an integrated society, we ought to have integrated schools, which make people feel they have a stake in the well-being of other races. If we want a society in which people are free to segregate themselves, then we should apply that principle to our schools. There is, however, no compelling reason to treat schools differently from other social arrangements, including neighborhoods. Personally, we believe in both open housing and open schools. If parents or students want to take buses to schools in other neighborhoods, school boards ought to provide the buses, expand the relevant schools, and ensure that the students are welcome in the schools they want to attend. This is the least we can do to offset the effects of residential segregation. But we do not believe that forced busing can be justified on the grounds of its long-term benefits for students.

This leads to our last conclusion about educational reform. Reformers are always getting trapped into claiming too much for what they propose. They may want a particular reform—like open classrooms, or desegregation, or vouchers—because they think these reforms will make schools more satisfying places to work. Yet they feel obliged to claim that these reforms will also reduce the number of nonreaders, increase racial understand-

This article is based on research done by Christopher Jencks and his colleagues at the Center for Educational Policy Research, Harvard University, with the support of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The research group started in 1968 by reexamining the data on the effects of schooling gathered by the Equality of Educational Opportunity Survey (EEOS), whose most famous product was the "Coleman Report." It also reanalyzed Project Talent's longitudinal study of students in 100 high schools plus many smaller studies. In addition, Jencks reviewed, and in some cases reanalyzed, data on adult occupational status and income gathered by the U.S. Bureau of Census and by the National Opinion Research Center, as well as many smaller studies. The complete results are presented in *Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America* by Christopher Jencks and Marshall Smith, Henry Acland, Mary Jo Bane, David Cohen, Herbert Gintis, Barbara Heyns, and Stephan Michelson (Basic Books, October).

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ing, or strengthen family life. A wise reformer ought to be more modest, claiming only that a particular reform will not harm adult society and that it will make life pleasanter for parents, teachers, and students in the short run.

This plea for modesty in school reform will, we fear, fall on deaf ears. Ivan Illich is right in seeing schools as secular churches, through which we seek to improve not ourselves but our descendants. That this process should be disagreeable seems inevitable; one cannot abolish original sin through self-indulgence. That it should be immodest seems equally inevitable; a religion that promises anything less than salvation wins few converts. In school, as in church, we present the world as we wish it were. We try to inspire children with the ideals we ourselves have failed to live up to. We assume, for example, that we cannot make adults live in desegregated neighborhoods, so we devise schemes for busing children from one neighborhood to another in order to desegregate the schools. We all prefer conducting our moral experiments on other people. Nonetheless, so long as we confine our experiments to children, we will not have much effect on adult life.

Implications for Social Reform

Then how *are* we to affect adult life? Our findings tell us that different kinds of inequality are only loosely related to one another. This can be either encouraging or discouraging, depending on how you look at it. On the discouraging side, it means that eliminating inequality in one area will not eliminate it in other areas. On the encouraging side, it means that inequality in one area does not dictate inequality in other areas.

To begin with, genetic inequality is not a major obstacle to economic equality. It is true that genetic diversity almost inevitably means considerable variation in people's scores on standardized tests. But this kind of cognitive inequality need not imply anything like the present degree of economic inequality. We estimate, for example, that if the only sources of income inequality in America were differences in people's genes, the top fifth of the population would earn only about 1.4 times as much as the bottom fifth. In actuality, the top fifth earns seven times as much as the bottom fifth.

Second, our findings suggest that psychological and cultural differences between families are not an irrevocable barrier to adult equality. Family background has more influence than genes on an individual's educational attainment, occupational status, and income. Nonetheless, if family background were the only source of economic inequality in America, the top fifth would earn only about twice as much as the bottom fifth.

Our findings show, then, that inequality is not determined at birth. But they also suggest that economic equality cannot be achieved by indirect efforts to manipulate the environments in which people grow up. We have already discussed the minuscule effects of equalizing school quality. Equalizing the amount of schooling people get would not work much better. Income inequality among men with similar amounts of schooling is only 5–10 per cent less than among men in general. The effect is even less if we include women.

The primary basis for evaluating a school should be whether the students and teachers find it a satisfying place to be.

If we want to eliminate economic inequality, we must make this an explicit objective of public policy rather than deluding ourselves into thinking that we can do it by giving everyone equal opportunity to succeed or fail. If we want an occupational structure which is less hierarchical and in which the social distance between the top and the bottom is reduced, we will have to make deliberate efforts to reorganize work and redistribute power within organizations. We will probably also have to rotate jobs, so that no individual held power very long.

If we want an income distribution that is more equal, we can constrain employers, either by tax incentives or direct legislation, to reduce wage disparities between their best- and worst-paid workers. We can make taxes more progressive, and we can provide income supplements to those who do not make an adequate living from wages alone. We can also provide free public services for those who cannot afford to buy adequate services in the private sector. Pursued with vigor, such a strategy can make "poverty" (*i.e.*, having a living standard less than half the national average) virtually impossible. Such a strategy would also make economic "success," in the sense of having, say, a living standard more than twice the national average, far less common than it now is. The net effect would be to make those with the most competence and luck subsidize those with the least competence and luck to a far greater extent than they do today. Unless we are prepared to do this, poverty and inequality will remain with us indefinitely.

This strategy was rejected during the 1960s for the simple reason that it commanded relatively little popular support. The required legislation could not have passed Congress, nor could it pass today. That does not mean that it is the wrong strategy. It simply means that, until we change the political and moral premises on which most Americans now operate, poverty and inequality will persist at pretty much their present level. Intervention in market processes, for example, means restricting the "right" of individuals to use their natural advantages for private gain. Economic equality requires social and legal sanctions—analogous to those that now exist against capricious firing of employees—against inequality within work settings. It also requires that wage rates, which Americans have traditionally viewed as a "private" question to be adjudicated by negotiation between (unequal) individuals or groups, must become a "public" question subject to political control and solution.

In America, as elsewhere, the long-term drift over the past 200 years has been toward equality. In America, however, the contribution of public policy to this drift has been slight. As long as egalitarians assume that public policy cannot contribute to equality directly but must proceed by ingenious manipulations of marginal institutions like the schools, this pattern will continue. If we want to move beyond this tradition, we must establish political control over the economic institutions that shape our society. What we will need, in short, is what other countries call socialism. Anything less will end in the same disappointment as the reforms of the 1960s. □

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NIE: NEW LIFE FOR RESEARCH

BY JAMES BRANN

Education research has never held a high priority in the United States. Indeed, as President Nixon himself pointed out, the government has spent 10 per cent of its defense budget, 5 per cent of its health budget, but no more than one-half of 1 per cent of its education budget, on research. Now, in the apparent conviction that spending billions of dollars will produce results where spending only millions has produced disappointments, Congress has created a new federal agency, the National Institute of Education, to give education research a new life. Born in June as part of the Higher Education Act, NIE is intended to pull together, improve, and expand the government's previously diffuse educational "R & D" efforts. Congress has authorized $550 million over the next three years for the task, though how much actually will be appropriated remains to be seen.

Will NIE prosper? Some signs are favorable. NIE has prominent backing. Mr. Nixon proposed it with the hope that it would give education research the prestige, visibility, and funding that the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health have gained in their fields. Most of the major education organizations, such as the National Education Association, the American Council on Education, and the American Educational Research Association, support the new institute.

Still, there are some doubts. Many school administrators—while favoring the agency in principle—fear that the administration will not enlarge the educational pie and that new money for NIE will have to come from existing funds. And Rep. Edith Green (D-Ore.), chairman of the House subcommittee that handled the NIE legislation, describes the agency as "a new cornucopia of educational research and development" that will "plug $550 million into the same research organizations, think tanks, consultants, *et al.*, that the Office of Education [OE] has managed to keep solvent" in the past.

Mrs. Green makes a valid point. Much of the "research" funded by the OE has never seen the light of useful day. Since 1959 the government has spent about $1 billion on research and development with few tangible results other than some excellent math and science curriculums and public TV's *Sesame Street* (which really was the creation of private foundations in New York).

In proposing NIE, the full House committee on education issued a report underlining the fact that past research efforts were less than startling. OE research, it said, "has been plagued by a negative image—for management resulting in research of poor quality and little substance; for failure to focus on genuine problems in education; and for insensitivity to any interests but those of the established educational leadership. A new agency outside the Office of Education can develop programs responsive to each of these concerns."

The legislation that created NIE transfers most of the existing OE research programs—some good, some mediocre, some unproven, and some outright boondoggles—to the new agency. NIE will decide which programs will continue and which will be administered euthanasia. On the organization chart NIE is an agency separate from and equal to OE, reporting to a new assistant secretary for education in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. President Nixon has nominated Sidney P. Marland, now commissioner of education (i.e., head of OE), for the assistant secretary's job.

The direction that NIE ultimately will take will be determined by its director and a fifteen-member National Advisory Council, to be appointed by the President. The administration's first choice for the directorship gave some indication that NIE might opt for the unconventional. He is Maurice B. Mitchell, chancellor of the University of Denver, a self-made businessman, and an outspoken academic maverick. Mitchell, however, twice turned down the job when the legislation got bogged down in Congress last spring. As a result, NIE has only an acting director, Emerson Elliot, a thirty-nine-year-old civil servant who previously was tucked away in the Office of Management and Budget but who is regarded as a thoroughgoing pragmatist, tough but fair.

What will NIE do? Rep. John Brademas (D-Ind.), chairman of the House education committee and an NIE backer, says it should sponsor basic research into the learning process, into alternative ways to pay for schools, and into national problems, such as educating the poor. At NIE itself Bernard Martin, the number-two man, hoists an all-embracing umbrella: "We're going to look at a wide range of problems and possibilities." These will include voucher systems, testing, technology, access to education, citizen and parent participation in schools, ways to improve the education of educators, and ways to improve course content and teaching techniques. Martin also talks of bringing in anthropologists, social workers, journalists, parents, and other nonresearch types in an effort to get some fresh ideas, and both he and Elliot say they are determined that research *funded* by NIE will be more valuable and better coordinated than the research *produced* by OE.

Despite the vision of barrels of new money from Congress, NIE is not operating with a munificent budget. Congress appropriated only $125 million for NIE for fiscal 1973. Less than $25 million of this will be available for new programs; the rest is earmarked simply to sustain existing programs.

NIE is still too new—and too full of uncertainties—for anyone to predict what its impact will be. But the lack, so far, of guidelines and of an advisory board, the relatively small amount of new money, the temporary nature of the director's position as opposed to the permanently appointed big name—all these could force NIE into patterns little different from those of education research in the past. It might take more than an act of Congress to change the way we think about our schools. □

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BERKELEY'S EXPERIMENTAL SCHOOLS

Will These Twenty-four New Numbers Add Up to Real Change in Urban Education?

BY DIANE DIVOKY

The world's biggest Afro whizzes by on a ten-speed bike. A skate-boarder figure-eights his way down the street, and a frizzy-headed woman in white opaque pajamas tries to hitch a ride. Other hitchhikers stand, sit, and lie near the intersection, holding signs asking to be taken to Oregon, Texas, Maine, East—anywhere. I'm on University Avenue, heading into Berkeley, California. I park for a look around. Over an old poster of a smiling black politician, words have been scrawled in lipstick: "Tom, outrageous Tom." Back in my car I find fistfuls of handbills stuck under the wipers: "Support African Liberation Day," "Protest GM and ITT's involvement in South Africa." "Sign up for a new alternative school, family and community-oriented —multi-ethnic. . . ."

Berkeley, California, pop. 116,716. Berkeley, California, pop. white university professors and white dropouts, black welfare mothers and black executives, superfreaks and superstraights. Once home of the Free Speech Movement, the Yippies, the People's Park. Still home of the University of California—probably the best public system of higher education in the world. In the rich and pretty hills overlooking San Francisco Bay, Berkeley has many fine homes and one of the nation's first cyclotrons. Down in the flatlands of the Bay shore it has a new participatory politics that works, sometimes—an elected City Council that on some issues fields a radical majority.

Berkeley. It's different here, some say. Berkeley's public schools—45 per cent black, 44 per cent white, and 11 per cent Chicano and Asian—sure are different. The system was desegregated, voluntarily, a full four years ago when 3,350 elementary school pupils were bused all over town (*SR*, Dec. 21, 1968). Today, the schools thrive on quality and controversy. Where else would one group of parents charge that Sambo White is a racist story, while another argues that a Malcolm X comic book is sexist? This fall the Berkeley public schools are probably the most diverse and experimental in the country.

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In many Berkeley schools, zest is a way of life.

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Students with problems—the "pushouts" in other schools—can enroll in the environmental studies alternative at Lincoln School, where they can take an occasional field trip to a stream, learn dramatics, karate, or simply relax with a book.

Most of Berkeley's experimental schools got under way last year as part of a five-year project sponsored by the U.S. Office of Education, although the Ford Foundation had started underwriting some alternative schools a few years before that. The federal Experimental Schools Project also made grants to school systems in Tacoma, Washington (to test individualized instruction), and in Minneapolis, Minnesota (to test autonomous administration), but the Berkeley project—designed to challenge all the old assumptions about how public schools operate—is by far the most ambitious. "It's everything you always wanted to know about change but were afraid to ask," says Richard L. Foster, Berkeley's superintendent of schools.

The experiment in Berkeley centers on twenty-four alternative public schools. All told, they enroll approximately 4,000 elementary and secondary school students—more than one-fourth of the city's entire school population. Some of the new alternative schools are on the grounds of the regular public schools; others are in former factories, homes, churches, and storefronts. Some are deliberately intimate, with a limit of fifty students; others are larger than the traditional schools from which they've drawn their students. Some emphasize multicultural studies; others are racially exclusive. In some, parents are required to participate; in others, they aren't even courted. All twenty-four experimental schools, however, say that they share two priorities: the elimination of institutional racism and the delivery of basic academic skills.

Whatever the neat phrases mean, they capsule Berkeley's heightened sensitivity about race. In the school system, it seems, every act has racial implications. When ten out of eleven students signing up for a dramatics group at one experimental elementary school are white, the staff grows a bit edgy: Why don't the black students want to participate? At another alternative school the black principal notes that white parents feel free to criticize white teachers but make no comment about a weak black teacher. The very alternative schools that were designed for alienated white students anguish over their inability to attract blacks.

The fact of race overrides considerations of social class, economic status, and individual differences. It also creates a new set of stereotypes, peculiar to Berkeley. If a white is on welfare, it must be "by choice." On the other hand, a black teacher, a third generation of college-educated bourgeoisie, describes herself as "just another Third World person."

The day before a school holiday to honor Malcolm X, thousands of black and white elementary school pupils—from both the experimental and the traditional schools—come to the high school theater for a special program. Inside the huge, darkened auditorium a man in a green dashiki introduces an ensemble of black fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-graders who play African drums. With none of the awkwardness common to most elementary school performers, they start to play. They are very good; rhythm flows through the audience.

The master of ceremonies takes over. With some contempt he says that white girls have to go to finishing schools to become ladies and learn how to walk, while black African girls have a natural, graceful walk because they must balance heavy loads on their heads.

After another drum number he introduces the audience-participation section of the program, explaining that an audience simply listening to a performance is a white, European kind of entertainment, while in African entertainment everyone joins in. He leads the audience through a fast-moving chant. After each phrase the kids shout "black" louder and louder, sassier and sassier.

Whatever their success in living up to their labels, Berkeley's alternative elementary schools are brighter, more intense, more interesting institutions than the "experimental schools" in most other communities. The hall displays, for example, include photographs taken by students, pictures illustrating a spring dream ("I wish to be a horse, and kind, and a sun"), stories of a field trip ("Tripping to Santa Cruz"). Teachers have the sophistication to provide all kinds of materials—records of Leadbelly wailing and Indians whooping, chemistry kits and origami packages, terrariums and tape recorders, Spanish readers and science centers. In Berkeley it's all there. Last spring I visited most of the experimental schools. Here are some impressions—and some tentative conclusions—about them:

JOHN MUIR: So many parents opted for the open classroom alternatives in John Muir's lovely, old Tudor-style building that only a few rooms remain organized in the traditional way. Outside, in the playground, a young black man in tight, purple pants and a felt hat closes down a recess basketball game: "Okay, you guys, back to class." Inside, students go about their business in classroom after classroom—reading, cooking, drawing, measuring, counting, typing, pounding, painting, using clay and dictionaries and aquariums and blueprints and counting rods and workbooks. In a bungalow the primary students do a spontaneous choral reading for the visitors.

LINCOLN: This is the home of the Environmental Studies Program, an alternative for some 200 fourth-through-sixth-graders with a predominantly black staff. The school is trying out trips to the beach, explorations in the community, music, dance, karate, dramatics, photography, almost anything, to get "unteachable" kids to learn.

"We get pushouts and lots of problem kids," says Mrs. Robbie Burke, the mother of six who has been with the alternative for a year. "We get Johnny already turned off by school. We let him act out, if it's not destructive to other students. But there are no sympathy trips. We expect as much from black kids as from whites, and we keep a tight watch on

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progress. If Johnny's folder shows he's not doing long division now, and two weeks from now he's still not doing it, we talk to the teacher and then deal with it at the staff meeting.

"The rewards are very small—maybe just a child completing a paper or smiling some morning. With one child, who came here very withdrawn and scared, my reward was watching the first time he went up and punched another boy. I was well pleased."

The assignments can be unusual, too. In one math project a student wrote the school superintendent to find out why he earned more than a teacher.

KILIMANJARO: If Berkeley has a counterculture elementary school, Kilimanjaro—in a residential area just north of the university campus—is it. The buildings are being renovated by the People's Architects. The school, limited to fifty elementary pupils, attracts white "welfare-by-choice" parents.

Michael Cohen, Kilimanjaro's co-director, greets visitors in the school's charmingly scruffy basement office, wearing a thermal undershirt. "There is a strong contingent of single mothers," he says. (To indicate diversity in the student body, teachers point to one student whose father works in the post office.)

The school is run by parents, and all decisions are made by consensus. There are no attendance rules, no grades. Kilimanjaro began with a rule that all parents had to participate five hours a week, but this proved unrealistic. So did a nonstructured approach. "The kids ran around and screamed for three months," Cohen says, "and then they and their parents requested more structure."

The curriculum is heavy on crafts, humanizing, and physical contact. "Sometimes I'm a human tree," Cohen says. A few moments later kids came into the room through windows and doors to hug a teacher or sit on her lap.

The staff believes that basics—such as reading—depend not so much on methods or materials as on a child's sense of himself. "Reading has to do with the environment and self-concept," Cohen says. "I never knew a kid who couldn't learn to read if he believed he was worth something."

A boy, the kind of tense fidgeter who is labeled disruptive in many schools, breaks up a math game that three girls are playing and announces, "I want to stay in here and make trouble." Cohen takes him away. Elsewhere a handful of kids work on individual projects, but others seem to be roaming around, looking for something to do.

Most of the alternatives for high school students are at Berkeley High—a massive institution with 3,000 students, including 1,200 enrolled in one or another of the six alternative schools on its six-block campus. Three of these are: Model A, which emphasizes basic skills; On Target, geared to "job awareness experiences"; and the School of the Arts, heavy on drama, music, and dance. The others:

COMMUNITY HIGH (GENESIS): Actually, Community High started three years ago—before the federal experi-

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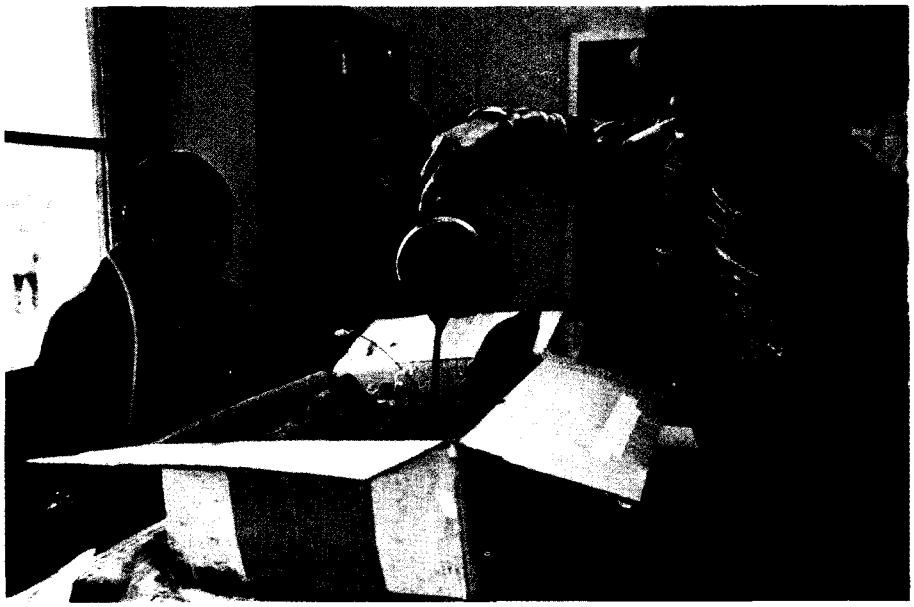

East Campus High used to be just a continuation school. Now it's a free-flowing alternative offering individual help on basic academic skills—with some planting on the side.

mental schools program—as a free-flowing school for middle-class kids who were turned off by the routine and impersonalization of the big high school. José Romero, its former director, says it "was founded with the idea of lots of humanization and personal contact. It was the school with the flower power staff, the Spock generation of teachers. It worked for a few years, but it's a long shot from working now. Staffs have come and gone. The new black staff has provoked the black kids, helped polarize all the students, and the whites are overcompensating. The racial thing still isn't worked out. The tribes—the working units of students—dissolved, and everything's at a point of real apathy."

Last spring the vibes around Community High no longer felt right to many people in Berkeley, and they wondered how long it would take for things to change. Why should there be a school for alienated white kids when black kids still aren't learning to read? Is there something wrong with a school that suits whites better than blacks? The good feelings about free schools and kids doing their own thing that flowered in the late Sixties made Community High an exciting proposition three years ago; now it is worried about finances and racial balance and motives.

At a staff meeting a black student representative asks that the school's name be changed from Community High to Genesis. The motion carries with no discussion. The student then puts in his own name as director of the school for the coming year; the self-nomination is accepted. Then the real business at hand gets under way—money and autonomy. Because of a budget cut at Berkeley High, Community High is faced with cutting its staff from eight to three teachers.

"The more we compromise, the more we become a department of Berkeley High and not an alternative school."

"Maybe we should go up to 225 students, if we can get enough blacks."

"Who's going to recruit?"

The talk is tired, and over the room hangs the question of whether Community High will—or should—continue to exist. Some students explain that they will return to Berkeley High this fall. "Going to Community High involves more of a commitment than going to the regular school," says one, "but not enough people will make that commitment. I've decided that school is something I just want to get through."

A black student defends Community High's approach. "Here you learn what's really going on, and teachers and students learn from each other. They don't treat you like a child, and they don't grade as hard." But a girl, about to graduate after two years at Community High, has some reservations. "I can't stand classes where the teacher comes in and asks the students what they want to do," she says. "They're supposed to have the expertise. My best class here was the most formal. I used to think kids could learn without structure or pressure, but I don't anymore."

AGORA: Designed to teach an appreciation of racial differences, Agora keeps its staff and enrollment balanced at one-quarter each white, black, Chicano, and Asian, promising a structured multicultural experience for its 120 students. The courses run from Egyptian hieroglyphics to sailing but all carry an overlay of cross-cultural studies. Each student, as part of a class that is racially mixed, is required to take four sections of multicultural experience, each from the perspective of one of the four racial groups and taught by an instructor of that race. At the end of the rotation the students go off in separate racial groups to evaluate the courses freely, and then come together again for an integrated evaluation.

The black and Chicano courses, according to some staff members, have fared better than the others. In fact, Agora has emphasized black and Chicano unity, showing how the two groups have been pitted against each other in the past, and how the similarities between them might be used for cooperation. "We've really been getting Third World people together, academically and socially," a teacher says.

Not surprisingly, the white multicultural courses such as "white psyche" have turned into heavy guilt trips for many white students. So now the teacher of the white studies courses tries to use materials that show that whites, too, can be down-and-out (readings on immigrants), isolated (Appalachia), and tortured (*Death of a Salesman*).

COLLEGE PREP: Started in the middle of last year for 150 students (almost all black), College Prep carries a firm structure—and imparts even firmer basic skills to students who have the ability to go on to college but probably wouldn't get there without some extra help. It enrolls tenth through twelfth graders, and is designed to motivate, counsel, and drill them on to higher education.

Ronald Fortune, College Prep's young black director, talks about teaching kids what he calls "college survival skills"—how to take standardized tests, use reference materials, study. A set of review notes are part of the program, he says, so students will know how to pass

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a test on Shakespeare, for example, without actually having to read very much Shakespeare. The content of the curriculum is fairly traditional, but it is taught from an "Afro-American oriented approach."

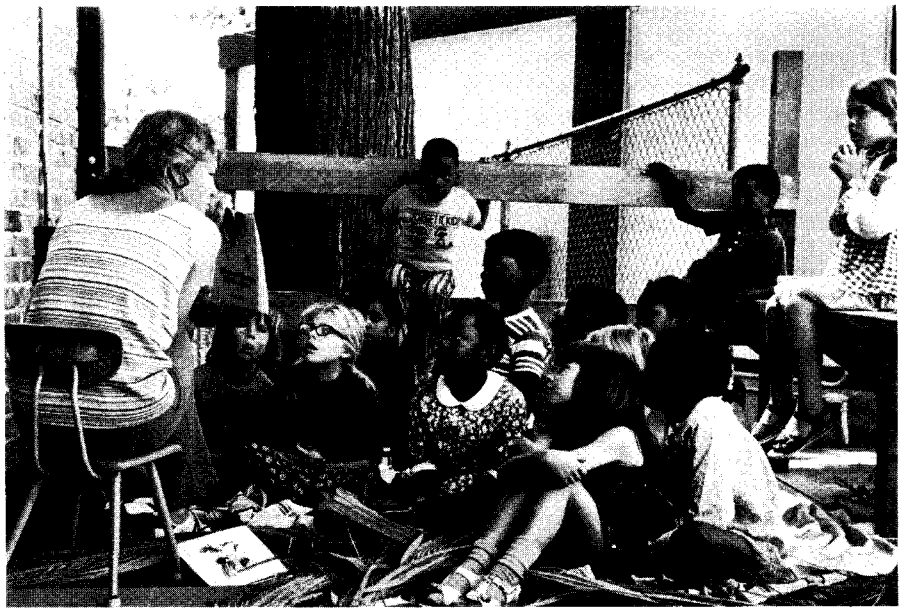
WEST CAMPUS WORK STUDY: Here, Director Arnold Lockley holds the hands of fifty or more ninth-graders who already are in trouble. He finds the losers, the dropouts, the pushouts, the first offenders at Juvenile Hall and offers them a half-time school program, gets jobs for them in the afternoons, and, in effect, shadows their lives.

"We do a kind of brainwashing here," says Lockley, a black former science teacher. "We tell the kids we don't want to hear about their past; we want them to take each day one at a time. But there will be no excuses here. They have to be in class, every day, every period, and they have to be polite. If a kid's having a problem in a class, we go and sit through it with him. If a teacher's ripping him off, we'll move him out. But we push the kids. We come down on them now rather than have them get killed two years from now. And they will get killed, the way they're going when we get them. Right now eleven of our kids aren't making it, but eleven others are on the honor roll."

EAST CAMPUS: Started five years ago when a group of liberal teachers decided to remodel what used to be merely a continuation school, East Campus now is one of the system's most stable alternatives, offering students a last chance to pick up a diploma. East Campus is housed in an airy mesh of sunny classrooms and raised outdoor runways across town from Berkeley High.

On one ramp two students are locked in a dramatic embrace as others move by to classes. In an English class two boys earnestly debate whether the right clothes can get someone a job as a *Playboy* photographer. Next door students read paperbacks silently until Tom Parker, the director, enters with visitors. "Who didya bring, Uncle Tom, the FBI?" asks a bereted student. Much laughter and shouting. East Campus students must enroll voluntarily—and there is a waiting list. The program emphasizes individualized work on basic skills. Students must go to class—or face dismissal. "Kids can't get away with jiving or running down games like they did at other schools," Parker says.

CASA DE LA RAZA: At first glance Casa seems the shabbiest of the alternatives. Classes are held in a series of old wooden sheds at the far end of a stark parking lot behind a junior high school. But some of Casa's 150 Chicano students, as part of an Aztec art project, have painted joyful revolutionary scenes and slogans on a high fence outside the bungalows. The two outdoor toilets have been covered with red, white, and blue stars and labeled, "This is America." Inside, Casa has a sense of humor, a warm camaraderie that flows through the school; indeed, Casa has a reputation in Berkeley as a warm, child-oriented, Chicano-flavored open school that is particularly strong at the primary level. (It houses pupils from kindergarten through the twelfth grade.)



Only a few classrooms at the John Muir School are run in the traditional manner; most—at parents' requests—are open, informal, and relaxed.

Casa, a family-style bilingual institution, is run by a parent–teacher–student governing board; it is open all year. At the start of summer school a film teacher, taking some time off from Stanford, greets mothers coming to register their children. The science teacher arrives with an armful of material, eager to explain his program—the telescope and rockets students have made, the laser in progress, the kitchen physics, the ham radio, the Mayan and Aztec astronomy, the "whole bunch of electronics projects" the kids have completed. Whatever its exterior, a lot is going on inside Casa.

BLACK HOUSE: While Casa is open only to Latinos, Black House is open only to blacks. As a result, both institutions are in constant negotiations with the U.S. Office of Education about possible violations of the Civil Rights Act. Its teachers are all black, its courses are taught from "the black perspective." Horace Upshaw, the bearded, young black director of Black House, says its goal is to make its sixty students "responsible to the black community."

It is difficult to learn what is happening in Black House; representatives of the "white media" are not allowed in. Second-hand reports indicate that the classroom style is traditional, except that the guiding philosophy is that the teacher himself is the course and not just a conveyor of information.

The style of Black House—a racial consciousness raising, an independent assertion of identity—holds a good deal of appeal to other minority people in Berkeley. Another alternative school, Black Perspective, has opened along the lines of Black House, but with enrollment open to all races. The Marcus Garvey Institute, which author-teacher Herb Kohl started several years ago as Other Ways, has become overwhelmingly black in enrollment and tone, and has become a "survival center" next to Black House. An all-Asian school, New Ark, also has emerged. Now New Ark, Black House, Odyssey House—a multiracial alternative for junior high kids—and Casa have combined in a loose federation to try to satisfy civil rights requirements. But separatism seems to be a growing phenomenon in Berkeley.

At a central staff meeting for all of Berkeley's experimental schools, people are talking—with deep feeling—about how they are going to talk to each other. Define, lay it out, replay, communicate, rap, respond, relate. Input, output, dynamics, data, structure, restructure, manage, organize, implement. The language of computers straining to make sense in the ill-defined world of children and learning. Finally, the decision about a staff crisis falls to Larry Wells, director of the experimental schools project. Silence holds the room as everyone waits for his opinion. "My honest response is a nonresponse," he says with great seriousness. Why can't anyone in Berkeley say he doesn't know the answer?

It is difficult for anyone to find the answers in Berkeley. Technically, the experimental schools are a research model, not a demonstration project. The U.S. Office of Education has awarded a $748,000 "out-of-house" grant for an evaluation of the Berkeley schools due next year.

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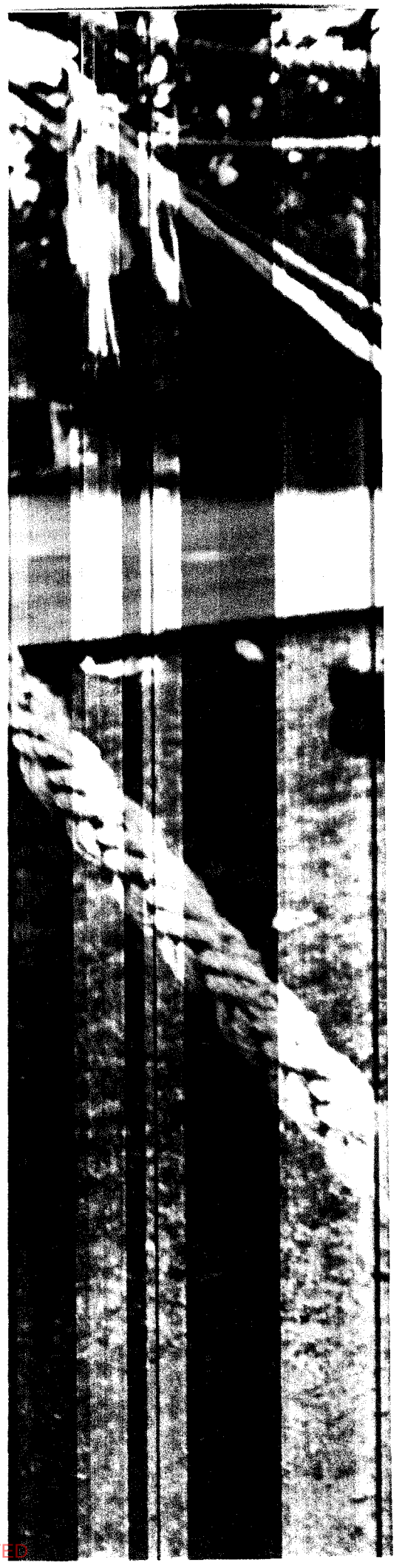

Odyssey House, above, is a multiracial alternative for junior high students. Even Berkeley's "traditional" schools, such as Le Conte, at right, have an experimental—and fun—quality.

After only one year the existential questions are still coming: How can you test uniqueness? What is progress? What is success? What do you test? Five alternative schools—the ones committed to delivering basic skills—flatly refuse to use any standardized tests on their students, saying the tests are racist, culturally biased, and/or inconsequential. As replacements, they offer alternative instruments such as teacher evaluations, attitudinal surveys, and audio tapes.

The Experimental School staff has formed an evaluation team to devise some tests to measure the delivery of skills. But even they are having trouble with Berkeley's ambiguity. "No one here will agree on what basic skills are," says one researcher. "For some people it means reading well enough to get a job. For others it means reading well enough to understand Frantz Fanon." And any evaluation of a school system that is changing as fast as Berkeley's is delicate at best. "We're trying to paint a moving train in about four colors," says another staffer. "And suddenly we're on the train, not in the railroad station."

In Washington, Cynthia Parsons, program director for Berkeley's experimental schools in the U.S. Office of Education, will buy none of the line that Berkeley is a unique place. "In spite of its hip educational image," she says, "the Berkeley public school system is like any other. It's a big mess. The poor old system reflects the rest of the country. It doesn't teach minority kids as well as it teaches middle-class kids.

"Once you cut through the verbiage, the experiment is relatively uncomplicated. Can you give parents and students a clear, viable choice of schooling? We've asked them to select certain experimental schools that they'll really test over the next four years. I don't blame the schools for having problems living up to their rhetoric. They've made grandiose claims, and yet in new situations people tend to do what they were taught in the past. There's a real gap between the rhetoric and the ability to deliver. But they've got four years."

At the end of June Berkeley's experimental school staff submitted a progress report to the Office of Education. It listed nine ways the alternative schools had positively affected the local school system, but more than balanced them by also listing twenty-eight problems—ranging from frustration, intolerance, inflexibility, and paranoia to lack of community information and teaching materials. Every problem that school people could find to complain about was laid out, plus some that only school people in Berkeley could find.

By contrast, consider the experimental school project in Tacoma in which everything is neat, controlled, predictable. Tacoma isn't going to make any big mistakes, and Berkeley is making them all the time. But Tacoma isn't asking any of the big questions either and isn't likely to make a major change.

For all its rhetoric and self-importance, Berkeley is bold enough to question a lot of the assumptions that have kept American public schools going for so many years. Berkeley is looking for a new direction—and some better answers. It isn't going to find all of them in the next four years. But if it finds a few, it will be way ahead of the same old game the public schools are playing out for children in most other cities. □

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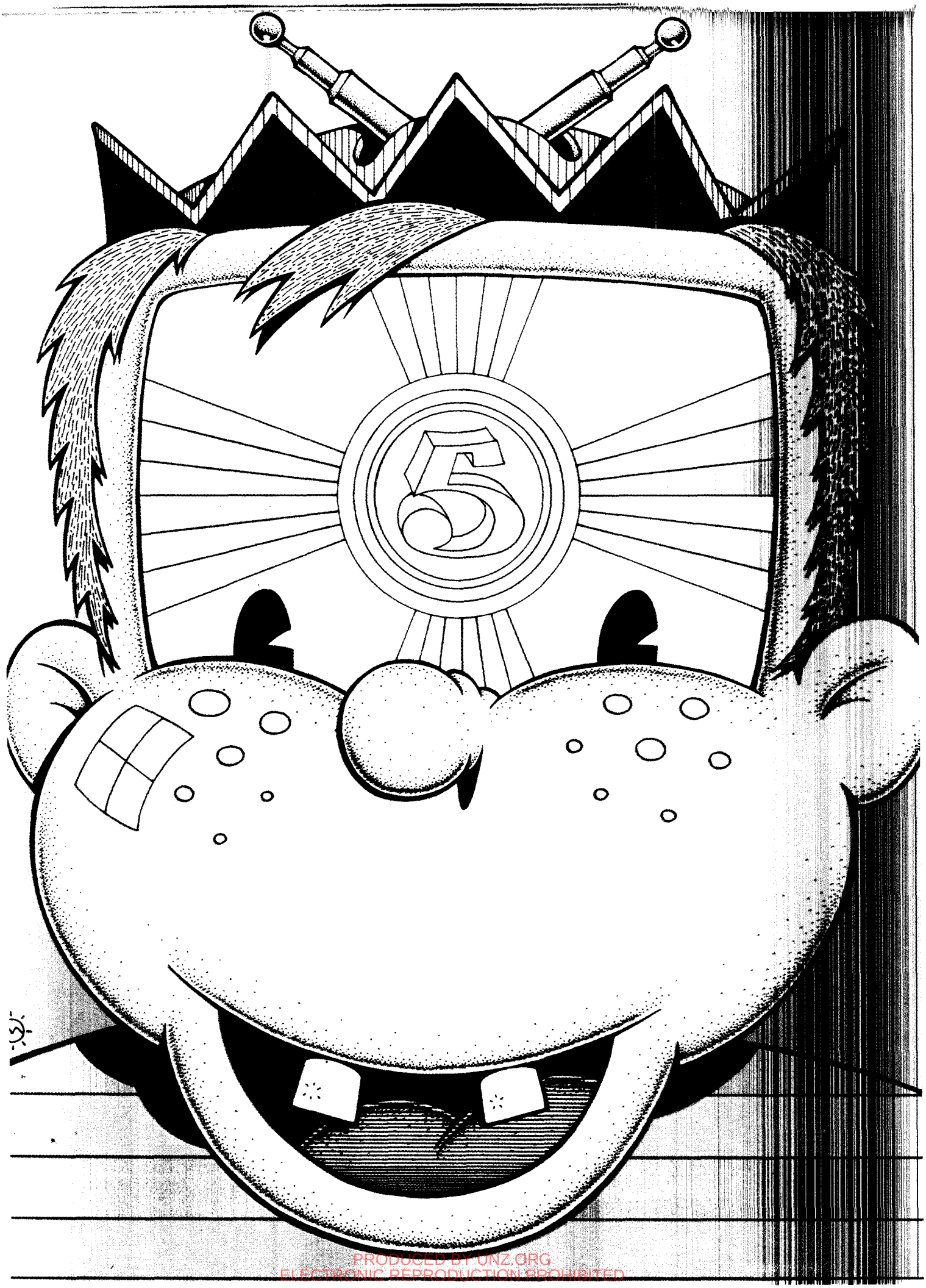

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How to Find the Live Ones on Children's TV

Magic carpet that transports? No, dreamer, not yet. But we do have a wall-to-wall drug of animation.

BY CHRISTOPHER S. WREN

Check out the bright spots (still too few) in the coming season on kid-vid.

Saturday morning coming down—magic hours that seduce the best-intentioned parents into temporarily abandoning their offspring. It is all too easy to stay in bed longer and exorcise the work-week exhaustion, while the kids toddle into the other room for a rendezvous with that reliable pacifier, the television set. So loyal an audience are they that they will park themselves obediently before the tube whatever the fare. The tiniest will even stare enchanted at a static test pattern—until the rest of the family offers something more exciting.

But some Saturday morning, after you have stumbled in to turn down the volume, stick around and learn what is going on. The networks have phased out the superheroes of ultraviolence, or at least profitably palmed them off for syndication on some independent station. What remains is virtually wall-to-wall animation, although a few live shows still struggle to survive. One animated comedy trails into the next, like a string of tired old circus elephants. Cartoon creatures, inflicting mayhem upon one another, impress upon young minds that the trick of survival lies in the small outwitting the big. Pop-up teen-agers chase about on animated escapades with precocious pets. Sound tracks are larded with canned laughter. The Saturday morning cop-out is epitomized by CBS in *Archie's TV Funnies,* where cartoons introduce more cartoons.

Program content usually amounts to little more than mucilage for the commercials, which grind out at upwards of twenty to the hour, sometimes four at a clip. The food ads seem restricted to those edibles that will rot your kids' teeth. Breakfast cereals, shilled by Winnie the Pooh and Tony the Tiger, run to outrageous saccharine flavors—Frooty Pebbles, Quangaroos, Super Orange Crisps, Honey Crunches. The beverages are either synthetic fruit drinks or ersatz chocolate malts, "cool and super." Vitamin pills, candy-coated to become palatably "yummy" or "delicious," have at last been phased out at the initiative of the manufacturers, not the networks (one four-year-old in Kansas last year took the pitch literally and almost died from a forty-pill overdose). Even these commercials pall with the jingle bells of the Christmas season, when hordes of hucksters descend to peddle overpriced plastic toys ("juice 'em up, switch 'em on, and let 'em roll"). And through it all, paid child actors giggle in cacophony over drive-in hamburgers, dolls with working bladders, and candy bars that have pointed the way to Nirvana.

"Children. They are our most precious resource," rhapsodizes a CBS release, unveiling what its Saturday mornings have in store this season. "When they are entertained creatively and instructed with great care and imagination, all of society benefits." One feels, somehow, that CBS doesn't have its heart entirely in creativity and imagination, for the next paragraph begins: "This season will once again feature the popular animated favorites such as *Bugs Bunny* (43 per cent share of audience), *Sabrina, the Teenage Witch* (the highest rated Saturday morning program last year, with a 54 per cent share), *The Harlem Globetrotters* (38 per cent share)...."

In advancing Saturday morning as their showcase for children, the networks have displayed themselves as bent on some glorious rip-off not only of their willing young audience but even of one another. *The Flintstones* on CBS has spawned new pseudohistorical animated families, the space-age *Jetsons* and the *Roman Holidays*, in toga drag, over on NBC. A rash of celebrity cartoons exploit show-biz and sports heroes who have sold their names, but not necessarily their talents, for fabricated adventures (how many small children can peel the fantasy from the reality?). The Jackson Five have appeared on their show primarily to push Post cereals during the commercials, although the show outclasses just about every other cartoon around. ABC is frothing up its successful formula into two more rock spin-offs, *The Brady Kids* and *The Osmonds.*

For other shows, a face-lift suffices. CBS will loft *Josie and the Pussycats* into *Josie and the Pussycats in Outer Space* this fall, while it vamps the old dog-eared *Scooby-Doo* into *The New Scooby-Doo Movies.* NBC, which has pursued anthropomorphism so assiduously with *Underdog* (a *Superman* take-off) and *The Houndcats* (ditto *Mission: Impossible*), injects animus into its animal libel with *The Barkleys*, an "All in the Litter" pack of doggies dominated by an opinionated canine who arfs just like Archie Bunker over on CBS prime time. Even the live stuff looks a trifle shopworn. ABC keeps dusting off its old *Bewitched* canisters for something appropriately juvenile and this fall is introducing those golden oldies of TV rock, *The Monkees,* fresh from their reruns on CBS last season.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARVIN MATTELSON

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Well, the reformers have been tooting their whistles for years. As Nicholas Johnson, the maverick member of the Federal Communications Commission, quipped: ". . . In understanding the reason for television's failure, it's useful to note that television isn't just picking on kids." But, by now, enough is enough. Television has been drafted into service as the great American baby-sitter for almost two decades. By the time the average child graduates from high school, he has watched some 15,000 hours of it. Yet, beyond those business-as-usual cartoons, a greening has been transforming the kid-vid wasteland, and the catalyst is yesteryear's bore—educational (now public) television. "We were programing shows for people who didn't have television sets," recalls WGBH (Boston) producer Christopher Sarson. Now public TV—Public Broadcasting Service (PBS)—has upstaged the competition with a dazzling children's quartet: *Sesame Street, The Electric Company, Mister Rogers' Neighborhood,* and Sarson's own *Zoom*. But the commercial networks have tucked some genuine nuggets of their own among the shifting dross [see box]. Ironically, their best children's shows have flourished outside the Saturday-programing ghetto.

The networks are groping for quality, sometimes with a desperate sincerity, although how high a price they are willing to pay remains open to debate. "I think they've tried, and they want to change," says Joan Ganz Cooney, creator of *Sesame Street*. "But I don't think the networks know how to do it. I think that the people who run the networks have a subconscious or semiconscious contempt for children's television. They tolerate inferior programs and inferior people they wouldn't tolerate in entertainment or public affairs. The system has never had any respect for children."

Fred Rogers of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* puts it more gently: "I'm convinced it is not that people do not care. I think it's that they haven't had the opportunity to grow in the knowledge of childhood." The problem is that even those who really do want better programing are inclined to subordinate the needs of children to the needs of the medium itself.

What has sent the networks slouching toward quality programing is a classic application of the carrot and stick. Ahead shimmers the sweet vision of *Sesame Street's* success. Whacking the networks from behind are militant citizen's groups such as Action for Children's Television (ACT) that remind them the airwaves are public property. ACT, a group that first formed in suburban Boston several years ago to stop *Captain Kangaroo* from being lopped in half by the local CBS affiliate, has threatened to call down the wrath of the Federal Communications Trade Commission unless programing improves. At the networks children's hour is no longer something to snicker at. "Nobody paid any attention to Saturday morning, and the programs showed it," Brandon Stoddard, ABC's vice president of daytime programing, admits candidly. "One of the results of the pressure has been to make the shows better. We think we have an obligation to increase the quality of Saturday morning, and that's what we're working hard on." ABC, which has taken the lead in innovation for children this season, used to pay only $250 for a children's script; now their going price runs from $3,000 to $5,000. CBS and NBC also are trying to pull in prime-time writers. "We're more conscious of our responsibility to children and our vulnerability to criticism," says Allen Ducovny, director of children's programing at CBS.

Still, animation remains the linchpin of the children's schedule. The network executives explain that live action has become too expensive, in some cases $6,000 to $10,000 more per episode, largely because the actors earn residuals —which animators do not accrue—for five subsequent reruns. "We are heavy on animation because the competition uses animation," says George Heinemann, NBC's vice president for children's programing. Michael Eisner, vice president for program development and children's programs at ABC says simply that "You have much greater diversity of material in animation than in live action."

Not even the *Sesame Street* folk, who animate the alphabet and numbers, would quarrel with that. ABC itself turns animation to educational advantage with its winsome *Scholastic Rock* segments, *Multiplication Is*. Even limited animation, a cut-rate technique, is delightfully effective in the *Charlie Brown* and *Babar* evening specials. The complaint is rather that the commercial networks rely upon animation as a convenient catchall. Of the fifteen hours that the three networks have programed from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. this coming Saturday season, only two-and-one-half hours are live action.

Even on Saturday it's possible to watch some promising programs. "We're more conscious of our responsibility to children," says CBS. But the bad shows—with higher ratings—still drive out the good.

"You don't feed your children candy all day," argues Christopher Sarson, the WGBH producer. "There's nothing wrong with cartoons, but give them something else, so they know how wide the world is."

Commercial television has already proven it can offer that scope. If Saturday morning were written off, children's television would look in far better shape. Even on Saturday from 11:30 on, it is possible to pursue some promising programs—*Kid Power* on ABC, *Talking With a Giant* on NBC, *Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids* on CBS, and smack into the *CBS Children's Film Festival*. Away from the competitive Saturday sweepstakes, children's programs acquire new self-respect. Sunday morning, where some classier dropouts have been winding up, has two charming serendipities on ABC: *Curiosity Shop* and *Make a Wish. You Are There*, which is being rescheduled by CBS, tries to capture the texture of history, though youngsters may be confused when a modish Walter Cronkite pops up in the middle of Paul Revere's ride. Elsewhere ABC is breaking into the afternoon time slot with its monthly *Afterschool Special*—an ambitious venture, considering the competition with *Sesame Street*. For older children there is Sunday-night substance with *Animal World* on CBS and *Wild Kingdom* and *The World of Disney* on NBC. Weekday mornings still feature *Captain Kangaroo*, which has plugged faithfully along on CBS for seventeen sometimes-lean years.

But Saturday is where the money is. With ratings paramount, the bad shows tend to drive out the good. Two years ago NBC premiered *Hot Dog*, an inquiry into how the bubbles got in bubble gum and the ink in the ball-point pens, with a zippy musical score. It was good enough to win a Peabody Award, frequently the kiss of death; sure enough, *Hot Dog* was bounced because not enough millions of children watched it. NBC's science-minded *Mr. Wizard* also has vanished. Two intelligent programs premiered a year ago—*Curiosity Shop* on ABC and *Take a Giant Step* on NBC. Both were cited in the Peabody Awards, but to young viewers and their indifferent parents it hardly mattered. When the Nielsen ratings were compiled, a vapid CBS cartoon in the same slot, *Sabrina* (the teen-aged witch—remember?), had copped 53 per cent of the audience, *Curiosity Shop* had garnered only 25 per cent, and *Take a Giant Step* a mere 8 per cent. To the credit of both networks, neither show was shelved. *Curiosity Shop* moved to Sunday, and *Take a Giant Step* was tightened into a half hour now titled *Talking With a Giant*.

It is not surprising then that the networks have found it more profitable to navigate by the ratings rather than by the compelling needs of the audience.

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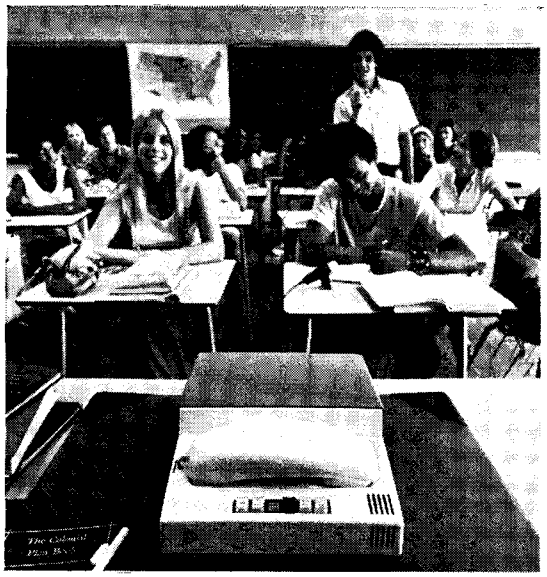
With this phone, a class can visit a senator, a banker, a space-age physicist.



"It's better than a field trip, in many respects," says a teacher who has put the Bell System's new Portable Conference Telephone to work.

A whole classroom can talk on the phone with the help of this set. Teachers across the country are finding dozens of ways it can help make literature, civics, physics, an entire curriculum come alive.

A senator can explain the need for voter registration. A physicist can talk about gravity on the moon. Or a class can visit a sheriff in a county jail.

The set is a telephone with a loudspeaker built in, and two microphones added. Call up anyone, anywhere. The class can hear the conversation through the loudspeaker. And they can join in or ask questions, through the microphones. (Push-buttons keep the mikes under the control of the teacher.)

The Portable Conference Telephone weighs less than 20 pounds. Carry it anywhere, and plug it into a standard telephone jack. It costs between $10 and $15 a month.

Its possibilities are as wide as your imagination and resourcefulness.

We are continually working to improve service to education.
Now we offer field trips by telephone.
AT&T and your local Bell Company.

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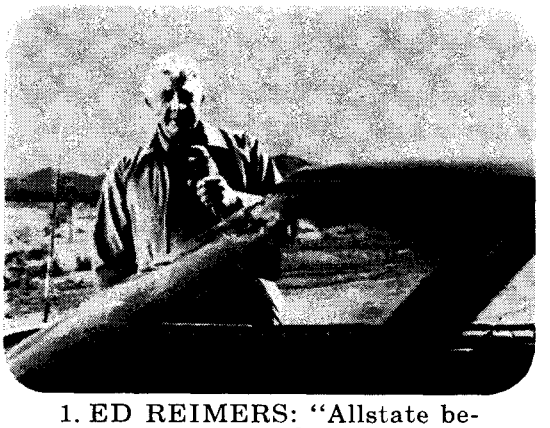
This TV commercial shows your head from bouncing off

Allstate believes in air bags. We think they're today's best answer to highway death and injury. Along with lap belts, we'd like to see air bags installed for front seat occupants on all cars as soon as possible.

What's in it for us? The same that's in it for you. We want to reduce the thousands of annual highway deaths and the millions of crippling,

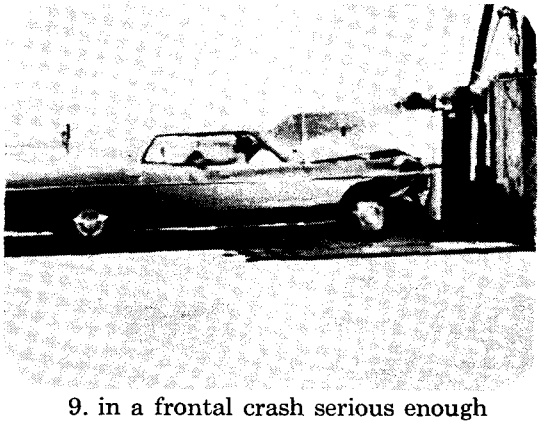


1. ED REIMERS: "Allstate believes in air bags. So recently they bought 200 Mercurys

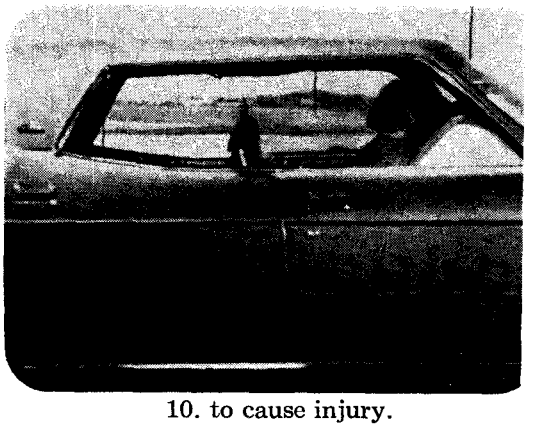
2. with air bags for Allstate people to drive. The air bag is right under here.

5. bag might inflate accidentally, when it shouldn't. But the 'sensor' is designed to prevent this.

6. The roughest roads don't inflate the air bag. Bumps don't. Panic stops don't.



9. in a frontal crash serious enough



10. to cause injury.

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how today's air bag can keep a windshield.

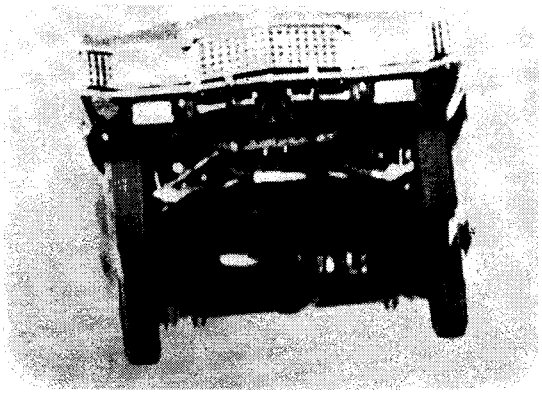
disfiguring injuries. Besides saving lives and preventing injuries, air bags in cars are expected to help hold down the cost of your auto insurance.

For a 30-minute film about air bags for your club or organization, write the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

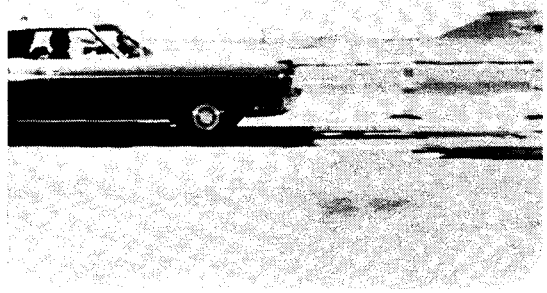
Allstate®
Let's make driving a good thing.

3. This special sensing device, that uses technology from the space program, decides if a crash is serious enough

4. to inflate the air bag. Some people worry that the



7. Even driving the car off a ramp won't inflate the bag.



8. The bag only inflates

11. Allstate says let's use space age technology to reduce auto injuries

12. and save lives."

This commercial has not yet been shown on TV

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When you put up a wall, who are you really shutting out?

A barrier makes prisoners of the people on both sides of it.

If it keeps someone else out, it also keeps you in.

And some of the most impenetrable walls in existence are built out of the most insubstantial things: words.

Words become rules and regulations, procedures and attitudes. And because words come easy, walls spring up far faster than they can be torn down.

A simple statement like "We don't want those people competing in our area" is the bricks and mortar of a wall.

This barrier can exist between two people or two departments or two nations. The result is always the same. It stops the flow of communications and ideas.

This is something we are very concerned about, because 3M is closely identified with innovation, and much of that innovation stems from the creativity that is possible when individuals are not hampered by artificial barriers.

Free interchange between different 3M people, 3M departments and among branches of 3M in different parts of the world is responsible for much of our success.

The temptation to erect a wall is always strong. In the beginning, the idea behind it is that it will protect somebody from something and make him strong. But in the end, it only makes him weak by making him dependent upon the wall.

Because a wall cannot prevent someone on the other side from having a good idea. And it will not protect an inferior product from a good one.

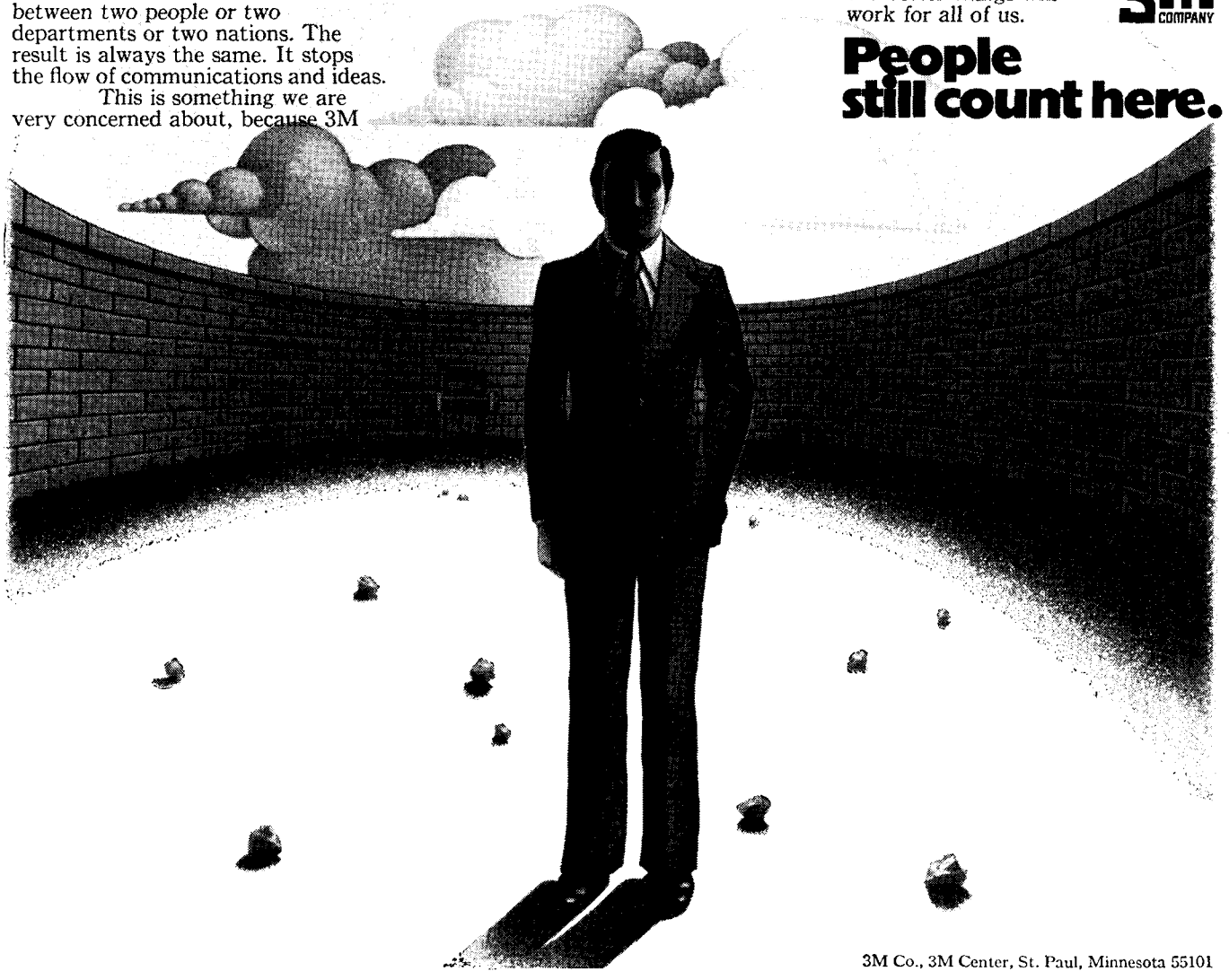
But the worst thing about a wall is that it takes away the incentive to work constructively with your neighbors. And this ultimately prevents you from getting the best possible products or services.

We believe in people.

And we believe the more they can work together, the better things will work for all of us.

3M COMPANY

People still count here.



3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

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The harshest critics charge that commercial television does not produce programs for children, only children for the advertisers. "It's a self-serving medium rather than a medium serving its constituency," argues Eliot Daley of the *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* staff. Success depends upon delivering what Daley terms "thousands of eyeballs at the lowest possible cost." "When you're advertising to kids on Saturday morning," adds one award-winning copywriter, "you're convincing them. You're turning them into little salesmen." With the number of youngsters watching television on any Saturday fairly constant, the networks must compete for the biggest chunk of audience, to give the advertiser maximum exposure for his buck.

ACT, that group of pushy parents who think first of the kids, not the buck, has filed petitions with the Federal Trade Commission asking that toy and food commercials be prohibited on children's programs. ACT opposes food advertisements because they encourage poor eating habits, and it quotes the testimony of Joan Gussow, a nutrition educator at Columbia University Teachers College, before a Senate subcommittee: "No food on children's television is crisply fresh like an apple or a salad; nothing on children's television is tart or spicy or meaty. Everything is fun, sweet, sparkly, gay, colorful, thick and chocolately, magically or crunchily delicious. The appeal is repeatedly a sweet one. It's either a chocolatey mouthful or, in the words of one particularly revolting commercial, a 'frootful snootful.'"

The National Association of Broadcasters, which enforces an in-house code of ethics, has directed that performers on children's programs stop shilling products (*Captain Kangaroo*, for one, had already stopped in response to ACT pressure), and that nonprograming material on Saturday and Sunday be trimmed from a high of sixteen back to twelve minutes per hour. ABC-TV president James Duffy had proposed even cutting back to eleven minutes per hour. Some independent stations do not subscribe to the code; the syndicated *Romper Room* has filled more than half of some programs with commercials and encourages hosts to do the peddling. (For one *Romper Room* commercial the teacher recited the children's daily prayer, with a commercial twist: "God is great, God is good, let us thank him for our food. And now you may have your Tropicana Orange Juice from the Pleasant Hill Dairy.") Nonetheless, the NAB was savvy enough to postpone the commercial cutback until next January, allowing stations to reap the lucrative Christmas profits before honoring the reforms.

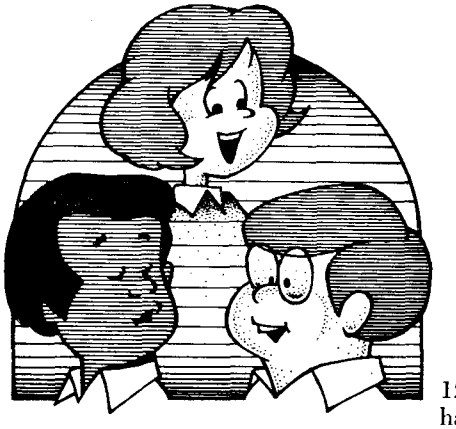
These ancillary skirmishes do little to resolve the larger battle over whether

A Channel Hopper's Guide to Kid Stuff That's Good

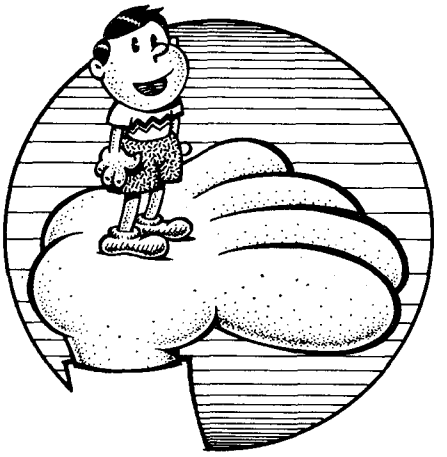
Children's commercial television is not quite the arid landscape that it used to be. Somewhere behind those dunes are a few refreshing oases. Indeed, with a little judicious channel hopping, you can negotiate your child through some good-to-excellent fare. The trick, of course, is selectivity. These new shows—and a few returning old ones—could merit your child's time and attention. If necessary, you can always fall back upon what your local public television station is offering—the superb *Sesame Street, The Electric Company, Zoom,* and *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*—or take the kids out for a short walk.

SATURDAY

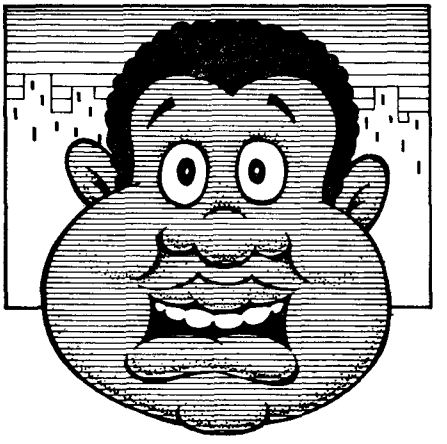
The ABC Superstar Movie (9:30–10:30 a.m. ABC): This animated venture conjures up sundry characters that have, in one way or another, already entertained youngsters. The most ambitious is a two-part adaptation of the Charles Dickens classic *Oliver Twist,* now entitled "Oliver and the Artful Dodger." Others wax less literary—"Gidget," for goodness sakes; "Say Hey, Kid," which couldn't be anything other than Willie Mays; and "Noah's Ark," with some forty cartoon animals from Yogi Bear down. Boom or bust, depending on the episode.



Kid Power (11:30 a.m.–noon ABC): If its creator keeps a hand in it, this show could be among the season's most promising. Morrie Turner, who draws the syndicated strip *Wee Pals,* served last year as chairman of the Child Development and Media Forum at the White House Conference on Children. This animation of *Wee Pals,* which celebrates the ethnic diversity of kids, will examine interpersonal relationships such as racial and sexist prejudice, teamwork, and peer pressure. Bank Street College of Education will advise. How well *Kid Power* does depends upon how faithfully it follows the hip premise of Turner's comic strip.



Talking With a Giant (noon–12:30 p.m. NBC): This update improves upon last season's *Take a Giant Step,* which won special mention in the Peabody Awards but still tended to drag. Now it will pick up a faster pace, and the extraneous musical and cartoon olios will be discarded. The show is one of the few specifically pegged to older viewers (ten- to fourteen-year-olds) on Saturday. Talking is the name of the game, and the guest hosts draw the participating children into articulating their own value judgments.



Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids (12:30–12:56 p.m. CBS): Comedian Bill Cosby has vacated *The Electric Company* to put his familiar childhood chums—Fat Albert, Old Weird Harold, Dumb Donald, and Rudy the Rich Kid—at the disposal of CBS. The setting, animated alas, will be the gang's clubhouse in a city junkyard. But Cosby, who has been working on his Ph.D. in education, will offer stand-up commentary. Like ABC's *Kid Power,* the *Fat Albert* show is an attempt to overlay the usual animated entertainment with a positive curriculum. A dozen educators from UCLA and U. Mass. have been signed up as advisers.

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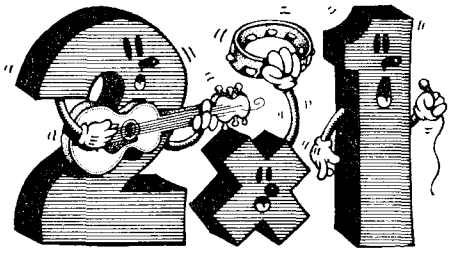
The CBS Children's Film Festival (1–2 p.m. CBS): This Peabody Award-winning series premiered five years ago on a limited basis and has since shifted from Sunday to Saturday. It has acquired movies from virtually every major film-making country in the world. This season eleven of the twenty films will be seen for the first time in the United States. The first film, *Stowaway in the Sky*, is from the French creator of *The Red Balloon* and will be shown in two parts.



Multiplication Is (ABC): With these spirited three-minute shorts, ABC tries to give multiplication the same stature that *Sesame Street* has given to the alphabet, and its unusual excursion into cognitive skills actually works. The *Scholastic Rock* segments include "Zero My Hero," "Three Is a Magic Number," and "Naughty Number Nine," and are underscored with a tuneful soft-rock music. A dozen of these shorts will be repeated through the Saturday schedule and may well outclass the regular fare. Here multiplication becomes fun.

In the News (CBS): These two-and-a half-minute CBS News shorts evolved last fall from the earlier *In the Know* and are featurettes pegged to current news events. They are produced for a six-to-twelve-year-old audience, with the earlier shorts conveying a lighter tone to accommodate the younger viewer. Their principal drawback is that they are too short. They arrive at four minutes before the hour (sometimes half-hour, too), eight times every Saturday morning and twice on Sunday.

SUNDAY

Curiosity Shop (10:30–11:30 a.m. ABC): A potpourri of live action, animation, music, puppetry, and film explores something familiar to any child. The subject range is as diverse as clothing, memory, and laughter. *Curiosity Shop*, a Saturday morning refugee, is a classic brief for what could be done in children's television.

Make a Wish (11:30 a.m.–noon ABC): Is it a mere play on words, a flight of visual fancy, free association with a subtle scientific bent? To understand it, you have to see it for yourself. *Make a Wish* was conceived by documentary film-maker Lester Cooper and produced by ABC News; it won a Peabody Award and may just be the best commercial children's show around. Each episode introduces two themes, like Book and Dream, Flower and Stone, and probes their most arcane ramifications. Excellent contemporary and vintage film clips are melded with the guitar strumming of the shaggy singer-host.

MONTHLY

ABC Afterschool Special (first Wednesday of the month, beginning in October, 4:30–5:30 p.m. ABC): While commercial TV has usually scheduled old movies in this time slot, ABC is moving in with a genuine afternoon children's program. Each show draws upon history, science, literature, current events, or the arts. "Follow the North Star" dramatizes the underground railroad that spirited runaway slaves north before the Civil War. "William," a merry introduction to William Shakespeare, gathers Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Lynn Redgrave for cameos. "Last of the Curlews," an ecological animated drama, mourns the unnoticed passing of an extinct species of Alaskan bird. One hopes that the show's roots will find fertile soil so that *Afterschool Special* will become weekly or even daily.

children's television should primarily teach or amuse. "Entertainment is the primary function," says Allen Ducovny, the CBS programer. But, as Ducovny and his colleagues readily admit, the line between entertainment and education grows exceedingly fuzzy. When a child watches a program, however escapist its intent, he is subjected to a subliminal curriculum that delivers judgments about the strengths and weaknesses of the world that he is growing into. Given that, the real pity is that television has promised children so much and given them so little. "Imagine what we've got in this country," says *Sesame*'s Joan Ganz Cooney, "every home with a TV set and the preschool population watching up to eight hours a day. No society has had the opportunity we have had, and so cheaply."

The wonder of public television is that, in turning precisely this opportunity to educational advantage, it has learned to entertain children so thoroughly. Even here a diversity flourishes. *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* were specifically created to teach cognitive skills, while *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* and *Zoom* are vehicles of affective learning.

Sesame Street was a juggernaut at its creation, with a $7-million budget for research and development its first season, $700,000 of which was set aside to attract and build an audience. "The kind of money we spent would not have been tolerated had we not delivered this success," says Joan Ganz Cooney. In scope and execution it eclipsed anything comparable in commercial programing. Though it must rank as perhaps the most successful experiment in television history, *Sesame Street* hewed to the simple premise that TV could teach preschoolers their numbers and prereading skills. Yet despite its appeal as entertainment for well over nine million youngsters, *Sesame Street* has not strayed from its careful cognitive goals, which remain 30 per cent of the program. "One is tempted at times to open up the curriculum," admits David Connell, executive producer of the Children's Television Workshop, "but we'd destroy the basic premise, which is to give a leg up to kids going into schools."

The Children's Television Workshop instead extended the premise of *Sesame Street* to older primary schoolers. Last fall it introduced *The Electric Company*, a sassy smörgasbord of remedial reading parables psychedelically packaged for second- through fourth-graders who were experiencing reading difficulties. *The Electric Company* virtually duplicated *Sesame Street*'s success, attracting over four million viewers; it confirmed the unique viability of television as an educational tool. "If there's anything you have to learn by rote, this is one powerful medium to do it," says

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Dr. Edward Palmer, vice president for research at CTW. "The TV medium is nonpunitive. It's flunkproof. You don't have somebody look you in the eye and put you on the spot."

Yet long before *Sesame Street,* long before *The Electric Company,* there was *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood,* a Pittsburgh-based pathfinder that was wrestling with the needs of young viewers. Fred Rogers, sometimes dipping into his own pocket to flesh out the shoestring budget, crafted a gentle Baedeker to childhood. Rogers proved that a haircut didn't hurt, that a hospital visit was really nothing to fear. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy he put together a special explaining death. To help youngsters cope with the unknown, he enlisted astronaut Alfred Worden, and together they dissected the mysteries of the Apollo 15 moon shot. As colleague Eliot Daley sees Rogers's particular style: "Fred uses the television set like a telephone rather than a billboard."

Christopher Sarson designed *Zoom* for children, including his own, who were outgrowing *Mister Rogers'*. His Boston-based program, which premiered last season, was novel in that the children themselves wrote, edited, and performed in it, under Sarson's subtle but deft supervision. "One of the things that appeals to me about *Zoom,*" Sarson admits, "is that kids watching television are doing something other than just watching television." When his seven young cast members (who range in age from eight to twelve) took to rapping about what it was like to grow up, their kindred peers tuned in physically and emotionally. *Zoom* encouraged viewers to join in, to submit their own films, stories, and songs. In Boston, last season, each show was aired five times a week. Four times it swept the time slot, finishing second only on Saturday mornings—behind an *Archie* cartoon.

Public TV's success with children has sent the commercial networks careening off on their own educational tack. The Bank Street (New York City) College of Education will advise ABC on this season's new shows—*Kid Power, Multiplication Is,* and the *Afterschool Special.* CBS has signed up its own assorted educators for such shows as *Fat Albert.* Last spring *Captain Kangaroo* premiered a series of fifty animated shorts from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare that dealt with health, emotions, and interpersonal relations. ABC vice president Michael Eisner confesses that his own small son watches *Sesame Street.* "In my fantasies I wish I'd produced it," he admits, "and in my job I want to do something just as good."

But it takes more than a host of rented Ph.D.s to create a good children's show. Commercial TV is far better able

"Television is vicarious. It shows a child how people do things. If you show him that people relate with violence, that's what he'll learn; if people treat each other with respect, that's what he'll learn."

to weave a positive affective curriculum into its story plots. The possibilities, once the commitment is there, range even wider. There is room for a children's theater, a live-action re-creation of American history and literature on the order of the BBC's *Masterpiece Theatre,* public affairs programs, musical entertainments, puppet shows like Kukla, Fran, and Ollie (currently hosts for the *CBS Children's Film Festival*), and, yes, skillfully crafted cartoons. NBC has opened up one new area by incorporating a running sign-language commentary for deaf children into its daily *Watch Your Child.*

"I think what television can do basically is provide transportation for a kid," says Dr. Gerald Lesser, the Harvard professor of education who chairs the board of advisers to the Children's Television Workshop. ". . . Granted it's vicarious, but it can take him to places and events that he would never have the chance to see. He is by definition seeing how other people do things. . . . If you show him that people relate with violence, that's what he'll learn; if people treat each other with respect, that's what he'll learn."

The commercial networks are uncertain just how far they can afford to pursue their commitment—hence, the ambivalence that makes ABC cover its bets on *Kid Power* by folding *Bewitched* reruns into the same Saturday schedule. Down on the local level, after all, affiliates have no obligation to program a promising innovation such as the *Afterschool Special* in lieu of the usual afternoon flick. The affiliates, too, must answer for the present and past state of children's television. "The networks are three buildings in a row on Sixth Avenue with a lot of guys with titles who are easy to find," complains Michael Eisner. "I don't want to point the finger at our affiliates, but a lot of the problems in television are not on the network level."

True, although the leadership must begin somewhere. With the exception of such rare shows as *Sundown Treehouse* in Houston or *Jabbawockie* in Boston, local programing most often consists of mindless cartoons pulled together to piggyback the holiday ads. Last year Robert Keeshan, who has been *Captain Kangaroo* on CBS for seventeen years, and Fred Rogers decided to remedy the situation by designing an internship program for affiliates. As Keeshan recalls it: "Both of us were impressed with the lack of people interested in children's television, or able to act, produce, and write good programs for children. Here, we thought, is an enormous wealth of talent in our [own] two groups. Why not offer a program for anyone interested in children's television?" They envisioned an ambitious apprenticeship on both *Captain Kangaroo* and *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood,* running six months to a year in duration, with university affiliation and some guarantee of a final job in children's television. They could not find anyone who would even put up the necessary funds for pilot research.

While the blame is being passed around, parents might as well accept some of it themselves. The television set encourages an abdication of parental jurisdiction that they would not tolerate in the case of magazines or other playmates. "More than half the problem is the use the American parent makes of television," insists Keeshan. "There is not a program, however good, that can take the place of a parent who wants to relate to a child. . . . The TV set must not be turned on and used as a spectator sport." Parents, after all, can select what is viewed and when. They can seed the viewing room with what Dr. Edward Palmer has called "constructive distractions"—toys and games that vie for the child's attention. They can notify the networks about a show they particularly like as well as one they dislike, complain to advertisers when the commercials start the kids whining, and exert a little muscle through a group such as Action for Children's Television. They can break the mesmerizing cycle of Saturdays by taking the kids outside to a park or museum. But first, they would do well to sit and monitor what is being shown.

"Part of the tragedy of children's television," says Peggy Charren, president of ACT, "is that no one watched it except the children. The executives didn't watch it; all they saw was the story board. Parents were busy; they were happy when the children were watching. We think they should be able to let their children watch without having to look over their shoulders."

Fair enough. But it is unreasonable for parents to delegate to an electronic box those child-rearing duties that they do not assume themselves. Children's television is changing and for the better. But change comes slowly. Until utopia arrives, it behooves us all to remember that quality control lies ultimately at our own fingertips. Every television set still comes with a turn-off knob. □

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EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGES

UNIVERSITY WITHOUT WALLS: REFORM OR RIP-OFF?

BY HERBERT LONDON

Student pressures for change—and the academic reform movement—have forced university administrators of every persuasion to adopt "experimental programs." In fact, many educators have turned around Lord Falkland's dictum, "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change," by bringing about change whether it's needed or not.

And so it goes. After having served a one-year term as New York University's campus ombudsman, I was appointed last year to preside over the birth of an experimental college program—a University Without Walls. After all, if the university *ombatman* (the title students gave me) could mediate student complaints, why couldn't he initiate solutions? Where I had once been Solomon, I was now prepared to become Moses. All I had to do—or so I thought—was discover what constituted a sound experimental program, modify it to accommodate NYU's unique character, and accept the plaudits. However, after eight months, after a dozen trips across the nation to look at experimental programs at seventeen colleges, after having the dubious distinction of getting air sick over Pinkeyville, Illinois (on an Air Illinois "mosquito" in my effort to reach Southern Illinois University), I am still perplexed about what an experimental program is and what standards ought to apply.

It is one thing to announce an experiment and quite another, I learned, to implement a program that is truly experimental. In the name of experimentation some very conventional approaches have been pursued. (That, by the way, is understandable; there are just so many "unique" educational options available. When Hampshire College was organized as an experimental institution two years ago, the only alternatives to the lecture system were predictably conventional: work-study seminars, student-initiated courses, tutorials, and independent study.) In fact, aside from modest structural reforms within universities, the only "actual" experiments I have observed are those educational projects conducted outside the confines of the campus. The gospel of Chairman Mao is inexorable: Students must get out "there," away from the cloistered, scholarly elite and close to the common man.

Modest initial attempts to escape the boundaries of the classroom—junior year abroad, work-study programs, and correspondence courses—have paved the way for far more ambitious ventures [*SR*, July 17, 1971]. New York's Empire State College, for example, offers students the opportunity to study at a variety of on- and off-campus institutions but has no campus of its own. Projects such as Britain's Open University [*SR*, April 29] have abandoned the classroom altogether in favor of TV, radio, and kits of learning materials. Floating colleges aboard ships and traveling colleges that employ a variety of vehicles seek a global curriculum. The New York State Education Department's Regents External Degree Program awards the baccalaureate to anyone who can pass a series of proficiency exams.

Of all these projects, perhaps the most interesting is UWW, the University Without Walls, a consortium of twenty-one institutions.* Organized in 1970 with seed money from the U.S. Office of Education and a supplemental grant from the Ford Foundation, UWW will enroll about 3,500 students this year. A dozen students have already received degrees from participating colleges. The consortium, called the Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, offers a "Union-UWW" degree.

University Without Walls is built, if that is the word, on student "internships." In theory, the students construct their own study plans and establish their own community contacts. For example, a candidate for a journalism degree at Skidmore's UWW is doing editorial work for a community newspaper. A second student, an anthropology major at the Berkeley UWW extension of Westminster College, has been living with the Hopi Indians, studying their religion, family customs, and ties to the outside world. A third student worked with a lawyer to establish a Community Co-op designed to investigate deferred-payment plans and to protect the consumer from unfair interest rates. Primarily because of his experience in the field, this student has been accepted at Northwestern University Law School.

UWW students can also take courses, theoretically, at any college in the UWW consortium. But tuition varies so greatly among participating institutions (from $3,400 at Antioch to $300 at the University of Massachusetts) that transfers are granted in only rare cases. In fact, while University Without Walls was designed in a cooperative spirit, individual programs tend to be idiosyncratic. A typical student program—to the extent that there is one—includes course work, internship, and independent study. However, the proportion of each varies dramatically from one institution to the next, and at some UWW colleges students plan virtually any combination they want.

At almost all participating institutions UWW faculty members are "adjunct professors," hired on a part-time basis; they are often nondegree holders engaged in business, the professions, or the arts. Presumably, these "mentors" guide student plans and supervise student activities. But, like most other projects, this experiment is as good or as bad as the experimenters. In some cases, students are given *carte blanche*, usually accompanied by little assistance or evaluation. As long as the student wants to do "it,"

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**University of Minnesota; University of Massachusetts; Antioch College, Ohio; Bard College, New York; Chicago State University; Goddard College, Vermont; Howard University, Washington, D.C.; Skidmore College, New York; New York University; Friends World College, New York; Loretto Heights College, Colorado; Morgan State College, Maryland; New College, Florida; Northeastern Illinois State University; Roger Williams College, Rhode Island; Shaw University, North Carolina; University of South Carolina; Staten Island Community College, New York; Stephens College, Missouri; Westminster College, Missouri; and Westminster College branch at Berkeley, California.*

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whatever "it" is becomes worthy of his efforts.

For example, at one eastern college, well-known for its experimental bent, a student recently obtained a degree for bee keeping. Her father, a bee keeper, was her mentor. According to her own description, "This study included a minimum of courses or exams; it meant staying at home and giving Dad a hand." At another UWW institution a black student contended that he should obtain a degree for the same thing he had been doing all his life: "Working in the ghetto." The difference now, of course, is that his activities are being endorsed by the university. Another student at a West Coast college described his internship as "hanging out with the guys." He means the guys in a drug-detoxification program that he entered one year before starting his college "education" and that he continued for credit after enrolling in UWW. In still another instance, a student was receiving eight academic credits a semester for waiting on tables. He contended that this was a "great deal" and added: "I can make two hundred fifty bucks a week and complete my degree in maybe five years."

Despite the rhetorical claim that getting out in the real world is the most direct route to a good education, field activity does not always achieve its intended goal. Some students are deployed solely as a cheap source of labor. In one project I know of, students took jobs as hospital attendants during a labor dispute and became unwitting union busters, to their later dismay. Other students, captured by the enticement of campaign promises, are exploited for political reasons: A whole generation of students can now lick stamps and distribute pamphlets in their sleep. Other students may not "learn" anything from even the most extraordinary experience. After all, as George Bernard Shaw said, "You can take an ass around the world and it won't become a horse."

UWW allows some university programs that have little quality but lots of gravitational pull on students. The bandwagon effect in higher education should not be underestimated; college presidents like the idea of saying, "Look at us—we're experimental." Students, in their turn—particularly marginal students—sometimes view experimental programs as a way of getting a degree that would not ordinarily be available to them. I can't possibly recount the number of times I've heard UWW students say, "Man, this is the way to get an education; it's easy." Harold Hodgkinson, a discerning analyst of trends in higher education, considered these factors and others and came to the inevitable conclusion that the University Without Walls is "a benevolent rip-off."

It is a situation reminiscent of the Wizard of Oz. Just when the Wizard is revealed as a fraud, he attempts to redeem himself by telling the Scarecrow: "Don't worry about not having a brain. I know many people at institutions of higher learning who do not have one either. But they have one thing you do not: a degree. So, by the authority vested in me, I hereby confer upon you a doctorate in thinkology."

Besides such serious questions about the educational validity of its experimental programs, the idea of the University Without Walls opens a Pandora's box of procedural nightmares. For example, if the university is attempting to combine scholarship with community service, it seems sensible to offer credit for "life experience" that involves community activity—and all UWW programs do so. They credit, however, the life experience only of those persons formally enrolled in the program. Don't other people have "life experiences" that are equally deserving? To give points to enrollees alone subjects one to the legitimate charge of elitism. And the problem does not end there. If "retroactive credit for life experience" is granted, is it not conceivable that some (enrolled) students will qualify for a degree without having had any college courses whatsoever?

UWW directors at all institutions are now grappling with these questions. The founder of University Without Walls, Sam Baskin, admits that establishing criteria for evaluating life experience "is a very knotty problem. In some places it's still probably kind of shaky. But all UWW institutions are searching for ways to work through this. After all, it's a brand new program, and we're very optimistic."

Life-experience credits can be confusing for students as well as for UWW directors. When we sent out a brochure advertising the new University Without Walls at NYU, begun this fall, we stated that credit for life experience would be granted. Among the replies were these:

"I am an actress, singer, and pianist, and would like academic credit for the work (Broadway, Off-Broadway, E.L.T. stock, television) . . . and study . . . I have done. P.S. I am also an excellent cook."

"What is the responsibility of an educator? To my mind, it is above that of paperwork or tuition and should encourage creativity which adds to the progress of the world . . . I have earned my music degrees in blood, sweat, tears —and expense. . . . Have I earned my diploma in music? Please send it to me by return mail."

Several institutions avoid the procedural morass simply by supporting all student claims. In one northeastern UWW project the director's function is to identify "soft touches" (his term) on the faculty who will give students retroactive credit "without the usual hassle." I sat in on a credit-review session in which a young man who claimed to be teaching swimming in a community club was granted six credits of advanced standing in physical education. He presented no corroboration, took no swimming test, and was asked only one serious question ("How long have you been doing it?"). In another case a student received advanced standing in sociology for having lived in a ghetto all her life. No paper describing her experience was submitted and no examination was required. "My experience is worth more than all the theories in those textbooks," she said, and she was granted eight credits.

Such incidents are certainly not representative. But the very fact that they

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exist and are generally well known (and often exaggerated) in academic circles adds to the cynicism that surrounds the issue of credit for life experience.

Despite these difficulties, some fifty colleges are applying to join the present twenty-one in the UWW consortium. Many are eager to hop aboard because of the exciting opportunities that the program, at its best, does offer. But it would be naïve to underestimate the enormous potential for cost saving and revenue generation that is also inherent in the project. The *First Report of the University Without Walls, 1972*, contends that savings can be realized in several ways: "student use of nonclassroom resources, such as internships and field experiences; [use of] adjunct faculty members . . . who often serve without pay"; redefining the teaching role as a tutorial and advisement function with a "large number of advisees"; and reducing construction and maintenance costs in major facilities since learning "activities are conducted in the surrounding community. . . ."

The usual cost cited for educating one undergraduate in a conventional liberal arts program is between $2,500 and $3,000 a year, only part of which is covered by tuition. In University Without Walls the average cost is between $1,500 and $2,000; often it runs much lower. One reason is that UWW depends on the existence of institutions that it does not directly support. For example, UWW students utilize many university facilities, such as libraries, administrative services, and academic courses to which UWW does not contribute. They also take advantage of community organizations (public libraries, social-service agencies) and of courses offered at other institutions—including other universities. Not only must one ask who pays for *these* services, but also what kind of permanent commitment can be expected from the "regular" (part-time) faculty that may receive no remuneration.

In fact, the University Without Walls calls into question the fundamental assumption on which universities have been established: the need for resident experts in academic disciplines. Traditionally, universities have been judged by the number of academic luminaries they can attract. At a University Without Walls that question is irrelevant. Students can usually select their own mentors, a practice that conceivably could erode the educational quality UWW promises to retain. But if an institution can actually maintain its standards and simultaneously reduce the major item in its budget—faculty salaries—the millennium for the university president will have been achieved.

For some universities, particularly the private ones, the issue is not so much cutting costs as increasing revenue. On this score UWW has a special appeal. It is capable of attracting students who would not ordinarily apply for admission to conventional undergraduate programs. Thus the university can increase its tuition revenue (about $2,700 at New York University, an average for private universities) at minimal cost. At NYU only seven of the almost 200 applicants to the University Without Walls had applied to other divisions of the university.

There's more to this, of course, than just the money tree. The UWW is educationally exciting because applicants represent a range in age and experience that is rarely found in other programs. In NYU's this year are an actress appearing in the film *Fiddler on the Roof*; a seventy-eight-year-old woman who is president of the Senior Citizens' Association; the author of a Book-of-the-Month Club selection; an assistant to the scientist who decoded the porpoises' language; a dancer with the Martha Graham Company; the editor of *National Enquirer*; a corporation president whose daughter will be enrolled at another undergraduate division; a first violinist with the New York Philharmonic; the director of Encounter, Inc. (a drug rehabilitation center); and the editor of a newspaper in New Jersey. As Peter Drucker so aptly put it, "Learning is not reserved for those who are too old to play and too young to work."

It's a happy situation, then, that the composition of UWW's student body becomes a graphic selling point to foundations in the incessant academic search for grant money. With traditional sources for undergraduate programs drying up, it is now important to do something "really different" to attract new funds. University Without Walls does this in a way that is often envied by traditional academic projects. In some cases, UWW no doubt deserves its special status and unique ability to fly the experimental flag in search of grants. In other cases, it's just another part of the grand rip-off: Raise tuition revenue, cut costs, and at the same time attract new money to support the experiment. Quality becomes a secondary consideration.

Generally speaking, University Without Walls is a mixed bag: It is not the panacea that some administrators and students believe it to be, and it is probably not the wedge that will open the way to a lowering of the standards of traditional, and at the moment defensive, academics. And, willy-nilly, it is a project that brings to the surface the central issues in higher education. For instance, it demonstrably challenges the nature and meaning of the faculty and its legitimacy as the sole purveyor of knowledge. It asks: If community residents have an integral part in planning student programs, why have professors at all? And if one wants an education from his peers, why attend a university? If one knows as much as his professors, why attend class? And if one does not recognize a community of scholars, why work for the degrees it confers? University Without Walls may try to be a halfway house between the halls of ivy and the schoolless society, but it can't have it both ways. Either it merges with the community, or it actively attempts to retain the traditions of academia. I have no hesitation in suggesting that it opt for the latter.

> It is one thing to announce an experiment and quite another, I learned, to implement a program that is truly experimental.

This conclusion does not mean the abandonment of experimentation, but it does mean having experiments conform to accepted academic standards. For example, it may indeed be appropriate to offer credit for life experience. After all, work and travel can be learning exercises equivalent to any conventional course. But some consideration must be given to who monitors these experiences, what quality controls apply, and how you distinguish between experiences. From what I have seen, the answers are not yet available and the questions are asked too seldom.

One notable exception is the University Without Walls at Chicago State, which might well serve as a model for other programs. At Chicago State students are offered a program that combines course work and internship in a sensible manner that permits frequent supervisory discussions and the scaling of self-directed learning to student experience and ability. What sets this program apart from others is its built-in controls and the general good sense of its administrators. Controls are engineered through the idea of faculty-student contracts—an innovation that is being applied in many experimental programs, but with varying degrees of success. The contract obliges students to plan a series of specific activities that can be reviewed and ultimately monitored by a faculty member. It is also a firm agreement that cannot be violated with impunity. And it establishes a standard of judgment and a framework in which to consider appropriate academic activities. For example, at Chicago State only those community institutions that have research activity associated with them are recognized as appropriately educational. Clearly, that kind of restraint on student choice does not en-

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sure responsible action—obviously nothing could—but it is one way to experiment without violating conventional academic proprieties. And it is adherence to these proprieties that largely accounts for the success of its particular program.

If University Without Walls fails to provide structure as well as openness, it is likely to become the victim of a time lag between the desire for reform and its actual implementation. That is, much of the pressure to pursue "experiments" in higher education came from the students of the Sixties, the children of Woodstock and before. But if the current proliferation of Jesus freaks and other cults is any guide, a return to some kind of orthodoxy will be the theme of the Seventies. Like any other experiment, the University Without Walls is subject to fickle public taste: "In" today, on academia's relic heap tomorrow.

If University Without Walls is to become a lasting and valid educational alternative, it will have to reassess what experimentation can do and to whom it should appeal. Not all students adapt well to free learning environments. At Summerhill A. S. Neill allowed children to choose their own learning conditions; he found that disciplined students responded well to freedom. He also clearly demonstrated (and this is often forgotten) that undisciplined children learn most effectively under conditions of constraint and undeviating standards. There is no simple answer. But the dialectic remains critical in education regardless of the level or degree of experimentation. From my observation, those students with basic research skills, maturity, a sense of direction, and the capacity to do work independently can derive the greatest rewards from experimental education. In most cases this does not include the average seventeen-year-old who has just graduated from high school. It probably also excludes the ritualist who is at the university because of peer-group or parental pressure. And it certainly does not include those who seek a college degree only as the "calling card" for a better job.

After touring this nation from coast to coast in my effort to discover the meaning of "experimental programs," I feel entitled to say that there is rarely anything genuinely new in education. Yet that should hardly make a difference. There are palpably things worth doing that have been done before. But whether they invite the new or resurrect the old, reforms depend for their success on modest objectives. Experimental education is not likely to change the basic character of higher education; it is merely an alternative track for a small group of students. If that were occasionally recalled, few would take the revolutionary rhetoric seriously and even fewer would make exaggerated claims in the name of experimentation. □

EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGES

A SYSTEM DESIGNED TO BE BEATEN

BY JAMES CASS

Experimental colleges and programs are appearing on the educational scene at an increasing rate these days and for a variety of reasons. Most important, perhaps, is the growing awareness that many people who have lacked opportunity, or who do not respond to standard classroom instruction, can acquire very sophisticated knowledge and skills if offered the proper environment and support. Student bodies at experimental institutions, therefore, tend to be unconventional. Vermont Regional Community College, for instance, is designed primarily to serve the urban poor. In New York City the College for Human Services reaches out to low-income urban adults. In Washington State Whatcom (County) Community College is committed to providing relevant education for minorities, returning veterans, the middle-aged, and public school dropouts.

Such nontraditional programs are sparked also by the accumulating evidence that very often there is little correlation between academic learning and adult competence on the job. Coupled with student rejection of conventional higher education programs, these factors explain the growing interest in seeking alternative patterns of learning.

The emerging institutions are a mixed lot. A few are extremely permissive; they appear merely to be reacting against the rigidities of conventional campuses as they ignore traditional academic standards. Others—equally unconventional—are desperately seeking truly new ways to structure programs of high quality for students who have never before enjoyed the benefits of higher education.

Representatives of seven highly experimental colleges and the University Without Walls met in Montpelier, Vermont, late last month to talk things over. Most came to question and to listen—there are few answers yet to the question of how to develop programs for which there are no models, programs that will work for students who have rejected, or been rejected by, traditional institutions.

Aside from the inevitable problems of financial survival, the focus of the conference turned on three fundamental issues:

- The relationship of students, faculty, and administration in a learning environment in which traditional roles of authority have been profoundly modified, if not rejected.
- Definition of what constitutes a "quality" educational program in a situation in which the specific needs and desires of the student take precedence over traditional courses, credits, and academic standards.
- Means for accurately measuring and evaluating learning that takes place in unconventional ways and nontraditional places.

The experimental college movement is, at least in part, a direct response to the fundamental criticisms of traditional higher education voiced in recent years by such prestigious groups as the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education and the Assembly on University Goals and Governance. Demands that colleges and universities serve a more diverse constituency, and that they become more responsive to the needs of their conventional students, have resulted in dramatic changes on many traditionalist campuses. But the experimental programs go a long step further and start from a different set of assumptions about what higher education should be and how it should function.

"It is necessary to assume," one conference participant noted, "that it is a valid goal for an educational institution to try to identify the learning objectives of the student and to facilitate his effort to achieve them." Thus, the institution ceases to be the repository of a well-defined collection of courses, among which the student may select —with varying degrees of freedom— those needed to complete a prescribed curriculum. Rather, it becomes the provider of resources that are placed at the student's disposal, and he, with the advice and consent of his academic adviser, may make use of them to achieve his own educational objectives.

In the effort to bring a greater variety of resources to the learning environment, many institutions seek out people who possess the diverse talents, skills, and knowledge that exist in every community. This effort clearly represents an unconventional view of what higher education should be—a view that has been succinctly stated by Minnesota Metropolitan State College: "No one will graduate from MMSC simply by going to classes or following syllabi—not because these are evil but

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because they are inadequate. . . ."

Thus, a local accountant or banker may take an active role in the design and evaluation of a business student's program, offering practical perspective as well as expert help. A local hospital clinician may perform a similar role for a student in the health sciences. And the bank or the accountant's office or the hospital may become the student's classroom for at least part of his time.

The freedom that students enjoy in defining and pursuing their own educational goals is a mixed blessing for some. Adults who are preparing themselves for a new career or are updating their professional skills are likely to find such freedom greatly to their advantage—they can achieve their specific objectives without surmounting irrelevant barriers. Younger students who have already defined their career goals may benefit equally. Others, however, discover that their years of traditional schooling have not prepared them, either by training or experience, to make good use of a free-wheeling environment. As one conference participant noted, "The hardest thing is to make students believe they are in a system that is designed to be beaten."

To what degree should the institution direct and guide student learning and development in a program in which the student's objectives are paramount? This is a major hang-up for the faculty. Some members take the essentially romantic view that institutional constraints are inevitably inhibiting and destructive. Therefore, the student should be free to pursue whatever learning he desires, in any way he wishes. Most, however, accept the realistic view that the environment the institution provides must influence the student's intellectual and social development. And they feel that, if it does not do so, it has no reason for existing.

The vital questions, of course, are how to evaluate the quality of a nontraditional program and how to measure what the student has learned. "Quality" in anything approaching conventional terms depends on the soundness of the objectives the student selects and the degree to which he achieves his objectives. But most experimental programs add another dimension—the effectiveness with which the institution guides and facilitates the student's learning.

Conventional classroom credit is easily assessed, whether submitted as a basis for advanced standing upon entrance to a program or as part of a student's learning contract. But measuring the amount of credit that should be assigned for different kinds of experiential learning is far more difficult.

Some kinds of experience—acquired on the job or in other activities—can be roughly equated with traditional academic studies, and credit can be assigned accordingly. For instance, a skilled bookkeeper who wants to become a CPA already has a long head-start on the learning required, and it is not too difficult to translate knowledge gained from experience into academic terms. In this and other cases where clearly defined credentials are required for acceptance in a profession or occupation, the problem is somewhat easier than in those cases where no such guidelines exist.

A housewife, for instance, who has been deeply involved in community affairs for years may have acquired highly developed skills, in working with individuals and groups, that are far more valuable than intimate knowledge of a whole library of volumes on human relations. (Some institutions offer students the option of making their first contract the task of analyzing and documenting past life-experience as a basis for advanced standing.)

Similarly, experiential learning that students get as part of a contract objective, in clinics, courts, day-care centers, and other service agencies, is often hard to measure, even when it is clear that learning has occurred. Valuable learning can come from failure to fulfill a learning contract, too, and some would account it as useful as other learning. But the more general view is: "Sure, they learn from failure, but you don't give them credit for it."

Since the goal of nontraditional programs is to meet the needs and desires of the students, the question of whether the needs have, in fact, been met is crucial. The fact that a student may be happy with his learning experience and can say, "Yeah, man, I sure achieved my objectives—it was great," is useful information for the institution, but it should not be confused with evidence that significant learning took place. Therefore, institutions are taking varied approaches to the evaluation of what students learn, as well as to the effectiveness of the programs in providing the resources and facilities the students require.

Vermont Regional Community College and Massachusetts Open University, for instance, involve the student, his faculty sponsor, and the adjunct faculty members who have been associated with the student in the final assessment. The University Without Walls has experimented with highly structured depth interviews as a basis for a final written report. Empire State College, on the other hand, has the various means through which the student's learning will be evaluated carefully spelled out in the original contract. Regular contact between the student and his faculty mentor provides continuing opportunity for interim assessment. When the contract is completed, student and mentor prepare a narrative transcript of the activities that the student pursued and evaluative comments on the learning that took place. Prepared jointly, this final assessment is signed by both student and mentor.

Clearly, nontraditional higher education has come a long way, but many problems remain. Although no models for programs of this kind have existed in the past, precedents are being set and some successes achieved. Mistakes have been made, and doubtless others will be. But the rationale for unconventional approaches is compelling, and the movement promises to add an exciting and creative dimension to the higher education enterprise. □

Montpelier Conference Participants

College for Human Services (201 Varick Street, New York, New York 10014) has been training low-income adults as paraprofessionals in education and social work for a number of years. It is now exploring alternative routes to full professional status in the human-service professions.

Empire State College (2 Union Avenue, Saratoga Springs, New York 12866) is a new unit of the State University of New York, providing regional learning centers where students can plan their own individualized programs of study.

Miami Dade Junior College (11011 S.W. 104 Street, Miami, Florida 33156) offers an innovative media program within the context of one of the nation's largest community colleges.

Massachusetts Open University (University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002) is experimenting with a flexible University Without Walls program.

Minnesota Metropolitan State College (421 North Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota 55102), one of the more unconventional of the new institutions, emphasizes experiential learning as one of the means of achieving vocational competency.

University Without Walls (The Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387) is a consortium of autonomous colleges and universities—twenty-one—each of which is developing its own nontraditional program with the help of the parent organization. UWW has also received authorization from the state of Ohio to grant baccalaureate and doctoral degrees and has completed the first step in seeking accreditation from the North Central Association.

Vermont Regional Community College Commission (PO Box 81, Montpelier, Vermont 05602) was instituted to serve the state's rural population through a variety of innovative programs, but it has found that it attracts a broader constituency than was anticipated.

Whatcom Community College (PO Box 1096, Ferndale, Washington 98248) is a new college without walls, designed to provide programs for groups not otherwise served by higher education.

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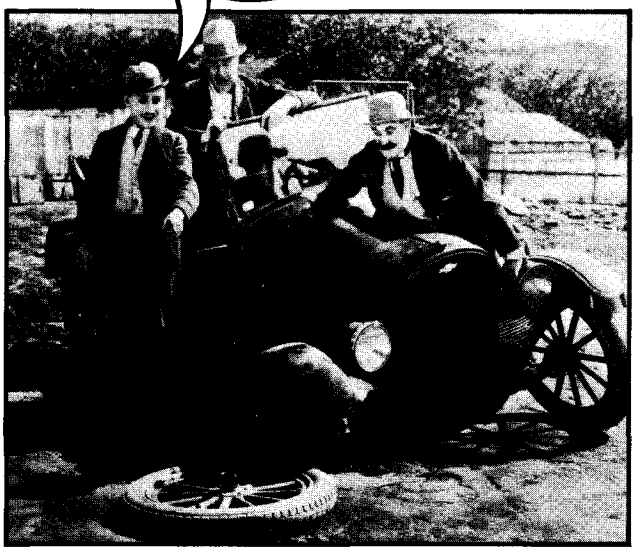
HOW DID WE LOSE THE WHEEL?



OR: IT'S TIME FOR A NEW SYSTEM.

BY NEIL V. SULLIVAN

It's no secret anymore: Our public schools are not working. In many cities a third of the kids are quitting; almost as many of those still registered simply don't attend. Regular teachers and administrators are retiring early; others are on strike. Taxpayers are rebelling at the escalating costs of running the schools; many large systems face bankruptcy. Splinter groups—free schools, alternative schools, private schools, street academies—are springing up everywhere. The system itself is literally coming apart at the seams.

Most school administrators and board members, meanwhile, say little or nothing. They are hanging on by the skin of their teeth—waiting to retire or be rescued. Many don't even have the opportunity to hang on. Last spring in Massachusetts alone six major cities (Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Brockton, Revere, and Cambridge) dismissed—often in ignominy—the very men they had earlier chosen to "shape their educational destinies." Many large cities—from Philadelphia, which ousted the dynamic Mark Shedd, to San Francisco, which disappointed the talented Tom Shaheen—are now looking for new superintendents.

Why isn't the system working?

Because elected and appointed lay school boards cannot keep out of administration; because many superintendents are completely inept and unable to provide leadership; because school boards nearly everywhere make policy decisions in areas in which they are completely unqualified; because many board members are worn out before they arrive at meetings and then are physically and emotionally unable to cope with the problems at hand; and because many board members use their positions to win higher political office.

The system also isn't working because it has bred its own line of successors. Teachers have become principals, and principals have become superintendents. Many administrations have become characterized by empire building, rigid control, and a highly developed protective system. In many systems the superintendent has become the personification of the *status quo*.

What can be done?

I suggest a model based on the one that the late Sen. Robert Kennedy set up in 1963 for Prince Edward County, Virginia, when the county had closed its public schools rather than integrate them. White students attended private schools; most blacks were left without formal education at all.

The new model was simple. Kennedy selected a board of directors. They set broad policies and elected a chief executive who was responsible for the administration of the schools. The board met only a few times a year. At each meeting they asked the executive to report on progress toward meeting the objectives. Then they visited the schools.

The Prince Edward model worked. The executive knew what the policies were and knew he was accountable for meeting them. In turn, he worked with students and parents at the neighborhood level. They knew what they needed, and they determined their own future. The result: Schools operated twelve months a year, seven days a week, sixteen hours a day. The doors were open for programs for the elderly, for working mothers, for flexible arrangements with students, for breakfasts and hot lunches for all.

Such a model could work in every state. Here's how:

Each community would elect its own local school board. A city the size of Boston, for example, might be divided into ten local school boards. Each local board would nominate some of its own members as candidates for a regional board of directors. The Boston metropolitan area—again, only for purposes of illustration—might be governed by three or four regional boards of directors, crossing political, economic, and racial lines. The state supreme court would choose members of the regional boards from candidates nominated by the local boards. The regional boards would set broad policy objectives for their areas and would hire a chief executive to carry them out.

This model would take control away from the state legislatures and from unrepresentative, unresponsive, and often irresponsible school boards and would give a good deal of control to neighborhood and community groups. It also would make one executive responsible for the administration of the system. If he or she met the annual objectives of the board of directors, he or she would be retained. If the executive didn't meet them, the ax would fall, clearly and quickly.

Down the line, a committee of teachers, students, and parents should select the school principal and set objectives for that job. The principal, too, should be measured against them annually: His or her job would depend on successful performance.

Under the current system, the malaise of the public schools is complete. Only major change can cure it. There can be no gradual loosening of the structure, since the structure is already shredded. We need to replace the way our schools are governed. Only then will new schools —that work—emerge. □

Neil V. Sullivan writes about school governance from a perspective equaled by few administrators in the United States. As chief executive in Prince Edward County, Virginia, he reopened the public schools for blacks—and whites. As superintendent in Berkeley, California, he created perhaps the most completely desegregated school system in the country. For the last three years he has been the embattled state commissioner of education in Massachusetts. This fall he will teach at the University of California, Long Beach.

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SR EDUCATION UPDATE

BUSING

In most parts of the United States, busing is about as popular as an outbreak of encephalitis. Not the regular kind of busing, the kind that carries 40 per cent of the nation's elementary and secondary school children to their classes each morning. But the kind of busing ("busin'" as George Wallace calls it) that carries black kids out of their ghettoes, out of the schools that have managed to keep their pupils' achievement scores several years behind the scores of white kids in the suburbs, out of the high schools where "guidance counselors" tell senior boys to join the army, out of the vocational schools that teach obsolete skills.

The scene is a meeting of white parents in a small, sweltering concrete-block union hall in an Italian neighborhood of South Philadelphia a few years ago. The city's school board has just voted to bus several hundred black children from North Philadelphia down Market Street, past City Hall, into a few carefully prepared South Philadelphia schools. The South Philadelphians do not take this lightly. In fact, as the meeting opens, a group of burly men carry in two black coffins. The coffins have signs painted on them proclaiming the death of the neighborhood school. In a fairly accurate reflection of the mood of the crowd, a man on the stage points at the coffins and shouts, "That's where we'll put the first Negro kids bused in here."

In a less drastic reaction, school boards that were drawing plans for busing only a few years ago have been voted out of office all across the country. Some 74 per cent of the voters in a straw ballot in Florida last spring said they favored a constitutional amendment prohibiting busing.

President Nixon tapped the national mood in a nationwide television address last March when he proposed an eighteen-month moratorium on busing; he said he was opposed to busing for desegregation and added that "most Americans, white and black, share that view." Reflecting the President's views, the Republican national platform says that "we are irrevocably opposed to busing for racial balance." Several weeks into the campaign, Sen. George McGovern, the Democratic candidate, had not announced a stand. The Democratic platform, however, though it does not mention the word "busing," does say that "transportation of students" is one means of accomplishing desegregation.

In August the U.S. House of Representatives passed a bill saying that busing may be invoked only as a last resort and then only to carry students to the school "closest or next closest" to their home. ("If you're in a ghetto," observed the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, "the nearest school is a ghetto school and the next nearest school is a ghetto school.") The House bill would also apparently permit, if it becomes law, the reopening of previously settled desegregation cases—meaning that the courts once again have to rule on much busing in the South. (President Nixon's cue has been clearly understood, as *SR* forecast [Editorial, April 8].)

This fall about twenty million pupils will be transported to public schools on 256,000 buses—at a total cost of $1.7 billion. Only 3 per cent will be bused for desegregation—the others simply live too far away to walk. The U.S. Office of Education estimates that there will be only a small growth in the number of pupils bused for desegregation this year—with the greatest increases in Alabama, California, Florida, Michigan, Tennessee, and Virginia.

Busing is not a new experience for blacks. Until a few years ago black students in Sturgis, Mississippi (where there was a white school), were bused forty-six-and-a-half miles each morning to the nearest black school in Maben and then forty-six-and-a-half miles home again each night. But now at least some blacks are tired of being taken for a ride. Last spring, the National Black Political Convention in Gary, Indiana, passed a resolution condemning busing and calling for blacks to control schools in black neighborhoods. "Busing," says Roy Innis, executive director of the Congress of Racial Equality, "is obsolete and dangerous to black people."

It is also difficult to carry out. In cities across the country cross-busing that was to have started this fall has been delayed by court actions at almost all levels. In Detroit, for example, a U.S. District Court judge ordered full integration of the city schools with the schools in fifty-three suburbs—involving the busing of 310,000 black and white students each day. That ruling is being appealed by the state, the suburbs, and the Detroit board of education. In Richmond another federal district judge ordered the consolidation of schools in the city with those in two adjacent counties; that ruling is being appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. In Denver a probusing ruling has been in the courts for three years; it, too, is headed for the Supreme Court.

The advocates of busing base their support on two major arguments. The first is that busing can raise the achievement level of black pupils. The second is that it can create desegregated schools as the first step toward building racial understanding and a more democratic society.

The evidence is still out on point one. In a controversial study of busing in six northern cities, Harvard researcher David J. Armor reported last spring that busing black pupils to the suburbs produced little improvement in academic skills, self-esteem, or racial tolerance. Other Harvard researchers, including social psychologist Thomas F. Pettigrew, a leading authority on race relations, dispute Armor's evidence. They say he based his conclusion on too narrow a sample of students—and then made incorrect interpretations.

In the nation's largest survey of equal educational opportunity, James Coleman of Johns Hopkins University found that black students in desegregated classrooms performed slightly higher on standard achievement tests than did blacks in segregated classes. Coleman said that students scored highest when they were bused to schools attended by students from a higher socioeconomic class. Further, he found that desegregation has a cumulative effect on achievement—and it means most if it is started in the first, second, or third grade.

There is no pay-off, however, to simply busing black students to a white school if they are segregated or isolated once they walk inside the front door. Indeed, many critics of busing contend that the bused students frequently are not integrated into the regular life of their new school. The schools in Berkeley, California, for example, were completely desegregated four years ago. Today, it seems, the city is more obsessed with race than ever before. The black president of the high school student body there recently told a Senate subcommittee that "The only true existence of integration of Berkeley High is in the hallways when the bell rang. Everybody, you know, passes through the hallway. That is the only time I see true integration at Berkeley High."

The main issue, of course, is not busing itself. "The real issue for the black community," said the National Black Political Convention, "is how do we get supreme quality education for all our youngsters." And that is an issue that most people in this country are not ready to face—if the answer means more than token integration.

Peter A. Janssen

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Hey man, what did you learn in reform school?

Well, uh, like how to disconnect a burglar alarm.

BY BRIAN VACHON

Inside the discipline cottage it was so cold you could see your breath—the boiler had broken down again—and the security guard's uniform was buttoned up around his ears. Standing in front of him was his charge, a fourteen-year-old youth who had been sent to this reform school for excessive truancy and who had ended up in the discipline cottage for having attempted to run away. The boy was nude as he faced the guard, and he was about to be punished. A while earlier, he had failed to say "sir" when he asked to go to the toilet. You're always supposed to address a security guard as "sir," and especially when you're in the cottage. That's about the only way you're going to get out.

"Turn around," the guard said to the boy. "Turn around, bend over, spread your cheeks, and show me your brains." The guard was holding a broom in his hands, and the boy knew what was coming, but he also knew enough to obey. He turned around and reached down to his ankles. "I'm Mickey Mantle," the guard said, "and this one is going out of the ball park." He took a batting stance behind the boy and gripped the broom by the end of its handle.

WHACK!

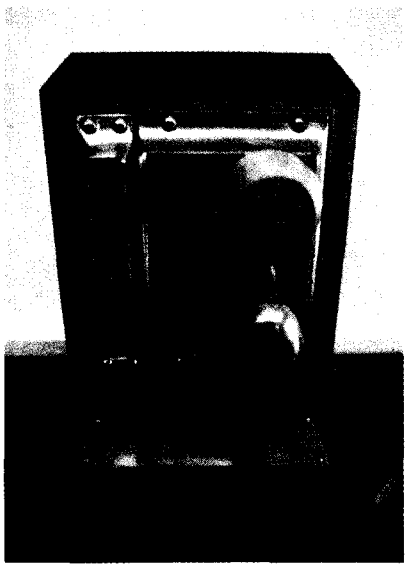
The guard walked over to the spot on the floor where the boy had been flung. "Was that a home run, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"I kind of thought that was a homer." The guard picked the boy off the floor and led him back to his cell, musing aloud to no one in particular, "I knew that was a homer. I could just feel it."

In the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the past few years a lot of such stories have been told. I heard that one from someone who said he was the person it had happened to. We were talking in the headquarters of the Department of Youth Services about what life used to be like for juveniles who had been sent to institutions by juvenile courts.

That can't happen anymore. In Massachusetts all the reform schools have been closed down. An out-of-state, unmarried, relatively unknown forty-year-old ex-air force officer named Jerome Miller is responsible.



The symbol of repression was the lock on the door of solitary confinement cells. As Massachusetts closed its reformatories, the locks were mounted as trophies of liberation (top), and the inmates were assigned to foster care or group homes such as Libra (bottom).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD HOWARD

When he was offered the job of director of Youth Services by Gov. Francis Sargent, Dr. Miller warned the governor that, if he were to accept, his top priority would be to shut down all juvenile institutions, return the incarcerated youths to their own communities, and place them in treatment programs that met their own personal needs. Miller cited evidence that reform schools—training schools, industrial schools, guidance centers, whatever you want to call them—don't work. The recidivism rate—the rate of graduating back into an institution after release—was up to 80 per cent for Massachusetts juveniles. And the earlier they were institutionalized, the greater their chances were of ending up in jail in adulthood. Kids who get into trouble, Miller said, kids who break the law or who are habitual runaways or truants or dope users, have to be helped. But they can't be helped in reform schools. In fact, there is no place, he said, those kids could be helped less.

Miller's views confirmed Governor Sargent's own findings. As a result of the circulation of horror stories—too many, too similar, and too vivid to be products of active delinquent imaginations—the governor and legislators had ordered an intensive investigation of juvenile institutions in 1969. At the time the state had three training schools, as well as one "Institution for Juvenile Guidance" for the so-called hard-core offenders, one detention center for supposedly temporary placement, and several county-run industrial schools, none of which were accredited. Escapees from these schools told of excesses in brutality, and several signed affidavits swearing that guards had punished them by forcing them to drink out of urinals and rub their faces in their own feces. In one school, it was reported, the superintendent kept a monkey suit for captured runaways, and they would have to wear it

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If the Massachusetts plan works, it may lead the way to a complete revolution in the treatment of young law breakers.

every day for a month while they stood in a cage. At night they were placed in solitary.

These findings prompted the Massachusetts legislature to pass a Reorganization Act in August 1969 that authorized the creation of the Department of Youth Services. Dr. Miller was selected from a group of eighty applicants to head the new department and to bring about reform in the rehabilitation of troubled youth.

Miller is a round, pleasant-looking man who will wear the same tie to work five days in a row. He often gives the impression of having just heard a joke that he is not about to share with anybody. Before going to Massachusetts, Miller spent three years in a Catholic seminary preparing for the priesthood, then dropped out, took a Ph.D. at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., and joined the air force as a psychiatric social worker. After ten years he found himself working for an institution he couldn't wholly support. "I had some feelings about Vietnam, some strong feelings, and they put me in a kind of a difficult moral bind," Miller says. "So I decided not to re-enlist and instead took a teaching job at Ohio University. About two years later I saw an ad in a correctional journal for someone to head this new Massachusetts department. And here I am."

What Miller inherited with his new job was a tradition that went back more than a century (Massachusetts opened the country's first reform school in Boston in 1847); a staff of 900 men and women who were mostly prepared to oppose what he intended to do; and an annual budget of $12 million, 90 per cent of which went to staffing the institutions. He also inherited almost 700 juveniles who were overfilling those institutions and 1,200 to 1,300 juveniles between the ages of seven and seventeen who each year would be committed to the DYS by the juvenile court system.

One of Miller's first steps after taking the job was to make unannounced visits to reform schools all over the state—often in the company of the governor's wife, Mrs. Jessie Sargent (who has made the treatment of children in the commonwealth her primary civic concern). "Once we went to Bridgewater—the

A successful alternative to reform schools has been the "Homeward Bound" program, which teaches self-reliance and cooperation through physical exercise and forestry. In attacking "The Wall" (left), eight boys must work as a team to overcome the obstacle.

hard-core center for the boys who were supposedly the least manageable—and no one knew we were coming," Mrs. Sargent told me recently. "Some of the boys were playing a baseball game out in the yard. Suddenly two or three made a break for the wall. The guards caught them and just beat the heck out of them while we stood there watching. It wasn't very pleasant."

Because a reform school guard holds civil service status, he cannot be dismissed without proof of wrongdoing. However, basing his decision on an earlier legislative mandate that prohibited physical beating in the reform schools under any circumstances, Miller dismissed the guards and set the wheels of his reform in motion.

"The first statewide mandate I sent out stipulated that reform school officials could not regulate the length of a kid's hair," Miller said. "That was revolutionary stuff. The guards couldn't believe it. They said heads had to be shaved to control ticks. Bullshit."

In the United States there currently are about 50,000 children living in public institutions for delinquent children—the largest percentage detained in public training schools. (Some states, including Massachusetts, have set up forestry camps for youthful offenders, and virtually every state has children confined to diagnostic and reception centers, awaiting their appearance before a judge or placement in a home or an institution.)

According to a recent study by the U.S. Justice Department, 40 per cent of the country's 343 reform schools are overcrowded; the average length of stay in an institution is 9.9 months; there are approximately 1.7 children for every full-time employee; and the annual operating expenditure averages $5,700 per child (in Massachusetts this figure had soared as high as $11,500).

Reform schools throughout the country vary greatly. Some are like the treatment center in Rhode Island that places young inmates who have broken a disciplinary rule in a cage suspended from the ceiling. Yet Florida is beginning a pilot program that would place some of its juvenile offenders in halfway houses. Minnesota and Wisconsin are ready to begin similar pilot projects, and California is combining a program of halfway

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It costs as much yearly to confine a youth as it would to send him to prep school, with enough left over for a $100-a-month allowance, psychiatric care, and a trip to Europe.

houses with "intense parole" of lesser offenders—they go to the custody of trained social workers—in a move toward eliminating its sixty-one juvenile institutions. But only Massachusetts has closed all its reform schools, and the success of its experiment is being watched closely by the country's leading penologists. John Conrad, supervising research sociologist for the National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice in Washington, says he hopes the experiment will work. "The old system takes kids off the street, classifies them in ways that mean nothing, and puts them in an institution for eight to twelve months," Conrad says. "Juvenile corrections programs have been a revolving door for many years—they have been aimless and useless." If the Massachusetts plan works, Conrad thinks it may lead the way to completely revolutionizing the treatment of young law breakers, because no matter how reform schools vary, there are generalizations that can apply to virtually all of them:

1) They are expensive. Officials in a number of states have pointed out that it costs as much to keep one juvenile in an institution for one year as it would cost to send him to the most prestigious and costly prep school, with enough left over for a $100-a-month allowance, psychiatric and medical care, and a summer trip to Europe.

2) They are populated by children of the poor, generally blacks and Puerto Ricans in the East and blacks and Chicanos in the West. A Massachusetts survey taken before the institutions were closed showed that 89 per cent of the inmates came from homes where parents were on, or eligible for, public assistance. The children of middle-class and upper-class parents can purchase a number of alternatives to reform school.

3) They cannot be institutions of learning. The so-called industrial or training schools teach skills, not subjects, and the skills are generally those that are obsolete or designed to anchor the juveniles securely to the bottom of the social and financial scale.

4) Their professional personnel are generally of low caliber. Not many practicing doctors, psychologists, or psychiatrists accept low-paying jobs at reform schools when they can earn more, and more easily, in private practice. The same can be said for many teachers, guards, and matrons.

5) Study after study has shown that the recidivism rate of young people is directly proportionate to the amount of time they spend in institutions. A youth who spends six months in reform school has a chance to lead a productive life once he is released, although the chance is slim. A youth who spends several years in an institution is almost certain to spend most of his life behind bars.

6) Finally, and perhaps most importantly, reform schools throughout the country are prime devourers of the lard doled from the political pork barrel. Jobs in the schools from top to bottom are political appointments, and local politicians are fighting tenaciously to retain this power to make appointments.

It is these collective shortcomings that Massachusetts aims to overcome. But the program is not without its critics. As Miller began humanizing the institutions, doing away with excessive lockups and extreme corporal punishment, he began meeting trouble.

"There was a lot of turmoil, a lot of runaways, as the changes were being made in the schools," says Ken Guza, an administrative assistant at the DYS and one of a handful of grittily determined young staff members surrounding Miller. "The kids could feel the uncertainty in the air, and they'd take every chance they could to split. At the same time the hard-line staff viewed what Jerry was doing as sabotage. They saw their jobs in jeopardy, and they developed ways of sabotaging back. The more kids ran, the more the staff could insist there was a need for institutionalization. We'd find kids who had run telling us they had been given keys to get out. There was one story where eight kids were crammed into a room designed for two, and a guard threw in a crowbar. A few hours later the guard returned, and two of the kids were still there. 'What the hell are you still doing here?' he said. The kids swear it happened."

The situation was still tense in January 1970 when Miller shut down Bridgewater's Center for Juvenile Guidance—a move that struck right at the heart of the whole reform school system. The juveniles housed at Bridgewater were placed in halfway houses or with foster parents. Some of those who were behind in schooling were enrolled in remedial programs in the public schools of their own communities.

"Homeward Bound" progresses with a series of challenges each boy must face. In one of the final tests, they are required to make a six-mile run through the Cape Cod woods—an exhausting but liberating experience for boys who spent months locked in reform schools.

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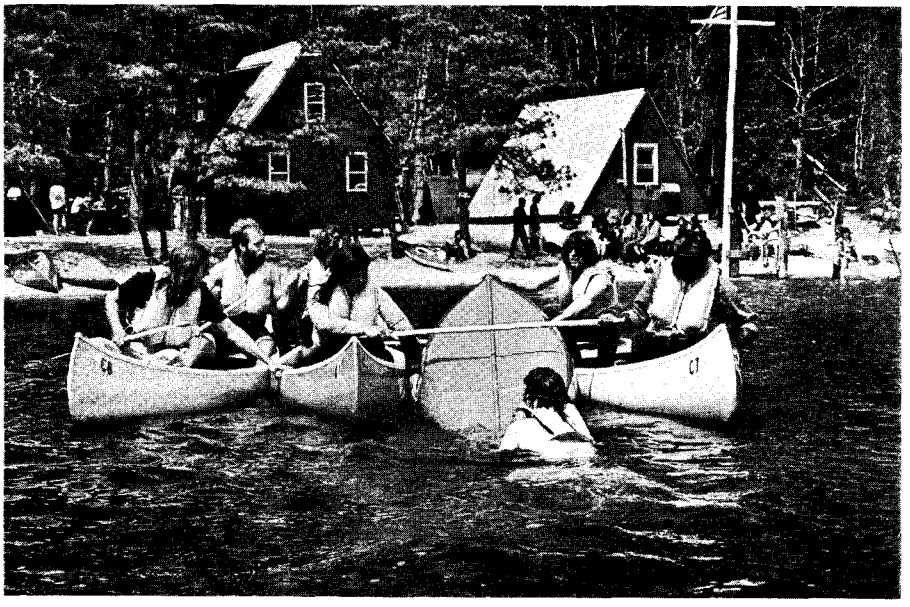
The core of all programs begun by DYS Director Jerry Miller (above) to replace institutions is the rap sessions that occur almost daily in most group homes. They provide a channel to air grievances and to assess progress. Teamwork is stressed in the Cape Cod forestry program as youths struggle to right a swamped canoe.



The reaction to Miller's move was swift and livid.

"Jerome Miller talks about halfway houses for these disturbed kids, but I'll fight him all the way," says Charles D. Kelly, a forty-seven-year-old Korean War veteran, father of five, an attorney whose family has been in Boston since 1850. "A sixteen-year-old girl was coming home from work in my community of Malden. She wasn't out looking for trouble or anything. She was coming home from her job. Two boys grabbed her and pulled her into a hallway, raped her, and performed unnatural acts on her. When police found her, she was crumpled in the corner, blindfolded, and with welts all over her body. They caught the boys who did it right away, and one of them had been released by DYS two weeks earlier. I know this because I had defended one kid.

"God knows young people need help, and I'm all for helping them. But society owes it to law-abiding citizens to protect them. If keeping a halfway house out of our community kept one little girl from being raped, it would be worth it."

Halfway houses make peer pressure the greatest deterrent to delinquent behavior.

Kelly contends, and records bear him out, that a youth is not adjudicated to the DYS until he has appeared several times before a juvenile court judge.

"As a defense attorney, I never lost a kid on a third appearance that I recall," Kelly says. "But after a fourth or fifth time you know you've got a real hard-liner on your hands. And if a kid's been caught five times, there were probably ten other times that he wasn't caught. I've had them in my office actually joking about it. But this Jerome Miller wants to put them in halfway houses with no rules or discipline. He doesn't believe in locks and bars."

Capt. Anthony Francis, commander of the Worcester Police Juvenile Division, feels very much the way Kelly does. "They take these kids who are really hard apples—not just runaways and truants, but kids with six and seven counts against them—and they put them right out into the street," Francis says. "I just can't see that. If Miller couldn't control the institutions, he shouldn't have taken the job. There are ways to control staff. If he wanted to get rid of the deadwood, he should have asked the attorney general to empanel a blue-ribbon grand jury. He had plenty of alternatives. But what's he do? He lets these kids loose."

Captain Francis speaks for a large percentage of the police force in the commonwealth who are bitter over not being consulted about the new system and about seeing their work seemingly reversed by the liberal DYS.

"My men come to me and say they caught a kid for car theft or breaking and entering, and the next day they see him back on the street," says Francis. 'I got a pass,' the kid says. A pass! What's going on? We're in the law enforcement business, not the forgiving business."

Miller doesn't say he's in the business of forgiving, but virtually every facet of his overall program is designed to give juvenile offenders personal attention, care, supervision, and ultimately love. This summer the last of the reform schools was closed, and hundreds of kids who had been housed in them or remanded to the DYS by the courts are now in group homes, psychiatric agencies, prep schools, or in one of the more than sixty halfway houses in the state.

Placement of juvenile offenders, however, is clearly a secondary concern for DYS. Of far greater importance is the attempt to intercept young people before they are judged "delinquent" by the

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courts. Having decided irrevocably that youth institutions are not only costly but also inhumane and ineffectual, DYS is now implementing a range of treatment and counseling services for the onetime and even the potential offender or law breaker. These services, paid for by the department's budget or by one of several federal grants, include:

—The Court Liaison Program, where young officers placed in the juvenile courts attempt to develop community remedies for children brought to their attention, and remedies that specifically fit the needs of the youth involved.

—The Youth Advocate Program, where youthful offenders are placed in the home of a Youth Advocate Worker who provides literally round-the-clock counseling services, direction, and friendship. During the youth's stay with the worker, he may enroll at a local public school or a specialized vocational school. The idea is to provide intensive care under essentially normal conditions, and the youth advocate can also act as a referral agent, making available psychiatric counseling, family counseling, and medical care when and as needed.

Naturally, however, the program attracting the most attention and the most criticism is the Group Homes Program, where a number of young people are gathered under one roof and are cared for by trained social workers or by other kinds of specialists.

One of the houses I visited in a Boston suburb is called Libra; it's the home of nine boys and is headed by a soft-spoken, good-looking, twenty-eight-year-old man named Ed Reilly, who is currently on probation. A graduate of two of the state's reform schools and Walpole State Prison (he was convicted of armed robbery), Reilly is the indisputable father figure to his boys. They know he's been where they were, and they know he could go back.

"When I was in prison, it hit me what a vicious cycle I was in, and I began thinking what I wanted to do in society. I figured when I get out of this joint I'm going to find some way to help kids," Reilly told me. "When I got out, I went to Dr. Miller and asked if I could help in one of his houses, and he said, 'How'd you like to run one?' I couldn't believe it, but so far there's been no trouble."

At first Libra was virtually without rules, except strict prohibition of drugs and alcohol. After a few weeks the boys asked for a curfew. "I just couldn't handle all that freedom, man," one young resident said to me. "I've spent six years with no freedom to even piss when I wanted to. I got to break in slowly."

The community seems open and receptive to Reilly's house, and the boys are proceeding at their own pace. Some are attending high schools, and others are learning trades and, as Reilly puts it, "plugging themselves back into society." The DYS directs that juveniles spend not much more than a few months in a halfway house before being assigned a counselor or parole officer, and when the situation is judged suitable, returned home. "They're going to get home eventually," Miller says. "The sooner we can get them there with proper supervision and direction, the better it's going to be." Most of the boys at Libra, however, are reluctant to leave, and Reilly and his volunteer staff members are equally reluctant to force them out.

"We have rap sessions when it's time for a kid to go back home, and we say: Look, you've got yourself together now, let's give someone else a chance. It's working out pretty good."

Rap sessions are the essential core of Libra's operation and that of most of the halfway houses. They occur almost daily and involve all the residents of the house. Although house leaders initially direct the sessions, the residents soon take them over and make peer pressure the greatest deterrent to delinquent behavior. Kids tell other kids when they don't like the way they're acting and why. Occasionally these sessions end up being screaming bouts, but they serve as a two-pronged type of therapy.

"Peer pressure is the heaviest you can put on a kid," says Bill Murphy, a psychologist and leader of an all-black halfway house. "When one kid knows that nine other kids are down on him for the way he's behaving, he's going to shape up eventually. But while the kids are getting down on him, they're also showing that they care about him. They care enough to yell at him for screwing up."

While halfway house leaders can't threaten to send troublesome young residents back to reform school, they can and do impose discipline by giving and taking away responsibilities. "When the kids were in the reform schools, there was no question of responsibility—they didn't have any," says Linda Martinelli, a lovely, young volunteer counselor at Libra. "They come here, and they're constantly on guard, testing, seeing how they're supposed to act. Sometimes it's so hard to get them to realize that they're supposed to act like themselves—to relax, to realize that people care about them. That's where responsibility can be so important. It shows the boys they are being trusted. And when they break a rule, that trust is temporarily taken away." This is psychological blackmail, of course; while some may question the ethics of the practice, it works.

The daily routine at halfway houses differs throughout the state. At Libra, because of favorable community reaction, the residents are free to come and go throughout the entire East Cambridge neighborhood. For boys and girls at other houses, roaming is discouraged. Residents are urged to return to public school if they can, but otherwise they are helped to develop a skill or get a job. "The important thing is to remain flexible and not force kids into situations where they are going to end up fighting," says Reilly. He makes sure, however, that his boys stay active, join in YMCA activities, group outings, clean-up programs, hikes, and an occasional movie. As at most of the houses, there is no set routine. "We take each day at a time," said a counselor at Everett, an all-female resident house in Boston. "It was the routine at the industrial school that was so deadening. We're trying to bring these girls back to life."

The goal at all the houses is to get the residents feeling ready to return home. "Most of these kids, when they ran away from the institutions, would go home anyway," Miller explained. "That's why they were so easy to catch. So we decided to accept this fact and start pumping the counseling clinics and other support right into the same community. If a kid doesn't want to live at home, that should be his decision. But nine times out of ten he does. So we have to help him there."

Helping the kids where they live is the job of the growing Parole Volunteer Program, in which trained volunteers are assigned to act as friends, counselors, and tutors in a strong aftercare program. The volunteers spend at least two evenings a week with the parolees and most weekends as well, performing part of the function that was served in the group home, but on a one-on-one basis.

It is this kind of care—for all youths—that Miller is working toward as an ultimate goal. "There is that small percentage of kids who are just too disturbed to have any freedom, but the majority of juvenile offenders—like the majority of people in jails—can do better in a community situation. When we closed the reform schools, we had to have somewhere to put the kids, and that was the essential function of the halfway houses in the beginning. The problem was getting them into the community."

Obviously, there are communities—a majority of communities—that don't want halfway houses. The situation in Malden, an Irish and Italian middle-class Boston suburb, was typical. Attorney Charles Kelly explained:

"They came here last January and said they wanted to turn this large, empty house that was right across the street from the junior high school into a halfway house. They had a public meeting, and the people were so irate they shouted down the men who were speaking for the house. I've never seen so much emotion.

"But you can see why people don't want it," Kelly said. "I've got four little girls, and it's not uncommon for them to want to walk downtown for some candy or a comic book. What if you have a halfway house that's fantastically lucky

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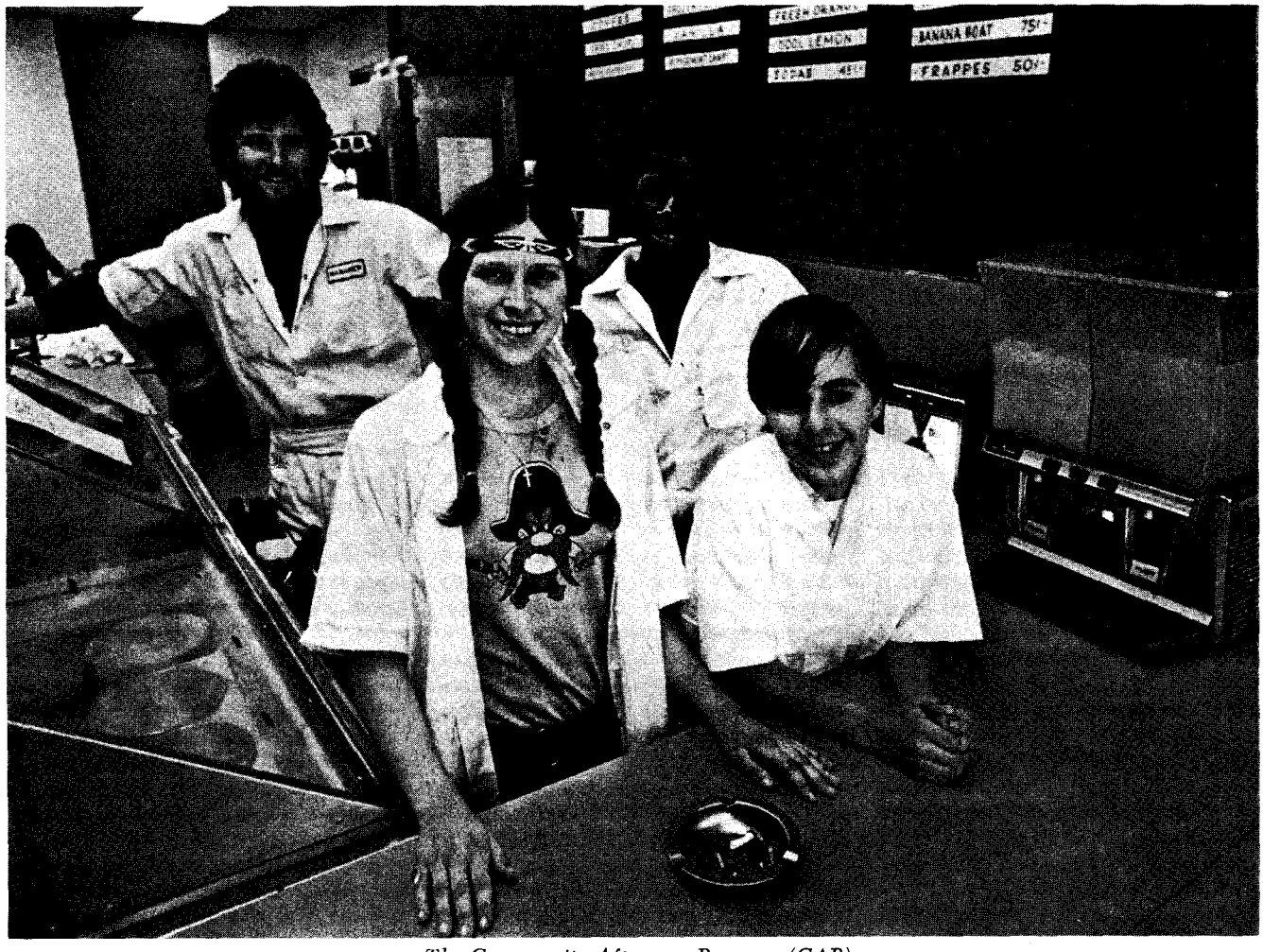

The Community Aftercare Program (CAP) in Boston has provided a counseling service for several dozen reform school parolees and helped others open their own business enterprise, a now-profitable ice cream parlor.

and thirteen kids out of fifteen are okay? You still have those two who aren't. I don't want my little girls to be in danger from those criminals.

"My contention is that you reopen the reform schools and put the kids in categories. The kids in 'A' category can be put two to a room. Let them have a baseball team, give them a good vocational program, maybe even let them go home on weekends and holidays. The 'B' kids, who are a little harder to deal with, get fewer privileges. You get more stringent as you go down the line. You run the reform school almost like a private military academy.

"I'm not saying Dr. Miller isn't a good-willed person, and I bear him no malice," says Kelly. "But *he* doesn't have any children."

For better or worse, Dr. Miller would say he has more than 1,000 children, and he's trying to get more. "In a way, lawyers are working against our program. They are naturally trying to get their clients off. We're trying to get them *on*—get them into a situation where they have care and counseling. We don't want to wait for the fifth offense. We want to prevent the second."

Dr. Miller is stubbornly single-minded in answering his critics with one word repeated over and over again: "Recidivism! People used to look at an institution and ask the standard questions. Is it staying within its budget? Is the staff happy? Are there many incidents? If the answers to those questions were okay, then the people would figure the institution was okay, even when the recidivism rate was 80 per cent.

"Institutions simply do not work. They cost too much and fail miserably at what we want them to do. This is not a popular idea, and we have to deal with our enemies. And it's the liberals who sympathize with our aims but caution us to move slowly who worry me. If the program is ever done in, it will be the liberals who are responsible. The hard-hats, we can handle."

Some of the "hard-hats," however, are the 900 reform school employees who are still on the DYS payroll, even though they serve no function. "Jerry Miller is a beautiful idealist and a brilliant politician," says one of his assistants. "But he is a lousy administrator."

"Dr. Jerome Miller is moving far too fast and making dangerous mistakes," says Rep. Robert J. McGinn, who heads the state taxation committee, which seems dedicated to ousting Miller and restoring the traditional reform school system. "The things he is doing and proposing are ridiculous!"

Mrs. Sargent, however, says she's absolutely sold on what Miller is doing. "The governor and I are both convinced that he's moving in the right direction. The communities will have to learn to accept these changes and to come into these halfway houses and help keep things going. And the kids are going to have to accept the community, too, and accept society. There's just so much learning that has to be done."

"I learned something in reform school," says JoJo, a fifteen-year-old halfway house resident. "I learned how to disconnect a burglar alarm system." □

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The Tolstoy Connection

BY MARY McCARTHY

AUGUST 1914. By Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Translated by Michael Glenny. 622 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $10.

For Western readers this is a difficult book. The geography is unfamiliar; the logistics are bewildering to anybody but a military specialist; and the chronology is not easy to follow since the scene keeps shifting and many events overlap. Here the author has, in fact, been helpful, taking pains to scatter unobtrusive dates in each of the episodes (there are sixty-four chapters, which comprise fifty-five episodes told in direct narration, two flashbacks, four summaries, three montages of newspaper clippings) as they unroll, sometimes simultaneously, sometimes in sequence, during the fatal month of August 1914.

In the first chapter, laid in the remote steppes of the southern Caucasus, a young volunteer waiting for his train on the station platform buys newspapers reporting the Russian victory of Gumbinnen, which, as we later learn, took place August 7 in far-off East Prussia. Therefore the book must begin on August 8 or, more likely, 9. In Chapter 4, the following morning, a young woman on an estate in the northern Caucasus by which the volunteer's train has just passed has received "such a happy letter" from a lieutenant in the field who has not yet seen battle; this letter—as we discover 510 pages later, in Chapter 59—was postmarked August 5, at Ostrolenka, in eastern Poland. Even if the passage of the volunteer's train had not told us what day it was, we would know that it was some time during the week before August 15, because the young woman's parents are keeping the fast preceding the Assumption of the Virgin, and there is no meat or milk on the breakfast table. On the previous Friday there has been an eclipse of the sun, which, for students of astronomy, will place the chapter celestially. Throughout the novel holy days and saints' days are imprinted in the characters' awareness, marking the calendar dates. The peak of the action is reached on the Day of the Assumption, August 15, which saw the disaster —for the Russians—of the battle of Tannenberg, recorded in history as the German Cannae (Hannibal's encirclement and annihilation of the Romans) but here shown less as a clear-cut battle than as a diffuse series of groping movements toward and away from the enemy on the part of Russian troops lost in a sandy forest and playing a nightmare game of blindman's buff.

The beautiful dovetailing of Solzhenitsyn's timetable, with its inlaid and often barely visible, almost watermark-like pattern, is clear enough to those who take the trouble to trace it. But the reader seeking light from Western sources will only become more confused unless he is warned that the author is using the old Julian calendar, in force in Russia until 1918. If, as I did, he tries consulting Winston Churchill's *The Unknown War* (1931) to make events tally, he should subtract thirteen days from Churchill's time-calculation or add thirteen to Solzhenitsyn's. The same for the *Britannica*, twelfth and thirteenth editions.

As for geography, the publisher has supplied a map in the form of end papers, but this is inadequate to the needs of a lay Western reader who really wants to understand what is going on in the novel. I am told that even for a Russian who was alive in 1914 the text is hard to follow, not because of any stylistic obscurity, but because of the dense thicket of military tactics and strategy he must work his way through. If ever a novel called for visual aids, this is it. What are wanted are military maps and diagrams showing troop positions and movements throughout the crucial days of mid-August, how the four-and-a-half corps of the Second (Samsonov's) Army were deployed, the placement of the cavalry divisions on the flanks, plus a table of the names of the five commanding generals, of the generals who served under them, and of those who commanded cavalry divisions. Footnotes or an explicatory preface describing the structure of a czarist division, regiment, battalion, right down to company, would also be useful, and perhaps some identification of the historical persons in the novel.

I admit that at the beginning I took

Russian soldiers surrender at Tannenberg

Mary McCarthy's most recent book is Medina.

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General Samsonov (partly because of his name) for a fictional character, a bemused, broad-browed, overweight, asthmatic Samson among the Philistines of his staff and Army Group Headquarters. Of course, no Russian would make that mistake, any more than we would about General Pershing or Joffre. But I should still like to be sure that Colonel Vorotyntsev, the novel's other hero and its searchlight intelligence, is imaginary (as the translator, Michael Glenny, declares in a *Life* article) or at least partly real. In the Grünfliess Forest, wounded and leading a small group of men to find a way out of the enchanted German ring of encirclement, Vorotyntsev abruptly tells one of them that he knows he will come out alive because an old Chinaman told his fortune when he was serving in Manchuria: He will not be killed in any war but will die a soldier's death at the age of sixty-nine—that is, in 1945. Does this riddle mean that we might find his name among those of officers shot by Stalin in that year—the date of Solzhenitsyn's own arrest? Such a gently dropped clue, a pebble in the forest, would be characteristic of this author's way of working. The reader might also like to know (a fact I found in the *Britannica*) that General Rennenkampf, commander of the First Army and one of the book's many high-placed villains, was shot by the Bolsheviks in 1918.

There is double reason to regret that the publisher has done almost nothing —beyond printing it in English—to make the book accessible to the ordinary American reader. It is in need of a pathfinder or friendly scout, because in other ways, having nothing to do with what corps the Kaluga regiment served in or who was General Sirelius, *August 1914* is going to be disorienting to current Western sensibility. It is likely to be put down in anger or dismissed as dated in its techniques (which is true, especially of the streamlined, "modernistic," silver-screen inserts when the author switches to film scenario), corny (true, too, sometimes: "mounted, as always, on his powerful stallion," "moving freely now at his full, magnificent height"), and, anyway, impossible to finish. To be fair to the book will not be easy for many readers, particularly those who like an author to conform to their own notions of political good manners. Solzhenitsyn himself, to say it straight out, is rude and unfair in his novel to a whole category of society: the "liberals" and "advanced circles" of 1914, those who opposed the war and patriotic sentiments, who yearned, they thought, for revolution, despised religion, authority, tradition, anything respected and handed down. He has it in for those people, just as he would have it in for you and me, if he could overhear us talking. His standards are harsh and simple. There is one test he applies to each and all of his characters: What is their attitude to military service? Among men of draft age the bad are readily identifiable: They avoid conscription, they serve unwillingly, they have contempt for the colors and/or run away under fire. Among regular officers they are the ones who serve from ambition to get good marks in the rating book and promote their careers. Among the rest—mostly women and girls—the bad, who are more silly than wicked, reveal their trivial natures by denouncing patriotic demonstrations and doing everything in their power to deter their sons and schoolmates from joining up. The good serve their country, sometimes even at the cost of sacrificing principle—like the volunteer of the first chapter, who has been a practicing Tolstoyan, forgoing meat and sensuality—or, if too old to serve, defend it with their sympathy even when they are Jews and members of a liberal milieu deeply opposed to the pogromistic tendencies of the government.

It is not a question of *approving* of the war; few of the good do, and to the more educated and wiser among them the war is a tragedy that will set progressive forces in Russia back ten years, twenty, a generation. Rather, it is a question of being willing to take one's part in the tragedy or not. The central ethic of the novel is one of sharing, and the characters are judged by whether, in their souls, they are sharers or hoarders. The prosperous draft-dodger on his "economy" in the Kuban hoards his worthless life; the enlightened liberal hoards his little store of second-hand ideas, which he regards as principles too valuable to sacrifice. From the author's point of view, they are both looking out for Number One, like the cowardly, self-serving generals; the difference is that the liberals and "advanced people" do not know it.

None of this can sit very well with American liberals, who have consistently sought to dissuade young men from sharing in the Vietnamese tragedy. Does the shoe fit or not? Well, let's try it on. Russia, after all, was fighting a powerful neighbor far better equipped technologically than itself and capable of overrunning its territories—not a tiny "backward" country at the other end of the world. We can breathe easier: Solzhenitsyn would not want us to support Nixon's bombers; surely not.

A better parallel might be with World War II, which was opposed by a splinter of American radicals (including myself) with many of the same arguments advanced in *August 1914* by that highly unpleasant character, Ensign Lenartovich, and a chorus of two Rostov students shrilly maintaining that

ALEXANDER ISAIYEVICH SOLZHENITSYN was born in the Caucasus on December 11, 1918. He attended Rostov University, married a fellow student, and taught physics before being conscripted in 1941. Twice decorated, he served at the front until 1945, when he was arrested and sentenced to eight years in the labor camps for remarks in an intercepted letter that were unfavorable to Stalin. At the expiration of his sentence, he was condemned to "perpetual exile"; full "rehabilitation" did not come until 1957. During these years he was hospitalized several times for stomach cancer; he also began work on his first two novels, *The First Circle* and *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. In November 1962, at Khrushchev's direction, *Novy Mir* magazine published *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, bringing Solzhenitsyn immediate recognition as one of Russia's most important writers. During the next five years Solzhenitsyn wrote *Cancer Ward* and completed *The First Circle;* but censorship was closing in again, and in 1968 *Novy Mir* was forced to abandon publication of *Cancer Ward*, which had already been set in type. The following year Solzhenitsyn was expelled from the Writers' Union. In October 1970 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature; he accepted it but was not allowed to attend the ceremonies in Stockholm, and the Soviet government has prevented alternative ceremonies.

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich was published in English in 1963, *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward* in 1968. *August 1914*, the first volume of a trilogy, is being published simultaneously here and in England on September 18. □

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the real enemy is capitalism.

But this parallel is not right either, for, as I now believe, the war against Hitler was necessary (no other means has ever been suggested for closing the gas ovens), and Solzhenitsyn is not talking about necessary wars or justified wars but about a war that, unjustified on either side, was nevertheless endured and suffered by the masses, from whose blood sacrifice, in his opinion, nobody, once it began, should have held himself aloof. He also seems to be saying that the Russian defeat, in which defeatist liberals played a part, led to the avoidable catastrophe of Bolshevism—a debatable proposition, since it is based not simply on an ethic but on a cause-and-effect sequence. Was October 1917 avoidable, in the long run, and was it inevitably and by definition a catastrophe? Did the Lenartoviches "cause" Stalin?

It is hard to read this volume without an eye nervously straying to current events and one's own responsibility in them. The temptation to do so has been put there by Solzhenitsyn himself, who clearly intends his reader to draw inferences from what he describes and apply the lesson to present-day life. Unlike the usual historical novel, far from offering escape into scenes of antique battle and undisturbed folkways, this book constantly, insistently brings one back to the present, as if the errors, sins, and follies of 1914 were still corrigible if one would only take them to heart.

Occasionally, on the strategic and tactical plane, the book seems merely to be refighting the Masurian Lakes campaign, and this time winning it—thanks to the clear-eyed Colonel Vorotyntsev, promoted in our imagination to full general. But the underlying engagement is for our contemporary hearts and minds. The author is urging us to turn away from the terrible encircling trap of revolutionary ideology and take the safer course of gradualism and inch-by-inch social progress. Yet to trust in progress today, when no cure for the body politic but surgery is visible, seems old fashioned, almost simple minded. It would take a Rip van Winkle still to hope for gradual betterment through reforms. Solzhenitsyn must be aware of this and aware also that "reformist" is a term of vilification in the Soviet Union and not a banner to fight under anywhere, unless perhaps in some crusade for simplified spelling or an intramural church struggle. It is as if his book had been designed to offend "advanced people" wherever they are to be found—revolutionaries, real and false, all those who wish, at least in thought, to be ahead of their time rather than behind it or in the middle of it.

Bravery is one of the highest values in *August 1914*, and the author exemplifies it in his own person to an almost alarming degree. He takes no protective measures whatever against the criticism he must have foreseen from Soviet literary officialdom and from many independent leftist writers in the outside world who have supported him up to now. Take, for instance, the question of class origins. The two principal figures, both deeply sympathetic, are a general and a colonel: Samsonov and Vorotyntsev. The great majority of the characters we come to admire or like belong to the gentry or the property-owning kulak class: Colonel Pervushin, Colonel Kabanov, General Nechvolodov, General Martos, Colonel Khakovskoy, the two Colonels Smylovsky, Lieutenant Kharitonov, Colonel Krymov, the volunteer Isaakii and his friend Kolya, both students. A giant peasant, Arsenii, whom Vorotyntsev takes as his orderly, is simple, good, brave, and extremely capable. An artillery sergeant-major, Terenty Chernega, a rough diamond, ranks high for competence and dauntless resolution. The peasant conscripts in the mass, "those trusting bearded men, those friendly eyes, those placid, selfless faces," are proved to have immense courage and endurance when put to the test—in particular the men of the Vyborg, Estland, Neva, and Dorogobuzh regiments—but few individuals stand out among them. On the negative side, there are scenes of Russian peasants looting the German towns, and the fact that their officers are looting, too, in a genteel way that makes it look more like a leisurely shopping tour, does not equalize the picture, not at any rate to Soviet-style critics, who measure with a ruler. From a Soviet point of view, the amount of favorable space allotted to individuals of the officer class is utterly disproportionate. And why, these critics will ask, does Solzhenitsyn not show us a single proletarian?

Of course, in such a story, which is a story of leadership and its collapse, the chief actors will inevitably be officers. But hostile reviewers are unlikely to find the explanation there, in the most natural and obvious place; rather, they will look for it in Solzhenitsyn's "psychology." A frequent slur cast on him is that he comes from the officer class, which is both false and true. Solzhenitsyn's father was a lieutenant in the czarist army and a Tolstoyan (like the boy Isaakii, who is evidently drawn from him—his last name is Lazhenitsyn); the family were well-to-do peasants forcibly settled by Peter the Great in Cossack territory. Yet, even if Solzhenitsyn is excused by his censors for extending sympathy to men like Samsonov, Vorotyntsev, and the various gallant colonels—who, after all, were patriots and have long ago passed into history—what about his unconcealed approval of "military" ideas of discipline, duty, command. Soviet Russians may not find much to object to here. But American liberals? And their children?

The generals in the book who send lying dispatches, disobey orders, cover up, and run away are held up to scorn, not for being militarists, but for being bad militarists who fail in their duty. Samsonov, who is no genius but honest and duteous, offers a touching contrast in his respect for the code of honor.

Still, courage, discipline, a high sense of duty both to those above and below, are not the unique property of men in the regular army who feel honor-bound by its rules. These qualities are also found in revolutionaries. And the bias of this opening volume of Solzhenitsyn's chronicle (the next will be *October 1916*) appears in the fact that the only so-called revolutionary we really get to know (and that one must say "so-called" tells a lot) is the despicable Ensign Lenartovich, who has not the slightest sense of duty and deserts his unit at a crucial moment with the excuse that his skin is too valuable to the workers to be left in the field. His cowardly desertion and striking out for himself (he wants to go over to the Germans and explain to them that he is a Socialist) is a breach of trust with the sole examples he knows of the oppressed masses he claims to be for—the men serving under him. He does not waste a thought on what will happen to them. Such a character is not basically implausible; there may have been many of him in the Czar's army. Yet he is rather thinly realized and uninteresting. The shallowness of Lenar-

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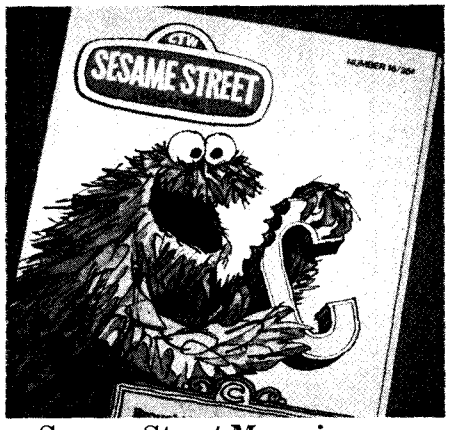

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tovich (even granting that he is conceived as a shallow person) shows a failure of justice on the author's part—understandable, God knows, humanly, after what he has suffered and seen others suffer because of the "ideas" of such embryo theorists, but in the author-as-novelist a shortcoming nonetheless. Tolstoy, one feels, would have gone deeper into Lenartovich, as he did with such a worldling as Vronsky, whose whole way of life he held in contempt and loathing. He would have probed, overcoming distaste, holding his broad nose if necessary, till he found a wretched fellow creature in the weak, complacent, sloganized young man. In Tolstoy's universe, cowardice in war is not so damning, i.e., so "revealing."

Nevertheless, when this is said, I have to remember that the scene of Lenartovich in the forest, with all its onesidedness, is magnificent. He has been found, sitting on a tree stump, by Vorotyntsev and his party, which at this point consists of only two—the giant peasant, Arsenii, and the young lieutenant from Rostov, Lieutenant Kharitonov, who has been released from a hospital with concussion and is trying to rejoin his unit. The opposite of Lenartovich, who does not have a scratch on him and is blubbering about having "nearly been killed" in a potato field by Germans. Lenartovich lies to Vorotyntsev about why he is not with his regiment, and Vorotyntsev sizes him up correctly as a deserter. Yet he takes him on as a responsibility. Lenartovich, sizing *him* up, decides to play along: Maybe this smart colonel can outwit the Germans and get the party through the line. Next they come upon a group of peasant soldiers from the Dorogobuzh regiment carrying two stretchers, one with the body of their dead colonel, which they are taking home for burial, and the other with a wounded lieutenant who is wrapped in the regimental colors. Carrying those heavy stretchers, these last survivors of a regiment that was cut to pieces covering the retreat of others in a heroic rearguard action have traveled more than twenty-five miles along forest paths, up and down hill, through the German lines. The opposite of Lenartovich.

At Vorotyntsev's invitation the two groups join up. Lenartovich is horror-struck. Is Vorotyntsev going to risk their own safety by taking on a dead body and a stretcher case? He cannot understand why "this clear-headed colonel was giving in to the ridiculous obscurantist notions of these peasant reservists from the darkest corners of Russia." He revises his opinion of Vorotyntsev sharply downward and becomes even more impatient and resentful when Vorotyntsev obliges him to take a front pole of the dead man's stretcher, he himself shouldering the other. Lenartovich has figured out that the wounded lieutenant, obviously a reactionary, has wrapped himself in the colors as a ruse to make those superstitious fools carry him: The whole procession is a disgusting, dangerous farce. But Vorotyntsev, when they come at last to a resting place, turns out to have a plan. He finds a sunny burial spot on a little hill and explains to the men that they are going to bury Colonel Kabanov now. They accept (the more willingly, Lenartovich perceives, because he and the colonel have been sharing the burden of the body), and the grave is dug. There follows a funeral service, with Arsenii—who, it comes out, has sung in his church choir—intoning the prayers for the dead "in his strong diaconal voice" and leading the responses.

Lenartovich stands aside, with a twisted smile of condescension, not adding his voice to the responses, but his head is bared. Once the body is buried, there is still the problem of the wounded lieutenant they are carrying. Vorotyntsev makes no allusion to this, and they go forward with the stretcher till they are near the spot he has selected for them to try to cross the German-held main road. They wait for night. Then the reactionary lieutenant shows that he "knows his duty." Volunteering to stay behind, he invites the men to unwind the colors from his body, which they do; a peasant is wrapped in them. But, at the last minute, colors or not, they decline to accept his sacrifice. The strongest of the reservists, as they start to cross the road under machine-gun fire, picks up the lieutenant and hoists him onto his shoulder. The stretcher is left behind in the wood.

Now if you subtract Lenartovich from these happenings, which occupy three separate chapters, you see that the narrative is not the same without him—less forceful, less strangely moving. He, the deserter, is essential to that motley group in the woods, by no means all "good" men but sharing some natural wisdom he lacks. The ensign's very apartness from the others, his quality of onlooker, his coldness and self-satisfaction, his indifference to the colors, his irreligion, complete and sharpen the picture like the introduction of a shadow. If all this is a lesson, there must be someone present whom the lesson is aimed at—a heathen, in fact. Though perhaps not entirely irredeemable. Vorotyntsev thinks he has the makings of an officer in him—an estimate Lenartovich would angrily reject if he could see the thought running through the colonel's head. But if

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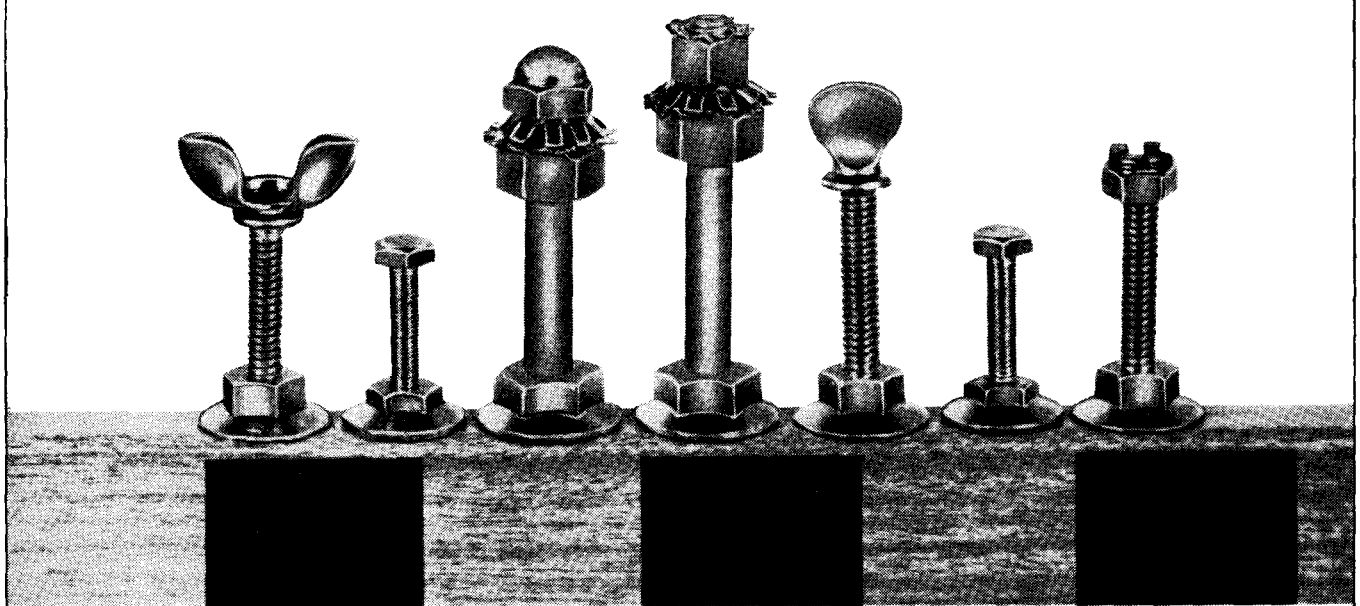

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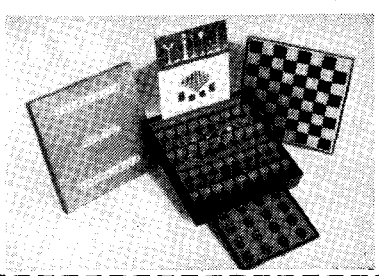

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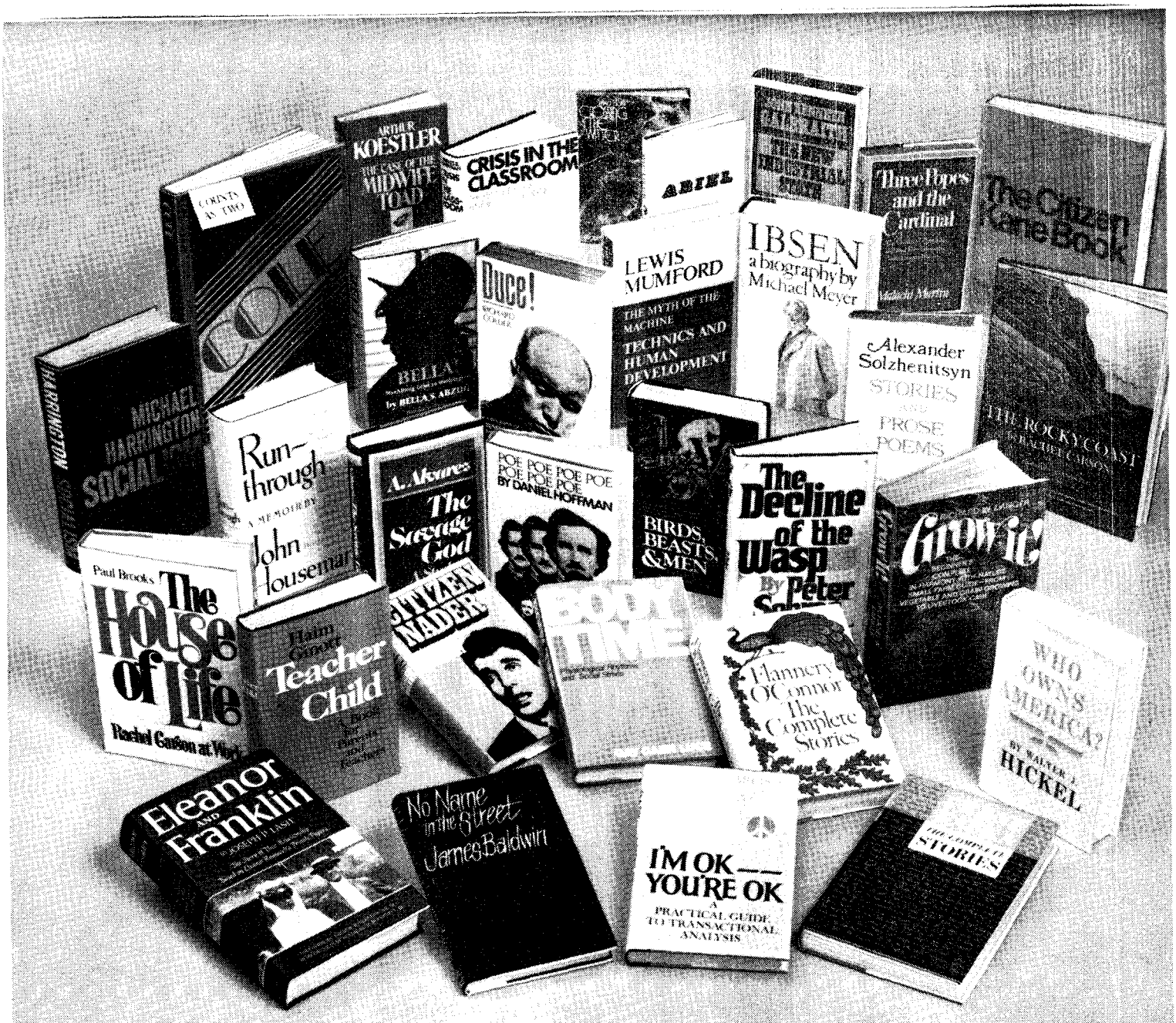

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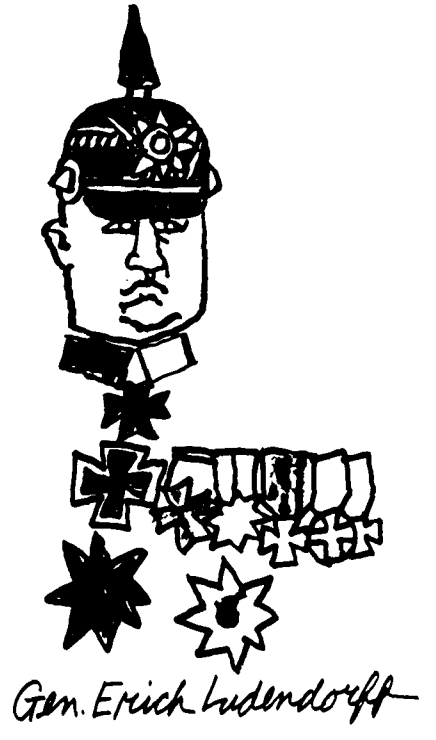
the potential for good in Lenartovich had been explored for the reader, in other words, if his creator had treated him more fairly, shown him to us "in the round," the very chiaroscuro of the effect I have just tried to describe would vanish. This novel is *not* the work of a liberal imagination, and its strong alternations of light and shade are essential to its particular vision, which is less close to the optics of *War and Peace* than to moralized myth whose beginning is the Separation of Light from Darkness.

The Masurian Lakes campaign is taken by Solzhenitsyn as the text for a sermon interspersed with cautionary tales and deriving much of its force from the natural setting of wilderness, menacing lakes, isthmuses, deep pine and oak woods. The failure of leadership to guide the men through the uneven, broken terrain, moral as well as topographical, is ascribed, though—and this is a surprise—more to plain stupidity than to any of the more familiar vices. The stupid generals of Army Group Headquarters, ignorantly directing the movements of Samsonov's and Rennenkampf's armies, issuing idiotic orders and insane counter-orders, neglecting the most elementary details of supply and transport, so that the men march five days beside a railroad track when they might have been sent by train and go into the attack hungry having received no bread rations and often not even hardtack; the stupid, lethargic corps commanders who order a retreat when their men are winning a battle, fail to send up reinforcements in a tight squeeze, do not notice a large gap in the defense perimeter, mistake two columns of advancing Germans for a Russian relief force and do not dispatch scouts to investigate, send out uncoded wireless messages, so that the amazed Germans are informed of their orders of the day and troop dispositions; and behind all these fools, the jackasses of the General Staff under the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Nikolai, himself rather intelligent and alert but too fearful of court intrigues to use seriously his power as commander-in-chief to fire his incompetent and well-connected subordinates. All this massed and beribboned stupidity is seen as a kind of opaqueness, density, darkness of mind into which no thought can penetrate, no ray of truth or reason.

The primordial night of these men's minds is, in fact, the source of their cunning, lies, and incessant evasions, their adroitness in bureaucratic in-fighting, and avoidance of responsibility—an adroitness of maneuver and power of anticipation that they pitifully lack on the field. Stupidity is the mother of calculation; the task of covering up their incompetence stimulates their brain-power to an unremitting and feverish activity.

In contrast to the prevailing idiocy of the Russian command (an exception is General Martos, commander of XV Corps, a lively, intelligent man and brave as well), Solzhenitsyn sets the efficiency, good organization, and technical competence of the Germans. He admires German management, which he sees as progressive and enlightened, an example the Russians ought to have taken to heart. Yet, among the German generals he notes degrees and shadings of mental capacity. On the German side the outstanding brain is Hermann von Francois, too conceited to be respected as a man by Solzhenitsyn but, as a general, brave, brilliant, agile, resourceful. Solzhenitsyn attributes the victory of Tannenberg entirely to von Francois, and Churchill concurs, although, at the time he wrote, Ludendorff had been assigning himself the credit. Von Francois was successful, because (although, like Martos, he was a mere corps commander) he was not afraid to go over the heads of the cautious and pedantic Ludendorff, his wooden superior, Hindenburg and the General Staff itself to complain directly to the Kaiser when his projects were being thwarted. Nor did the Kaiser let protocol stop him from telephoning to von Francois in the field to hear his opinion on the correct deployment of his corps. That such a relation is possible is proof in itself of German superiority. Among the more pathetic documents cited by Solzhenitsyn are two Russian soldiers' jingles, one mocking the Kaiser, who is represented on a postcard as a miserable tomcat—"So who leads the German army? Willy Whiskers—stupid cat!"—the other mocking von Francois—"O Hermann the German, you're wicked and silly! Almost as bad as that fool Kaiser Willy!" Von Francois also had the sense, when he did not get the orders he liked, to disobey the orders he got; in an intelligent man Solzhenitsyn excuses and even applauds this.



As further contrast to the ponderous stupidity at the top of the Russian command, which was also top-heavy (there were too many generals in the Czar's army), the author lets us see the intelligence and skill of many field officers, ranking down from colonel to captain, and the quick apprehension and perceptiveness of common soldiers like Arsenii, who cannot read and takes a German grand piano for a funny kind of black billiard table. The human resources and learning skills of the Russian people never cease to delight and astonish Vorotyntsev whenever he comes upon them. And whenever he meets intelligence, it goes hand and hand with bravery. In Solzhenitsyn's mind these qualities appear to be linked, as if in a holy marriage. No brave man can be wholly stupid, and no darkened mind venturesome. Whether this is true or not (which may depend on your definition of intelligence and of bravery), Solzhenitsyn, I think, loves intelligence because for him this faculty or its free exercise comes as much from the heart as from the brain. Lenartovich, whose judgments are almost infallibly wrong, illustrates the fact that nobody can be more stupid than a highly trained intellectual.

In any case there can be no doubt that in the present novel intelligence, whenever it shows itself, produces an effect of sheer joy comparable to the sensation of coming into a clearing in the woods. The circumstances of war, testing responses at every turn and with unexpected results in terms of rank and education, isolate this faculty and render it more valuable, more indispensable for survival than it is in ordinary life. At the same time, absence of it or momentary failures of it are much more conspicuous, taking the form of colossal blunders, for which somebody is going to be blamed.

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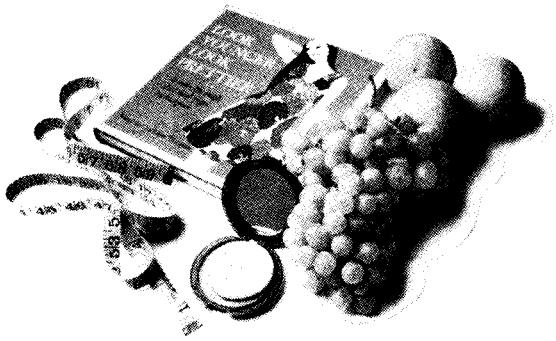

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NHDWU SX JGH VMWBC
QMO FDQ YXMV GSF IQ JG-
SU USTX, JGDJ JGH COXR-
HU DWHDBB SX RMXLHCH-
WDRQ DTDSXUJGSF.

UVSLJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1523

Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it.

Oscar Wilde

WIT TWISTER NO. 289

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The joiner – – – – – – his
spouse, despite her pains,
And slew her with her lover
where they lay.
True to his trade, he – – – – –
– their remains
In skillful haste, then – – – –
– – them away.

A. S.

(Answer on page 99)

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gust 11), he finds Samsonov still in eastern Poland, comfortably installed in his headquarters and enjoying a predinner rest. He has in fact been lying down, in his stocking feet, with his military tunic off, the picture of unruffled tranquillity, though his mind is uneasy because his superior, General Zhilinsky, at Army Group Headquarters, back in Bialystok, has been sending him impossible orders to keep pushing his troops ahead, though they have been nine days on the march already without the regulation day's rest, and they need a halt anyway for supplies to catch up with them; their rations are running out. Besides, it worries him that he has had no information about the enemy's whereabouts, nor about that of the First Army, to his right, nothing has come in from cavalry reconnaissance or from Army Group Headquarters. It is five days since his troops crossed the East Prussian frontier; the worn-out men have been advancing through an eerie, deserted countryside. For three days they did not see a German or hear a shot fired. Another irritation: Zhilinsky has taken two of his corps away from him, leaving him with three-and-a-half, while the invisible and, as it turns out, inactive Rennenkampf somewhere to the northeast has seven. Army Group Headquarters is confident that the German forces are up there facing Rennenkampf in the north, where they can be cornered and destroyed. Samsonov's instinct tells him that they are somewhere on his left, to the southwest of Rennenkampf: Why, after being defeated at Gumbinnen, would they just stand still in that marshy lake region waiting to be trapped? Zhilinsky will not listen and every day orders him to move his army farther right (i.e., to the northeast), while Samsonov, pursuing his instinct, is edging his forces left, where he is sure the Germans are. Sure enough, that day he has had confirmation. Contact has finally been made; yesterday a unit of General Martos's XV Corps, on the *left* of the left center, has wheeled *left* and caught the enemy, defeated him, and forced him back. This has been the Battle of Orlau, August 10.

The sudden appearance of Vorotyntsev in his peaceful headquarters, on top of the news of this victory, galvanizes the corpulent Samsonov, who quickly orders his boots and tunic and places himself behind a desk. Soon he and the staff colonel are standing before a big wall map as he excitedly argues his case, pointing to the pins denoting troop positions, which Vorotyntsev has understood at a glance, and plunging the flag of XV Corps even more firmly into its place. Recognizing from Vorotyntsev's questions that here at last is an intelli-

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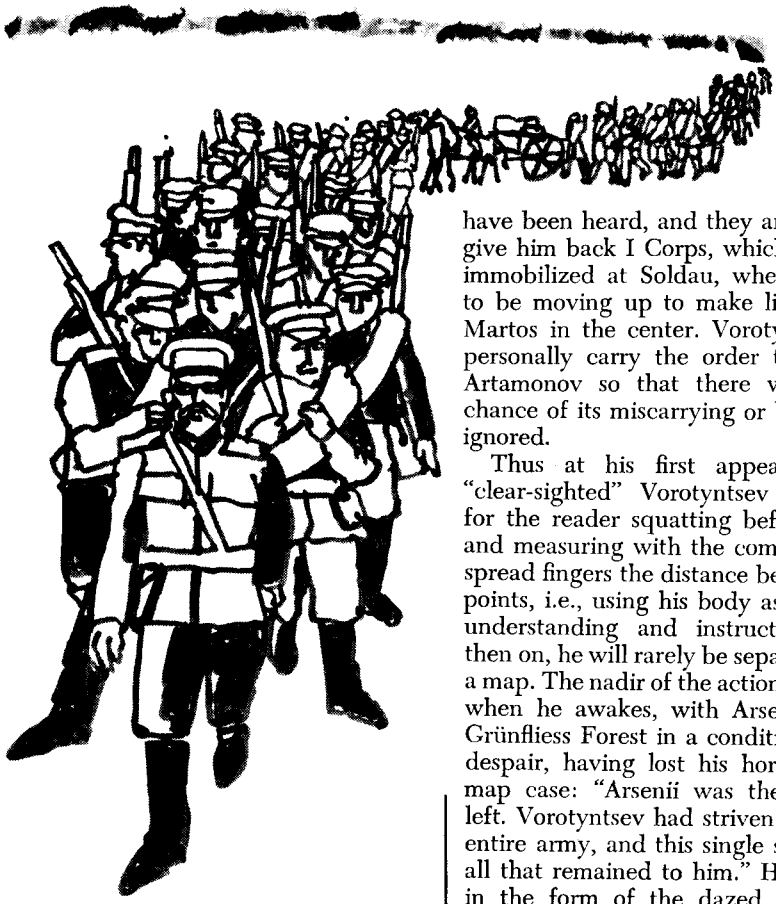

gence, even if a not uncritical one, Samsonov realizes that "in this man God had sent him the very person he lacked on his staff—someone he could talk to." Despite their disparities of endowment, visible in their bodily structures (Mercury to a somewhat out-of-training Hercules), it is a meeting of minds.

Samsonov is by no means a brilliant intellect; his mind works slowly, even heavily, unlike that of the fleet messenger, but they have understood each other at once. Here at Ostrolenka, surrounded by fools and human wolves, hurried on and reprimanded by those other fools and wolves at Bialystok, Samsonov's greatest yearning is to have time to *think*; there is an unpleasant buzzing in his head that disturbs his concentration, and he is aware that there is some vital factor in the situation that eludes him. And yet he is *right*, and Zhilinsky is wrong, and, behold, Vorotyntsev *agrees*. What is more, Vorotyntsev shows him where he is making a mistake; using his fingers as a compass, he indicates to the general that his headquarters are now six day's march from the front line—much too far away. Samsonov immediately feels himself blush; he had not noticed. Tomorrow he will move his headquarters to Neidenburg. Yes, God has sent this man. Moreover, the wonder-worker has brought an incredible message: Samsonov's prayers have been heard, and they are going to give him back I Corps, which has been immobilized at Soldau, when it ought to be moving up to make liaison with Martos in the center. Vorotyntsev will personally carry the order to General Artamonov so that there will be no chance of its miscarrying or being slyly ignored.

Thus at his first appearance the "clear-sighted" Vorotyntsev is placed for the reader squatting before a map and measuring with the compass of his spread fingers the distance between two points, i.e., using his body as a tool for understanding and instruction. From then on, he will rarely be separated from a map. The nadir of the action is reached when he awakes, with Arsenii, in the Grünfliess Forest in a condition of total despair, having lost his horse and his map case: "Arsenii was the only one left. Vorotyntsev had striven to help an entire army, and this single soldier was all that remained to him." Help arrives in the form of the dazed Lieutenant Kharitonov, who has with him a set of maps he has pinched from the German barracks at Hohenstein, while his men, turned loose like a force of nature on the products of German craft and industry, were grabbing macaroni, preserved veal, beer, sugar biscuits, cocoa, and his fellow officers were grabbing haberdashery, perfume, a child's bicycle, rugs, and ladies' coats. That is, only Kharitonov, one of the book's secondary heroes, has, by a sort of divination and hardly knowing why he does so, looted German property that has real value and is not just an article of consumption. His appearance in the woods is providential, the supply coming to meet the demand, and the superiority of the German maps to the Russian ones points the lesson once again. The map of the forest paths, glued together by Kharitonov in the hospital, is spread out on the ground by Vorotyntsev, who "hovered over it like a falcon over its prey." Thanks to the intelligence drawn from it, the party and the stretcher bearers who will soon join it are saved.

Maps, an improvised compass, binoculars, a Japanese flashlight—these attributes, denoting vision, belong to the half-mythic figure of Vorotyntsev as much as the caduceus and the winged sandals to Mercury. Science and the intelligent use of it are indispensable to practical wisdom. Before they meet Kharitonov, Arsenii proposes that, rather than try to break through, he and the colonel build a hut in the forest and hide in it till winter, staying alive on roots and berries. Hermits, he argues, have done it in the desert. "But we're not monks, we're soldiers!" succinctly retorts Vorotyntsev. General Nechvolodov, a somewhat senior but parallel figure to Vorotyntsev (Is he historical or a fiction?), with the same idea of usefulness, is repeatedly shown gazing through binoculars, and he makes use of a German flashlight, a trophy presented to him by a sergeant; he knows astronomy and astonishes an artillery colonel by being able to tell the time by the stars.

The application of science to the immediate problem of survival is not, though, the ultimate wisdom. The decisive moment in *August 1914* comes when Samsonov, having determined to share the fate of his army, moves his headquarters a second time, from the occupied town of Neidenburg up to Martos's advance post in the field, and disconnects the Hughes teletype. He wants relief from this chattering instrument carrying senseless orders from Zhilinsky and messages that demand reply. The move from civilization into the wilderness allows him to cut it off. Now, ignoring his staff, who are obliged by the rule book, and against their inclination to stick with him, he can be alone with his thoughts. As he rides out at a trot from Neidenburg on that "red-letter day" of August 15, his mind is suddenly clear and confident. Yet, as the reader senses, he has taken his first direct step toward suicide. The decision to cut himself off has a double meaning that he is not yet aware of. The Hughes teletype has been bringing him only useless babble, static, because on the other end there is a group of idiots; so clarity is achieved by silencing it. Yet the gesture also means that he has put himself beyond communication: when Vorotyntsev, who has sent him an urgent letter by a dispatch rider telling him how he can still save the situation, comes to meet him in a field, to say that remnants of the Estland regiment are still holding out, Samsonov seems no longer to recognize him. The colonel too has become part of what is now a general irrelevant noise, like that buzzing in his head that has accompanied him from Ostrolenka and prevented him from thinking.

Has this mental activity, disconnected from any purpose, a significance or value of its own? Perhaps a higher value? Samsonov is a religious man, and the night before his fateful decision, on Assumption eve ("*die höchste Zeit*," he has been murmuring to himself, "the high-

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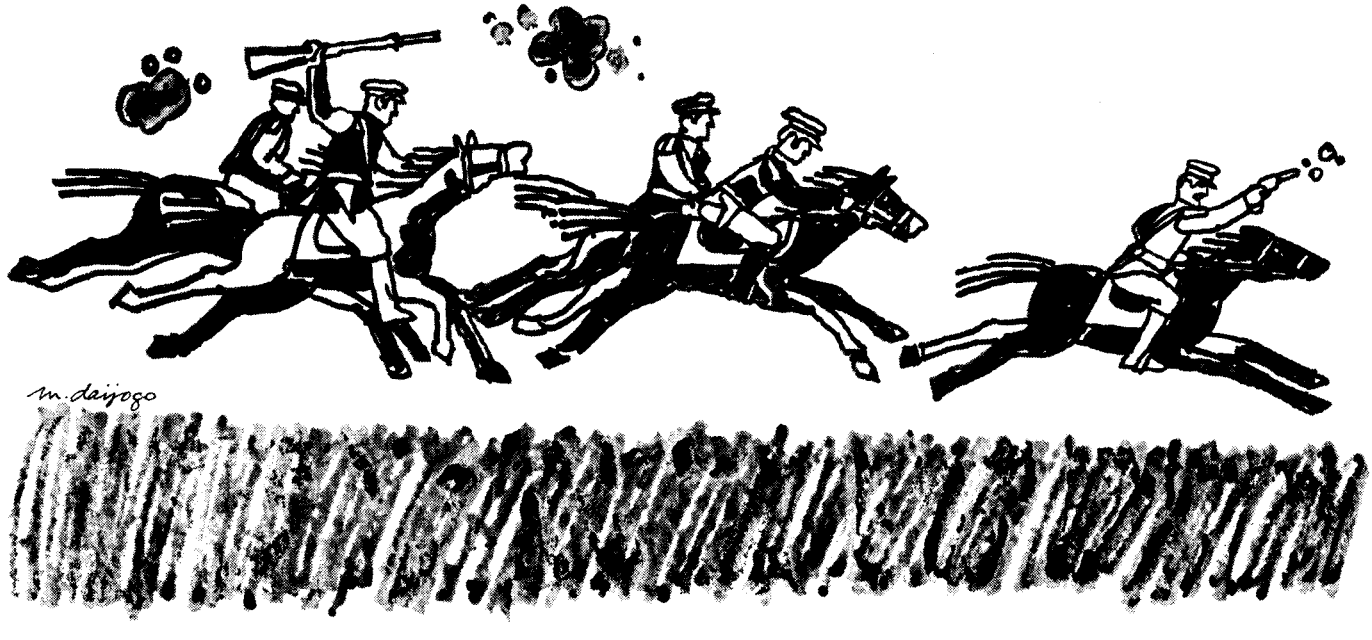
est time"), we have seen him at prayer. The notion of a peak of time has come to him as a clear thought piercing the darkness. A phrase from a German school book, *"es war die Höchste Zeit sich zu retten"* ("it was high time to escape"), referring to Napoleon in burning Moscow, has floated back into his memory and fused, we suppose, with a holy image of the Virgin mounting upward borne by angels. There is a message for him in it, he feels; it is high time for him to do something, if he could only make out what. During the night he has waked up sweating with the word "assume" in his ears: "Assume command"? "I assume thee into my keeping"? In fact, his time is accomplished. The next morning, having disconnected the teletype, he will be with Martos, near Nadrau.

When Vorotyntsev hurriedly rides up on August 16, the Feast of the Uncreated Image of Christ, he finds Samsonov in a field near Orlau, saying farewell to the remnants of his army, taking off his cap and thanking them. He has moved his headquarters again during the night to get away from the advancing Germans; except for a few disciplined units, his troops are fleeing everywhere. Something might still have been salvaged, since the German encirclement is not yet complete. But Samsonov, to all intents and purposes, is no longer in command. That afternoon, he moves once more or, rather, is moved, like a bulky, powerless idol, jostling in a cart with his chief of staff, whom he can no longer even bother to despise. He is in a trance, buried in thought, which he emerges from to declare suddenly that he is going back, alone, to find XV Corps. His staff dissuades him. Next they are on foot; he is letting those men tear off his epaulets and bury them. Early the next morning, August 17, he slips away from them and hides in the woods. When they are gone, he kneels down in a clearing, and, begging God's forgiveness, he shoots himself.

These scenes of Samsonov mounting to his destiny while descending the staircase of power and authority are truly Shakespearean. There is nothing that I know of in Russian literature to compare them with. The closest is perhaps Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*; *it* is as if the slowly toppling Boris were merged with the fool in the snowstorm. But Boris has been a wicked man, and Samsonov is a good man, if not a very good general, who has done his best, given the circumstances, which are largely out of his control. His awareness of that, of a dimension in experience (not just in generalship) that evades him and yet whose presence he senses, is what makes him a larger and even, yes, wiser being than Vorotyntsev, who so clearly sees what should be done at every juncture, how all may yet be saved if a hole in the line is plugged, how if I Corps can only be joined up to XV Corps, von Francois's encirclement can be smashed and the enemy, in turn, caught in a Russian pincers. . . . This precise, long-range vision, surveying all contingencies like a pair of binoculars sweeping over a distant slope, is limited by its own perceptions. It does not sense, as Samsonov dimly does, uncontrollable factors, i.e., the will of God, which has made everything just as it is and not otherwise: the fatal lakes, himself with all his shortcomings and oversights, the Grand Duke, General Zhilinsky.

Throughout the novel Solzhenitsyn is engaged in a polemic with Tolstoy. He disagrees with Tolstoy's contention in *War and Peace* that "great men" cannot influence the course of events but at best can only swim along with it and await a countercurrent or the turning of the tide. Solzhenitsyn holds that leadership is determining in war and uses examples from the tragic Eastern campaign to prove it. He is also angry with Tolstoy, or so it seems, because of the effect Tolstoy's doctrine of love and nonviolence had on young men of the war generation, persuading them that it was wrong to accept military service. In the first chapter Isaakii meets another Tolstoyan in the railroad station, a rather homely girl whom he has known in school and corresponded with. She reproaches him when she guesses that he is on his way to volunteer and, seeing that her words are making no impression, brings out her final argument: "What about Tolstoy? What would Lev Tolstoy say about it, have you thought of that?" Isaakii has. "I feel sorry for Russia" is his answer. In a more sarcastic vein the author portrays Roman Tomchak, the rich and useless draft-dodger of several early chapters, as a great admirer of Lev Nikolaevich: he has had several oil paintings made of him by an artist in Rostov—Tolstoy scything, Tolstoy holding a plow, Tolstoy standing on his front steps—and has explained to his ignorant father that "to admire Tolstoy was the thing to do among educated people, that he was a count and great national figure. . . ."

Such rather low blows aimed at an author who had died in 1910 (and who would not have reciprocated Tomchak's admiration) seem puzzling, especially in view of the many Tolstoyan elements in Solzhenitsyn's own writing and general outlook, even if a desire to make



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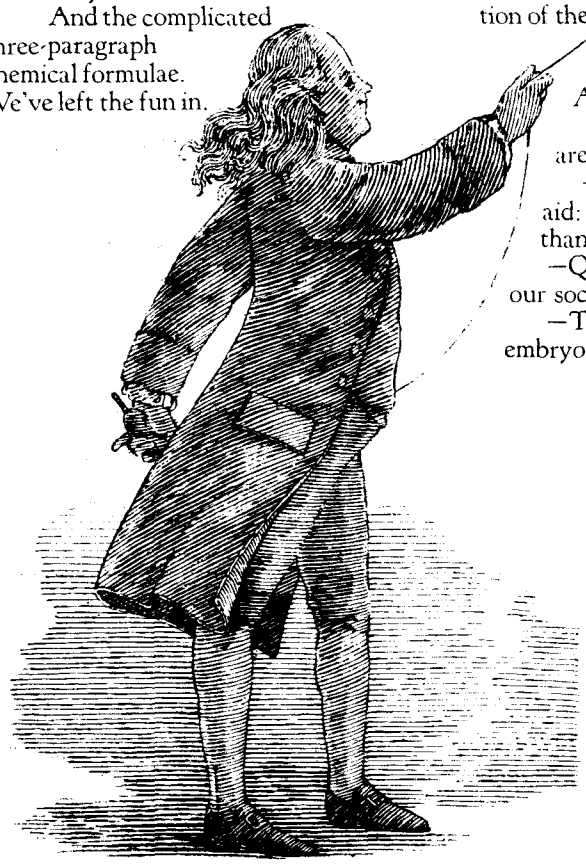

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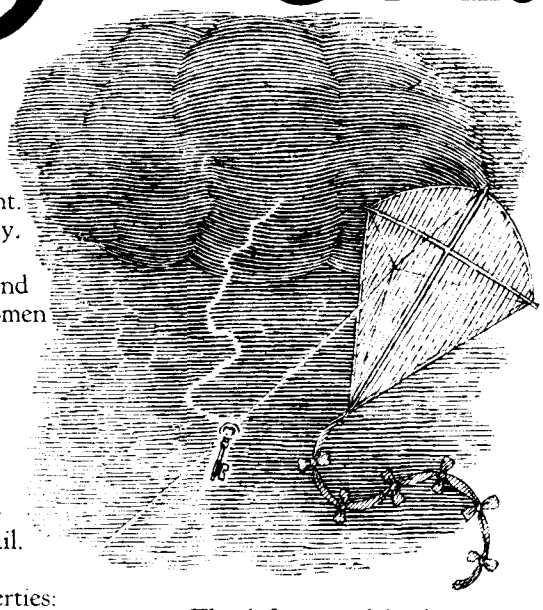

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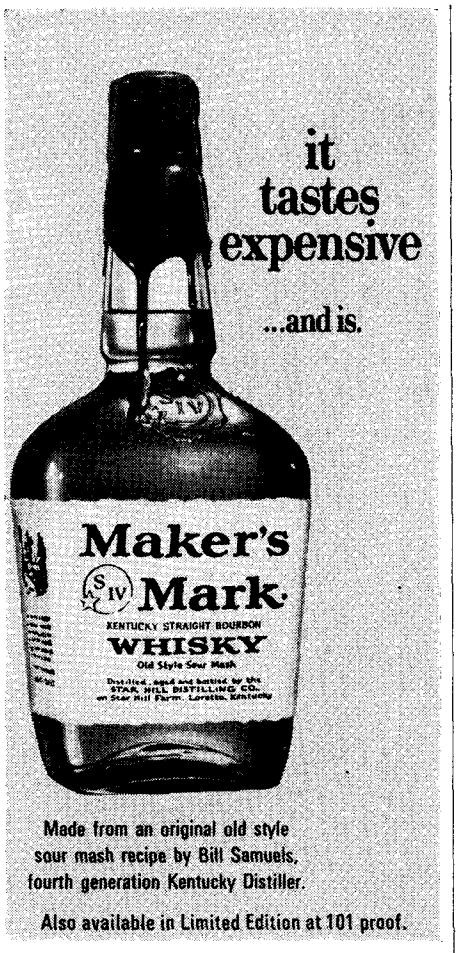
clear his *differences* with Tolstoy may help explain his sharpness. The real explanation, though, lies probably in the nature of these differences, which on examination turn out to be basic—something Solzhenitsyn himself may have discovered in the course of writing this novel. If there is a Solzhenitsyn faith unmistakably expressed here, it is opposed at every point to the doctrines preached by Tolstoy—on history, the role of leaders, technology and progress (Tolstoy held that in itself technology was morally neutral but that in a bad society machines only multiplied the existing potential for evil), the Orthodox Church, war. Assuming that the semi-mythic Colonel Vorotyntsev is a prototype or model, Vorotyntsev's idea of *usefulness*, the principle that guides him through the book, with his map case, binoculars, and torch, is in direct contradiction to the Tolstoyan view of the *uselessness* of any attempt to direct the movement of events. There can be no accommodation between these views. It has to be one or the other for, if Tolstoy is right, then the keen, bright-eyed colonel is just wasting his time galloping from point to point, measuring and asking questions.

But Vorotyntsev *is* just wasting his time and getting a lot of people needlessly killed. That is what the plot demonstrates from start to finish. When at the end he arrives at the Grand Duke's headquarters determined to report the *truth* of what has happened, he gradually discovers that he is wasting his breath: nothing will be changed. Vorotyntsev is only effective or useful when dealing with small, relatively humble matters, the kind that do not get recorded in history: sending some men to hold, for a few hours mistakenly thought to be precious, a thin line of defense, heartening the men during an artillery barrage, burying Colonel Kabanov, finding his way in the forest. . . . And it is only in this domain, of the small, "low," humble event that Tolstoy saw individual action as useful, capable of inducing change. Far from refuting Tolstoy, the novel confirms him. As Solzhenitsyn himself points out, General Martos's repeated victories not only accomplish nothing but even confuse matters further. Only on the level of colonel or below do we see leadership exercising a positive influence; but these brave, self-sacrificing officers are leading the pathetic remnants of a regiment or artillery brigade—not more than a handful of men. True, *August 1914* shows us a wealth of examples of *bad* leadership, mostly located at the top, and, on the German side, General von Francois' character and personality do seem to have been determining. Yet there was also the factor of luck, in which the Russian bungling and incompetence was a large component. We see the same thing, though, with Kutuzov in *War and Peace* taking advantage of the enemy's folly.

Yet, whoever is right—Solzhenitsyn or Tolstoy—about the course of history and the sense or lack of sense it makes does not matter so much here as the fact that the novel, as opposed to the novelist, seems to be so often on Tolstoy's side. On the plane of drama Samsonov achieves a grandeur of which Vorotyntsev, a model leader, is incapable. Samsonov's capacity for suffering and endurance, his eventual passiveness, as of a massive natural object, all of which show him as the opposite of a "great man," seem to be moving him to a supreme wisdom—the full acceptance of his fate. He bows to it, just as he takes off his cap to each of his demoralized soldiers, some of whom have served him badly. The marvelous realization of this character, though not in any way Tolstoyan (Tolstoy detested theater), nevertheless supports Tolstoy's view of what is important, finally, and what not. In creating Samsonov on the scale he

does, Solzhenitsyn denies the ultimate interest of those cause-and-effect sequences he has been elaborating in order to pinpoint blame. It would be strange if he were not aware of this. Is the fact that Lenartovich is one of the men Samsonov lifts his cap to intended merely as an irony?

In using Vorotyntsev to draw the lesson of what ought to have been done to avert the Tannenberg disaster, it seems as though Solzhenitsyn has walked into a trap. To make this intelligent colonel effective he would have to write a different ending to the tale than the one history has provided. But if the colonel is not effective, then intelligence turns out to be a rather useless quality unless it is combined with power, which historically it rarely is—so that Vorotyntsev emerges more as a fantasy or dreamy wish fulfilment than an actual living possibility. We are left with the fleshly reality of Samsonov, one of the contributing causes, it could be said, of the Bolshevik Revolution. And whatever the novelist thinks about that, the novel disagrees. What the novel finds is the essential *Hercules furens* sitting on a tree-stump "throne" deep in reflection. □



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The Future of Feeling

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

SPEARPOINT: "Teacher" in America. By Sylvia Ashton-Warner. 223 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.95.
"NEILL! NEILL! ORANGE PEEL!" An Autobiography. By A. S. Neill. Illustrated. 538 pages. Hart Publishing Co. $10.
ON LEARNING AND SOCIAL CHANGE. By Michael Rossman. 384 pages. Random House. $10.

Has feeling a future? For a while the chief doubters were literary anti-utopians like Kafka, Huxley, and Orwell—writers whose accounts of the death of the heart were more prophetic than reportorial. Lately, though, the problems of withered innerness surface regularly in books about here and now, things as they actually are. And by far the most disquieting of this writing is that which takes schools for its focus, probing the "decline of affect" in the context of classroom events.

Neither A. S. Neill (founder of Summerhill) nor Sylvia Ashton-Warner (teacher and novelist) nor Michael Rossman (veteran activist and "organizer of educational change") sets up, in the books at hand, as a specialist in emotive affairs. *"Neill! Neill! Orange Peel!"* an autobiography, traces major influences on the ideas and ambitions of a Scottish schoolmaster's boy whose own influence on contemporary education (his name continues to be invoked by defenders of open classrooms, free schools, alternative systems) at length became immense. *Spearpoint* reports on an effort by a celebrated New Zealander to introduce her "organic teaching" methods (movingly described in an earlier work, *Teacher*, about a classroom of whites and Maoris) to an experimental school in the American Rockies. *On Learning and Social Change*, a volume of essays on personal history, culture criticism, and educational theory, draws on manifestoes and life-styles of the counterculture in constructing a new social philosophy of higher education.

And, as these summaries suggest, each of the three writers has interests extending well beyond the quality of the feeling-life of persons. Mr. Neill, for example, cares about (writes about) Scottish dialects, high life in Germany in the inflation years between the wars, the constrained personalities of his parents and siblings, the easy-rider ways of his friends Wilhelm Reich and Henry Miller. Although somewhat perfunctorily composed, his life story will be a must item for Summerhill buffs. Mr. Rossman, freakier than Charles Reich and more demanding than Alvin Toffler, cares intensely about the politics of the classroom and about innovative education everywhere, conceiving it as the best wedge into establishmentarian rigidity. His most exciting chapter, "Technology and Social Reconstruction," is a set of propositions and anecdotes amplifying the thesis that "the demystification of technology, the propagation of knowledge and means for its use at the popular level, are essential strategies of struggle against repressive centralized power, and are key to the democratization of technological society." As for Miss Ashton-Warner, a central fascination for her continues to be the intricacies of the idea of "key vocabulary"—words the child needs to possess in order to

Benjamin de Mott is a novelist and social critic with particular interest in education. His latest book, a collection of essays, is Surviving the Seventies.

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touch the substantial realities of his life. *Teacher* is perhaps a better introduction to her methods than *Spearpoint*, but, as a portrait of a brilliantly reflective teacher functioning on alien turf, this newest book is absorbing.

Yet, various as the authors' concerns are, each is repeatedly drawn to the theme of emotional vitality—the future of feeling, to say it again. And the final impression left by their work isn't supportive of optimism. A. S. Neill appends a piece called "Armoring" to his life story—a shortish essay condemning the human habit of "hiding the depths of one's personality," the general "suppression of the emotional side of life," the pervasiveness of "community armoring . . . crowd armoring . . . the blank impersonality of the Establishment." And it's hard not to think of Summerhill in this perspective as you read: "What has the place been, after all, in its fifty years except a challenge to stony invulnerability, a struggle to open up the young to the old and vice versa?" One moment later—the close of the book—the author, onstage again, is ruminating about the future of Summerhill, but now his tone is dour. Governmental efficiency will kill the place when he's gone. The notion that "the young will refuse to have Summerhill and its message quashed by unbelievers" is, at best, a "pious hope." Mr. Neill is eighty-eight; he does not wish to deceive himself with dreams of immortality; he is purposefully mixing into his success story—up from rural poverty and obscurity to international fame and influence—an intelligent consciousness of mutability. Still, it's one thing for him to be reconciled to the fading of his institution and another for outsiders to be—people who perceived the place as an invaluable witness to the reality of the life of feeling. "*Neill! Neill!*" is a "letting-go" book, wry and kinky-wise in its marrow, but the experience it offers is a downer.

On its face Mr. Rossman's *On Learning and Social Change* is another story altogether. The author is young, gorgeously appetitive, and committed throughout to possibilitarian beliefs and assumptions. Something has been done, his essays reiterate; something can be done. Out of the radical student movements of the Sixties came the counterculture. Out of the counterculture comes a new communications network, a new process-consciousness, a new awareness that creativity in social forms — intentional communities, work-families, other small groups— can conquer the airlessness of conventional universities, schools, occupations, can move us on from the dullness of classes-courses-careers. In fine surges of energy—Whitman, McLuhan, and Paul Goodman somehow swing together in these pages—the author lays out programs aimed at demystifying technology and restoring a genuine potency to persons, and he imagines a future in which instantaneous democratization of information is a kind of law, one that effects sweeping reorganizations of power relationships. Mr. Rossman is impatient with stock despair and pale pastoralism. He acknowledges that:

These days the works of the Machine express ugliness so great that we cry out to deny the responsibility, to deny that their image is ours; and many of the most humane among us are misled to phrase the struggle as Man against Machine. In this and other ways we express the deep feeling of impotence that bounds most of our condition and shapes the gut belief that nothing can be done.

But he insists that this belief is false: "I say it again: humanity, its society, and its technology are interpenetrate, change simultaneously. Machines should be no more mystifying than our mirrors, and whatever power we have to change our image is reflected equally in all of them."

Yet despite the energy of the work, despite its conviction that potency can be achieved by a breakout from anti-technological superstition, *On Learning and Social Change* rouses little optimism, finally, about the future of individual emotional response. Partly this is because some of the writer's proposed remedies for deadness and constraint of feeling seem extreme—practices appropriate only if hope has run its string. At one moment Mr. Rossman seizes on a mode of vengeful toughness as a way of conquering abstraction: "Myself, I like meat. I want to raise sweet fluffy rabbits and kill them with my bare hands, after their idyllic lives in a closed-system hydroponic pasture." At another he presses for grass and acid action as virtual necessities for movement beyond desiccated contemporary perception and response:

The more often one has these experiences, within broad limits, the more permanently stoned one can become—with the aid of other disciplines to preserve their breakthroughs—and the more able to use contact with any source of live psychic energy to generate and sustain the high condition. (In drug culture, this phenomenon is called "contact high.") At first one just sits there stoned; dazzled and reveling in the perceptions, sensations, and the energy flows, encountering the emotions these arouse. Then one begins to learn to deal with the flow: it becomes a tool whose various colorations and powers are open to exploration.

And his determination to reverse stereotypes about robotry and the like drives him again and again toward formulations that appear almost to banish personal response as a value:

A different image of Golem [Frankenstein's monster] is possible. It beckons in our current transformation along the lines of self-determination and reconnection to the organic World. Golem as Megamachine, the primitive, literal extension of the human body, reflects the image of the social body articulated in hierarchical class society, and centers around the individual ego inside its body House. This key metaphor is in the initial death-throes of being replaced by a new organizing metaphor, which may describe the essential entity "man" as a many-equal-personed body uniting by communication into one collective consciousness.

On Learning and Social Change is stimulating in its aspirations and in its images—as, for example, the image of "Golem as Megamachine lumbering over a barbed-wire fence, sitting down in an empty field after the rain, going through explosive smoky changes, and turning into a flock of crows who fly away. Each under his own power, chattering . . . and trading round all roles as they go." There's solid substance, furthermore, in Rossman's suggestions about reorganizing learning situations, expanding opportunities for participation, teaching human beings how to deal with their own authority complexes. If the author hasn't yet worked through to a synthesis of his sense of technological possibility and his concern for fully achieved human openness to feeling, he has at least allowed both matters to appear on an intellectual stage simultaneously—a rare event. But, to repeat, the book does not allay the deep fear raised by its favorite therapies, namely, that if the culture needs this much help in freeing up feeling, it's doomed.

The effect of Miss Ashton-Warner's *Spearpoint* is, speaking bluntly, blacker still. This teacher's stay in America wasn't conceived as a venture in comparative culture critique. Her book fights hard against glibness of moral judgment and is appreciative throughout of special gifts in the pupils in her American experimental school—their beauty, intellectual agility, deftness in argument. Her reactions are sometimes confused, and she allows the confusion

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Pen sketch of A. S. Neill, 1966

to stand. The "problem" appears as an insufficiency of feeling and desire: *Not that I find any hatred here in our new kind of school, not a sign of it. I find quarrelsomeness, discontent, unwillingness and rudeness to a degree I've never encountered before, but I do not sense hatred. I've known far more naked hatred in small children in other parts of the world. But I don't sense love here, either. What's happened to the dynamo of feeling; where is the third dimension? Why don't they think and do things, rather than loll on the floor between the knees of teachers; why don't they* want *to do things, why can't they grow, why don't they* go?

Now the trouble seems to be a lack of concentration and responsiveness:

Having been read a story, why don't they comment spontaneously and ask questions like mad at the finish; ask questions at all? Why do many skip from one medium to another during the Output period; from paint to clay, from clay to sand, from sand to the water tank, without finishing things? . . . A few things I keep to myself however much wine at supper, for I do not myself yet accept them: that our children may be victimized by overstimulation, the attention span concertinaed, the third dimension erased and the vision fragmented. I keep these to myself, though I do talk over with some American friends the exact meaning of the word "mutation."

In time the trouble shows itself as an incapacity for fellow-feeling, a readiness of the pupils to cackle at the distress of another:

Why, but for a few, do they reject responsibility to one another, obligation to one another: "Who will share his snack with Rocky? He hasn't got any." Silence from the banquet, then a single voice sepulchrally, "Nobody." Unbelieving, I ask it again. "Who will share his snack with Rocky?" A collective chorus, "Nobody!" Not all reject responsibility. No blanket statement for these freedom children. Isadore, the warm one, has the job of caring for the smallest and newest; the Grade 2 girls are responsible people and pleasant to turn to. But I have not yet succeeded in any degree in coaxing the fives to work with one another, hear one another their words in twos and threes and teach one another. "These are my *words. You can't have them." Not all, but most. Cooperation seems deeply missing.*

In the end the author seeks control of her disturbance concerning the inward nature of her pupils through a meditation on the future human creature prefigured in her classes:

. . . from the big bare scalps, brains protrude in fetching flowerets which look like high-priced hats—and prettier than hair, as it happens. What's wrong with their hands? Only gestures of hands the size of a baby's, helpless like fins. Nor are these claws but human fingers with the nails elongated, highly colored and iridescent; while their feet are so delicately small you wonder how they function. Cosmic variations from head to foot, yet recognizably human but for a non-earthly phosphorescent radiance. Star material, really. . . . They talk persistently and simultaneously, meaning none of what they say, but talk for the sake of talking. There's an air about it as though each were playing some well-learnt TV role.

In the "civilization" ahead, in this view, one of the gods will be Feeling itself—a "legendary spirit," something vaguely remembered, something vanished from earth:

Having made one's obeisances and salaams and requests . . . you kneel . . . before the empty throne and pray for feeling. Not that you know what feeling is . . . all you know is that something is missing. Something that nothing can buy; that no skill in tongue warfare can win . . . that no face in space can replace.

As would be guessed, *Spearpoint* is a fearful vision. Miss Ashton-Warner contended against "affectlessness" in her classroom in a variety of ways. "Let them hear only the sounds they make themselves," reduce stimulation

Sylvia Ashton-Warner

from records and expensive playthings, expose them to primary elements, teach primitive rhythms to any kids who show an interest, encourage them to create their own plays, teach 'responsibility as a separate subject in its own right. . . . " North Americans, she says, "as a swiftly evolving society have outstripped [their] own educational style for three or four decades"; they must create a new style or suffer the abolition of innerness. On her final page children's voices cut the gloom.

No book in itself can ward off defeat in the war for the life of the heart. But this striking, ponderable, beautifully shaped teacher's journal is a useful weapon, a powerful summons to awareness that feeling counts, and that an appalling objectification of beingness could occur in our midst unobserved. Like Neill, like Rossman when he is probing the texture of a classroom hour, Miss Ashton-Warner knows that feeling, the guarantor of individuality, is most alive and most real when shared. ("If I have an experience, an inner experience," Leonard Bernstein once remarked, "or even an outer experience, or if I've learned something new, I want to share it immediately before I feel it's really mine. . . . I don't really possess even my own feelings until I share them.") And the responses she shares in these chapters—the quality of her anxiety, her worried love, her reluctance to judge, her tender, pitying bewilderment—are a catalogue in little of the absolutely unaffordable losses ahead if the grace of feeling goes. No public voice now speaking addresses these central issues: Wish this vital book well. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 90: traced, crated, carted.

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Travel

St. Tropez on the Seine

BY HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

The worst sometimes happens. For the past couple of summers I have been fretting over the growing army of strollers in tourist undress and the proliferation of temporary art galleries among studiedly picturesque restaurants in what is usually the sleepy little Normandy port of Honfleur. I have winced when well-meaning friends exclaimed that the town was beginning to swing. In a monthly magazine aimed at French *bons vivants* the trendy travel writers of the Julliard guides have called Honfleur "the St. Tropez of variable weather": "Go there now," they urge. "Perhaps you'll live its final moments of peace." What they don't say is that their appalling prognosis is likely to hasten the day when Honfleur becomes just another overcrowded and overpriced seaside resort.

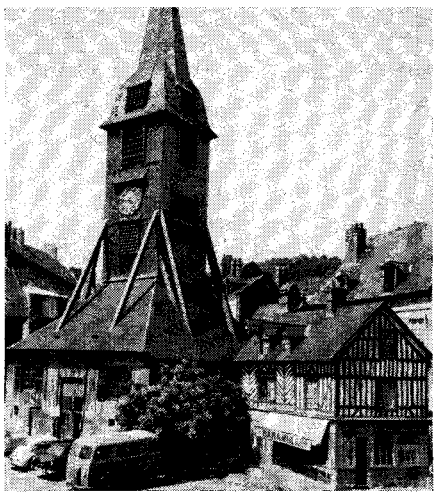
Honfleur has been sleeping for nearly four centuries. Even the Allied landings in 1944 and the subsequent campaign, which destroyed so many old Norman towns, passed over this little one. It survived, along with its souvenirs of the great age of maritime exploration. Champlain sailed from Honfleur to found Quebec. Much later Charles Baudelaire settled here for a while—he thought it was going to be forever—and the harbor scenes that inspired his poem "Le Voyage" are the same ones that we stroll through today. Flaubert's characters also walked these streets. The artist Eugène Boudin was born in Honfleur, and there he learned how to paint clouds over the estuary.

He was joined in his researches by a young man from across the mouth of the Seine at Le Havre, Claude Monet, and by Johann Jongkind from the Netherlands. (Some minor work of the pre-Impressionists is on view in a small Honfleur museum, and affluent tourists can stay overnight in the *auberge* that sheltered these young men who invented Impressionistic painting.)

Today Honfleur has a bare 9,000 inhabitants—by reputation a parochial and inhospitable lot—and when the tourists arrive they must compete for a grand total of 220 rooms in twenty hotels; only half a dozen can be recommended. The overflow is dispatched to Deauville, Trouville, and other mundane places. (St. Tropez, with only two-thirds the population of Honfleur, provides 1,200 rooms and manages to accommodate 50,000 tourists during the season.)

The point is that Honfleur hasn't been, until now, a tourist target. Unlike St. Tropez, it has always been a workingman's town, a port for wood, coal, and grains. There is as much life in winter as in summer. Fishing boats sail in and out of the old harbor when the extreme tides allow, and the beach is uninviting. I discovered Honfleur on a drizzly autumn weekend years ago when the grim seaside resort towns were shut down. Honfleur sparkled, and I did not see it in July and August until I bought a farm nearby. Like St. Tropez, Honfleur has some cafés on the waterside, a couple of out- and indoor restaurants, such as the attractive Auberge de la Lieutenance, and even a fashion shop or two featuring international labels. I like to think that the resemblance ends there.

Scenically, Honfleur is an easy enough mark for amateur painters. The old houses built on the site of medieval fortifications are protected from rain by slate shingles running down the facades. Sculpted beams on half-timbered buildings remind you of the decorations on sailing vessels. Headquarters of the King's intendant in earlier times, the Lieutenance is a remnant of the sixteenth century, embodying parts of the original fortifications from the Middle Ages—when Honfleur protected the south bank of the Seine from the English.



Steps inside St. Catherine's Belfry lead to a display of fine, old timberwork.

Around the corner and up the hill, the Place St. Cathérine is Honfleur's other most reproduced site. The large wooden church is a phenomenon, even for France. It was constructed by local shipbuilders in a period of feverish reconstruction after the Hundred Years' War, and its vaulted ceilings resemble nothing so much as reversed hulls of ships. On Saturday mornings a busy outdoor market attracts farmers from miles around, carting familiar cheeses such as Camembert and Pont-l'Evêque, in addition to a locally produced, unpasteurized, and often exquisite Pavé. But the pride of the region is the apple in all its forms, including cider and apple brandy (which takes the name of the *département*, Calvados, and gives back more than it takes).

It's obvious that I prefer Honfleur the way it is now. The people there vote against progress, art festivals, and great societies; they have helped to make it the kind of place to which writers and artists are drawn. But, with the Autoroute de Normandie under construction (and creeping closer to the channel ports every day), Honfleur is only about two hours from Paris. There used to be a train, but now a bus—not very reliable—meets trains from Lisieux or Pont-l'Evêque. Recently the French installed what they delicately call semiautomatic telephone service between Paris and Honfleur, which virtually succeeds in cutting off the latter from the former. I sometimes feel grateful for this isolation, just as I do for the cantankerous newsdealer who despises those who buy foreign papers (even from him), or for the shopkeepers who frown at unfamiliar faces (even if they belong to new customers).

No, it's not at all certain that fashion can change Honfleur, at least not during the off-season when the chic bad restaurants stand empty, and warm rooms in decent inns are still hard to find. The excellent Hostellerie Lechat, opposite the wooden church, won't grow any bigger. The farmhouse feeling of the Ferme de la Grande Cour won't change, nor is time likely to shake up the little hotels with three-dollar rooms such as my old Les Cascades.

Perhaps the swingers will abandon Honfleur for the very same reasons Baudelaire did. Girls and drugs are hard to come by up there. □

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Films

Black Can Be Beautiful

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

Trust the moviemakers to go where the money is. A few years ago you couldn't give away a black-oriented movie, no matter how well intended, no matter how well done, unless it happened to have Sidney Poitier in it—and then its audience was apt to be predominantly white, liberal, and middle-class. Last year, however, witnessed an unanticipated breakthrough. The multifaceted Melvin Van Peebles produced, directed, and starred in *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, and it raked in millions. Then Richard Roundtree appeared in *Shaft* as a black version of Bogart's private eye, and the same thing happened. What made the studio executives pay startled attention was the fact that most of the money was rolling in from the black communities across the nation. There really was a black audience.

It generally takes about a year to put a picture together. So the full impact of that discovery is only now becoming visible on our screens. The numbers alone are impressive, even if the pictures themselves are somewhat less so. This morning's paper lists a good half-dozen playing simultaneously—or maybe not such a good half-dozen, since most of them are caper films cut from the same swatch as *Shaft*, *Sweet Sweetback*, and *Cotton Comes to Harlem*. Indeed, two of them, *Shaft's Big Score* and *Come Back, Charleston Blue*, are simply reprises of earlier successes, featuring the same characters. The formula is disconcertingly simple. Instead of white private eyes, we now get black private eyes (or, occasionally, cops)—men of tremendous muscular coordination, enormous sexual prowess, and an unquenchable enthusiasm for putting down Whitey. And whatever the title, each remains essentially the same picture.

In *Slaughter*, for example, former football star Jim Brown plays an ex-Green Beret officer whose family has been wiped out by the Syndicate (the polite movie word for the Mafia). Bent on revenge, he is recruited by a federal agency that is working on the same case. Both the federal agent (Cameron Mitchell) and the head of the Syndicate (Rip Torn) are forthright bigots, thus affording big Jim ample opportunity to talk back. After the inevitable car chase (accompanied by the equally inevitable electric-organ music), Brown tosses a flaming cigarette lighter into the gas tank of the gang chief's car and watches implacably as he burns to death. One can readily understand the glee in the black communities at this kind of representation of black supremacy.

Consider the more complex case of *Bone*, which is virtually a catalogue of all the fears and fantasies that middle-class whites have ever held about blacks. In it, a strapping black (Yaphet Kotto) turns up suddenly one morning beside a Beverly Hills swimming pool and demands of its white owner, in effect, your money or your wife. Andrew Duggan, playing a debt-ridden used-car dealer, on his way to the bank has second thoughts about the matter. The would-be rapist has second thoughts as well when the wife (Jo Van Fleet) becomes too compliant —so much so that *she* has to seduce *him*. And she apparently likes it so well that the two of them plot to do away with the husband. Writer-director Larry Cohen has explained that everything takes place on a fantasy level, that each of the characters is actually the projection of someone else's image of that character. Perhaps so, but I find myself wondering how many audiences are sophisticated enough to view as fantasy a picture that seems to be unfolding on the level of melodrama, and wondering what the reaction of the blacks will be as intended rape turns into seduction.

On the other hand, there was a film unveiled at the recent Atlanta Film Festival that is shortly to go into general release and that I can only hope will find wide acceptance in black and white communities.

Sounder makes no attempt to pit race against race or to exploit the real grievances that blacks can hold against whites. Not that the film blinks them away or pretends that they don't exist. Intolerance and discrimination are very real, and they were even more intense in Louisiana in 1933, the time of this story (adapted by black playwright Lonne Elder III from the Newbery Award novel by William H. Armstrong). But in *Sounder* they are presented as facts of life, as part of that remarkable growth process in humans—all humans—that produces greatness regardless of color or creed.

Sounder's plot is not unfamiliar. A share-cropping family, hungry and destitute, is further bereft when the father is hauled off to a chain gang for having stolen a little meat for the table.

Paul Winfield (left) and Cicely Tyson (wearing hat) give moving performances in Sounder, *a black film for all races.*

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A third open letter to readers of the Saturday Review about WORLD Magazine

It seems hardly possible that it was only a few months ago that I wrote in these pages of our hope to create a new magazine.

That magazine is now in existence. The first issue appeared on July 4, 1972. It is called WORLD. It is a bi-weekly.

Here are some of the men and women who are writing for it and helping to edit it:

Goodman Ace, one of the wittiest commentators in the country, writes a regular column called "Top of the World."

Hollis Alpert, our chief motion-picture critic, writes about important films produced in America and in leading movie centers throughout the world.

Cleveland Amory, who has rescued lint-picking from an unhappy fate as a pettifogging compound-noun and given it a connotation of good-natured literary surgery, writes a column under the title, "Curmudgeon-at-Large."

Hallowell Bowser, one of WORLD's senior editors, will make the selections for a major department, "Book Browsing."

John Ciardi, poet, critic, teacher, social historian, and double-bogey golfer, mounts a new personal platform called "As I Was Saying."

Robert Craft, music critic and author (his most recent book is "Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship"), presides over the wide world of music and recordings.

Midge Decter, former managing editor of *Harper's* Magazine, is the new literary editor of WORLD and is especially concerned with book coverage and literary essays.

Buckminster Fuller, architect, designer, philosopher, poet, writes about Spaceship Earth and planetary planning in a regular column called "Geoview."

Roland Gelatt is international editor stationed in London and will report regularly from abroad and supervise the worldwide gathering of editorial material.

Katharine Kuh, the renowned art critic and historian, reports and assesses art and art developments wherever they occur—all the way from Chicago to Singapore.

Thomas Middleton contributes his famous two-way diagrammed puzzle, plus a delightful new column on the uses of language.

Leo Rosten, whose felicitous use of the English language is wedded to an extraordinary breadth of knowledge, writes a regular department, "Diversions."

Horace Sutton, who has revolutionized travel journalism because of his ability to go beyond sight-seeing into the spirit and inner nature of varied places, has a department called "World on a String."

U Thant, former United Nations Secretary-General, has joined the Editorial Board of WORLD and will appear in the section, "Peace and Politics."

Richard L. Tobin, executive editor, has a regular beat, "Opinionation," in which he conducts a running conversation with leading newspaper editors around the world on important issues—visible and invisible.

Margaret R. Weiss has enlarged scope for her section on the Fine Art of Photography, and again, the entire world is within her range finder.

Most of us have worked together before as an editorial team.

We come together now in a new context. Our context is a magazine that tries to see the world as the astronauts saw

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—a beautiful planetary life support system niquely congenial to human life.

But that single life-support system is ow running down—not because of any aw or failure in the universal design, but ecause human intelligence has never been ırned to the requirements of human ırvival.

So WORLD Magazine is concerned ith war and peace, environmental sanity, vercrowding, depletion of natural esources and waste of human resources—nd the need for world institutions and gencies to meet world problems.

But there is more to life than survival. here is everything that is meant by a full fe—creative growth, natural rights, human reedom, cultural splendor, the possibilities f decent community, the unfettered evelopment of the human mind.

And so WORLD also gives major mphasis to the creative arts—books, ıusic, painting, photography, motion ictures, drama.

We may be serious but we are not olemn. Three of our departments specialize ı the light touch. Cartoons abound through-ut the magazine. The Middleton puzzle is mind-breaker.

Having said this, we have to meet the ey question continuously put to us:

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We knew we could do it if we could avoid the custom of cut-rate subscriptions and special short-term introductory offers that have imposed so many economic problems on magazines.

Our hope, therefore, was that we might find enough readers who would be willing to take a chance on us by subscribing for full term and at regular rates.

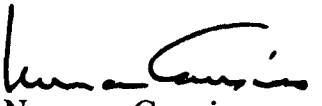
Most importantly, we knew that if we could start with enough long-term subscriptions, it would not be necessary to seek massive outside financing. In this way, our magazine, in a very real sense, would belong to its editors and readers.

Have these hopes been fulfilled?

What has happened has been far beyond our most hopeful expectations.

We begin with a paid circulation of about 125,000—some 25% higher than hoped for. A large percentage of our readers have subscribed for three years. Newsstand sales for our first issue were three times higher than anyone dared dream possible.

We hope you will feel that WORLD is a magazine you can read and respect. We hope you will want to receive the magazine regularly and become a Charter subscriber.



Norman Cousins

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The oldest boy sets out to find him and finds, instead, a sympathetic teacher who opens his eyes to the world of books. Should he remain on the little farm and help his family or journey off to where there are schools and books and make something of his life? The father, like fathers in underprivileged American homes for generations, forces the decision. The children must learn!

What makes all of this so enormously effective is not merely the fact that its script was written by a highly sensitive Negro, who could supply the specifics, but that it was directed by Martin Ritt, a Jew, who could appreciate its broader implications. "For me," Ritt said at the time of filming *Sounder*, "this is an exact parallel with what happened with the Jewish immigrants at the turn of the century. They worked their hearts out so that their children could have an education." This sense of a broader humanity permeates the film. It is the story of every American minority group that envisioned a happier life for its children.

But films deal with specifics, and the specifics in *Sounder* happen to be black. Producer Robert Radnitz, whose entire career has been devoted to creating "family" pictures, has assembled a family that is profoundly moving and profoundly real. Kevin Hooks, the son of actor Robert Hooks, effectively carries the central role. Janet MacLachlen is properly warm and sympathetic as the teacher in a primitive school who opens the boy's eyes to the delights of learning. But the roles that wring the heart, and lift the film to the affecting level of a true experience, are Paul Winfield's and Cicely Tyson's as the father and mother. Regardless of color, they belong to all of us—and as a result so does their movie. *Sounder* may not be *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, but I hope that the black communities will recognize that it belongs to them as well. □

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has launched a new magazine, *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2006

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Child actor, now excelling as T.V. villain (2 wds.)	181 56 44 114 92 157 95 61 225 79 168 19 120
B. Passage from the Cape of Good Hope as made by a ship bound for Australia (2 wds.)	94 18 211 55 45 85 42 78 178 125 110
C. Ancient Greek or Roman Inn	224 43 46 136 57 175 83 17 80 216 112
D. Coagulating enzyme occurring in the gastric juice of the calf	213 131 54 89 149 184
E. English novelist and writer of juvenile books; *The Red House* (2 wds.)	58 124 48 81 115 100 133 235 203 170 87
F. *It is far easier to write ten passably* _____ (Aldous Huxley; 2 wds.)	119 12 72 123 59 129 75 47 183 86 21 137 161 208 148 104
G. Taking more than one part in anything (slang; 3 wds.)	194 150 117 221 20 109 171 101 182 164 132 204 50 177 191
H. Going as if he _____ upon eggs (Robert Burton)	13 93 205 218
I. Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson starred in this film based on a Graham Greene novel (4 wds.)	73 139 220 180 166 49 14 223 88 153 173 60 201 97
J. Recognized as one of the greatest writers in Russian literature (2 wds.)	63 15 135 106 74 111 52 160 152 172 84 29
K. Disregarded, took _____ (3 wds.)	151 53 90 82 116 96 140 130 185 215 229
L. Some of Keats' most striking sensuous imagery is found in this poem: *The* _____ (4 wds.)	162 76 62 174 179 16 202 113 190 145 219 210
M Any of various small sandpipers	118 51 138 193 226
N. Be in a state of subdued or restrained activity, development, etc.	35 37 7 197 232 188
O. Class comprising the sea urchins, sand dollars, etc.	23 122 33 99 107 6 231 41 65 8
P. Thanksgiving	40 146 154 207 163 230 71 69 32
Q. Inflammation of the deeper tissues of a finger or toe	1 155 227 66 91 11 22
R. The consort of Indra (Hindu mythology)	103 142 165 98 121 217 196
S. Adjective denoting speed	70 105 26 2 127 31 141 233 36
T. Dandy (slang; 2 wds.)	38 3 176 195 126 24 28 189 228 9
U. Ancient country along the eastern coast of the Adriatic	68 187 209 199 214 144 156
V. Lawyer	147 234 102 27 64 159 4 77
W. Highly abstract or abstruse	169 10 5 186 158 67 222 108 134 192 198
X. Stealthily stalk (2 wds.)	143 39 30 167 200 128 212 25 206

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

			1 Q	2 S	3 T	4 V		5 W	6 O		7 N	8 O	9 T	10 W		11 Q	12 F							
13 H	14 I	15 J	16 L		17 C	18 B	19 A	20 G	21 F	22 Q	23 O	24 T	25 X		26 S	27 V	28 T	29 J					
30 X	31 S		32 P	33 O	34 W	35 N		36 S	37 N	38 T	39 X	–	40 P	41 O	42 B	43 C	44 A							
45 B	46 C	47 F	48 E	49 I	50 G	51 M	52 J	53 K	54 D		55 B	56 A		57 C	58 E	59 F	60 I	61 A						
62 L	63 J	64 V	65 O		66 Q	67 W	68 U	69 P		70 S	71 P	72 F	73 I		74 J	75 F	76 L	77 V						
78 B		79 A	80 C	81 E	82 K		83 C	84 J	85 B	86 F	87 E	88 I	89 D	90 K	91 Q	92 A		93 H						
94 B	95 A	96 K	97 I	98 R	99 O	100 E	101 G		102 V	103 R	104 F	105 S	106 J	107 O	108 W		109 G	110 B						
	111 J		112 C	113 L	114 A	115 E	116 K	117 G	118 M	119 F		120 A	121 R	122 O	123 F	124 E		125 B						
126 T	127 S	128 X		129 F	130 K	131 D		132 G	133 E	134 W	135 J	136 C	137 F	138 M	139 I	140 K		141 S						
142 R	143 X	144 U	145 L	146 P	147 V	148 F	149 D	150 G	151 K		152 J	153 I		154 P	155 Q	156 U	157 A	158 W						
159 V	160 J	161 F	162 L		163 P	164 G	165 R		166 I	167 X	168 A	169 W	170 E	171 G	172 J		173 I	174 L						
175 C	176 T	177 G		178 B	179 L		180 I	181 A	182 G	183 F	184 D	185 K	186 W	187 U		188 N	189 T	190 L						
191 G		192 W	193 M	194 G		195 T	196 R	197 N	198 W	199 U		200 X	201 I	202 L		203 E	204 G	205 H						
206 X	207 P	208 F	209 U	210 L		211 B	212 X	213 D	214 U	215 K	216 C	217 R	218 H	219 L	220 I		221 G	222 W						
	223 I	224 C	225 A	226 M	227 Q	228 T		229 K	230 P	231 O	232 N	233 S	234 V	235 E										

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 90 of this issue.

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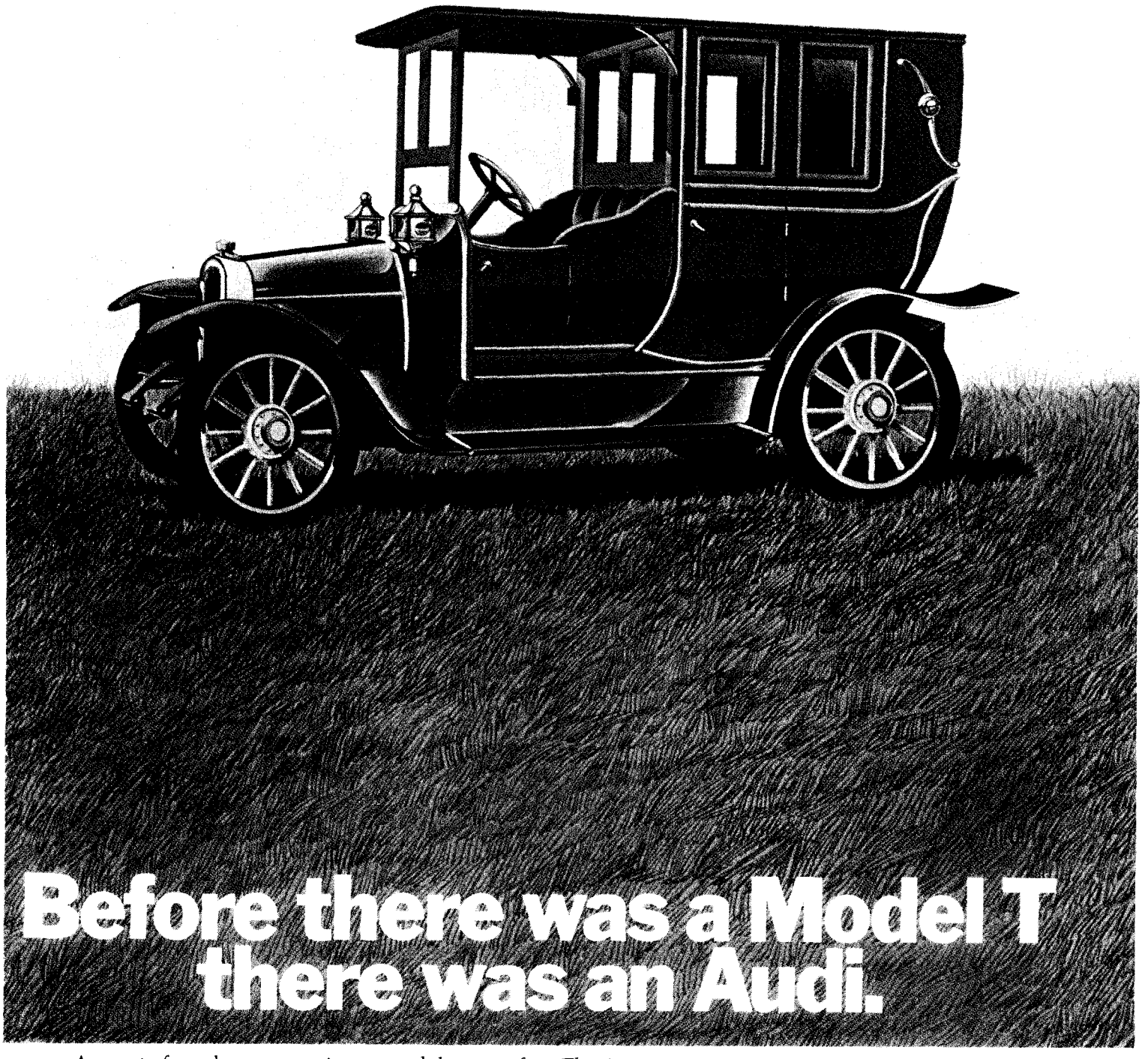

Before there was a Model T there was an Audi.

As most of you know, sometime around the turn of the century (1908 to be exact), Henry Ford brought forth his famous Model T.

As most of you *don't* know, sometime before 1908 (1904 to be exact), August Horch brought forth his not-so-famous Horch—which was what an Audi was called before it was called an Audi.

Now the importance of this car was not merely that it predated the Model T, but also that it was a remarkable automobile in its own right.

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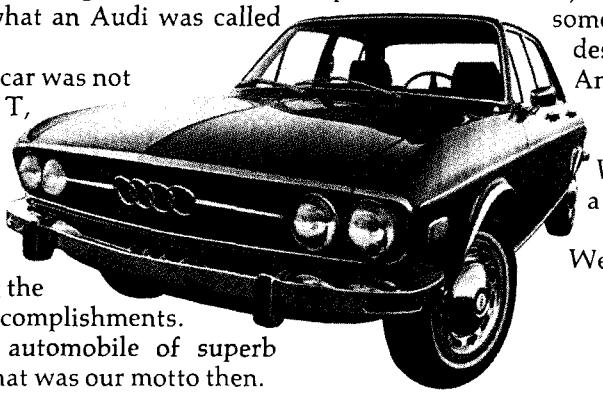

We consider our present-day Audi a truly remarkable automobile.

And indeed we should.

We've been working on it since 1904.

The Audi®

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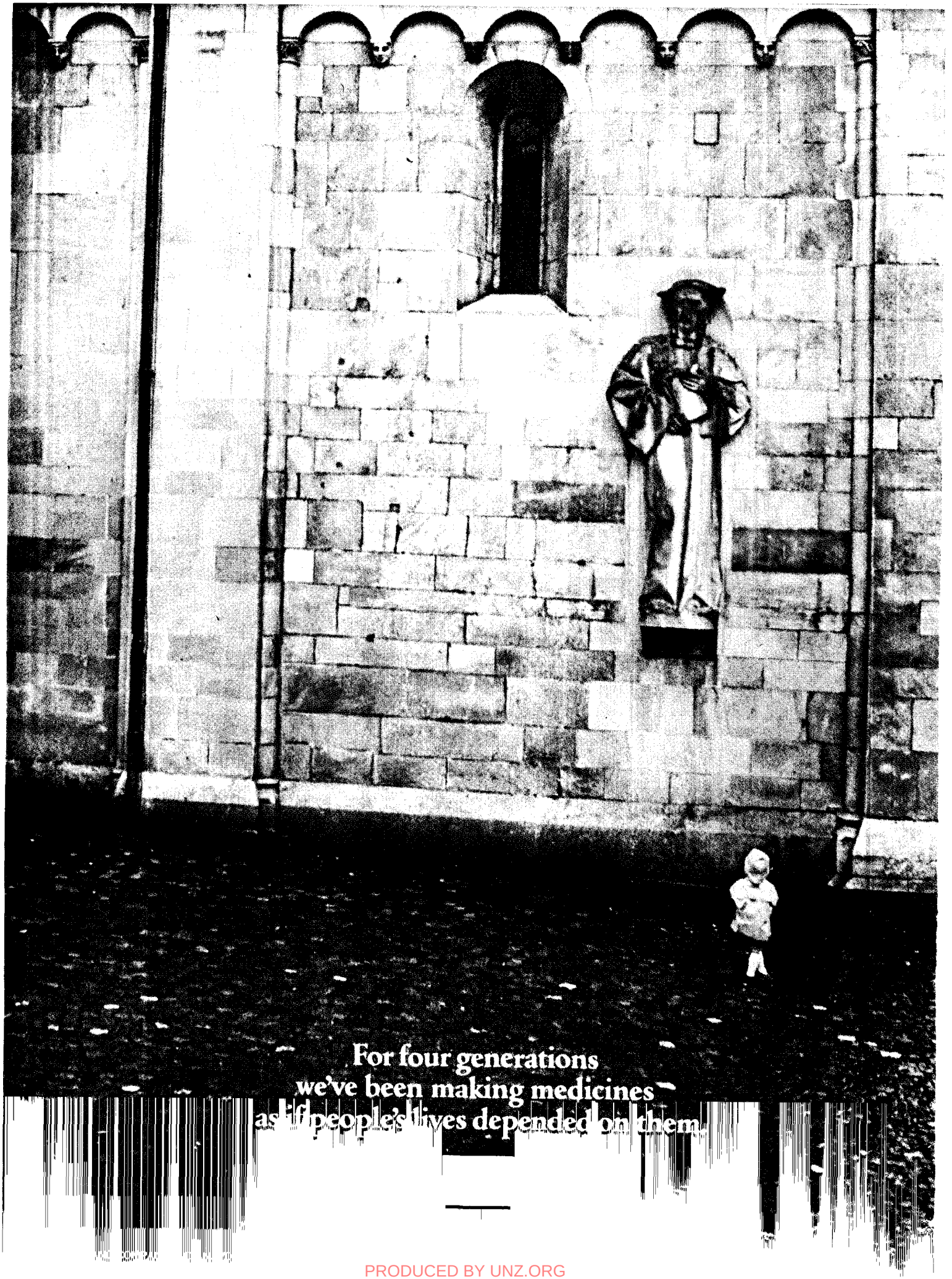

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